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FRANCE'S GREATEST MILITARY ARTIST.

BY EMILIA F. S. DILKE.

LAST January the Prussian painter Herr von Werner summoned the artists of Paris to take part in an International Art exhibition at Berlin, and at the same time informed them that "Art knew no nationality." The French seeming slow to avail

themselves of the invitation, the Empress Frederick was next despatched to Paris as a solicitor, but her good offices were thrown away. A storm of patriotic indignation was aroused by her visit and its purpose; the project was instantly dropped by those who had begun to entertain it, and loud cries went up on every side for the recall of the French ambassador at Berlin, who was accused of having lent his countenance to its promotion.

That the Prussians should have made the most strenuous efforts to induce the French to figure at their exhibition was only natural; an International Art exhibition with no French section must necessarily seem absurd. The surprising part of the whole affair, to an outsider, is that Édouard Detaille should for one moment have appeared to approve the scheme. Gérôme threw Herr von Werner's polite letters into his waste-paper basket. Detaille replied; he declined, it is true, to accept any responsibility, but it was only when enlightened by the explosion of hostile feeling in Paris that he, too, discovered that it was the duty of all good patriots to abstain from exhibiting at Berlin. Yet no one would dream of accusing Detaille of indifference to



Lady Emilia Frances Dilke is the daughter of Colonel Strong of Her Majesty's Indian forces. She was married in 1862 to the Rev. Mark Pattison, the celebrated "Rector" of Lincoln College, Oxford, who died July 30, 1884. Some time after the death of the Rev. Mr. Pattison she became the wife of Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke. Lady Dilke, as a writer, has long been familiar to readers of the *Saturday Review*, the *Westminster Review*, and other leading periodicals. For some time she was the fine-art critic of the *London Academy*. She is also the author of several books, including *The Renaissance of Art in France*, published in 1879; *The Shrine of Death*, a volume of short stories, which appeared in 1886; *Art in the Modern State*, published in 1888; and a monograph on Claude, which was published in French in 1884. More recently Lady Dilke has contributed a series of stories to the *Universal Review*, and her articles on trades unions for women, printed in the *Fortnightly* and *New Reviews*, have attracted wide attention.



1814.

the honor of his country; he is, at the present moment, one of the leaders of those who are busy with the creation of the Museum of the French army, and his name and fame are inseparably bound up with the events of "the terrible year." Not only so; his whole talent was, as it were, transformed by the impressions he received during the Franco-Prussian war, and no greater contrast can be found

than his work presents before and after 1870.

A promising pupil of M. Meissonier, Detaille made his mark at the Salon of 1869 with a subject picture of the days of the French revolution. It is true that his "Drummer Boys Resting" had caught the eye of Princess Mathilde in the previous year, and that the painter had followed up that success by depicting "Rest during the Manceuvre, Camp of St. Maur," but this work, though it was said to have been coveted by the unfortunate Prince Imperial, did not arouse the popular interest which was evoked by M. Detaille's second canvas, "Les Incroyables." All dread suggestions of revolutionary horrors were at once put to flight by the gayety of the scene in which M. Detaille had placed his personages. Two "Incroyables"—French "chappies," or shall we say "dudes"—of the year 1796 were seated in a corner of the old Tuileries gardens. They were dressed in the height of taste, their chins buried in innumerable

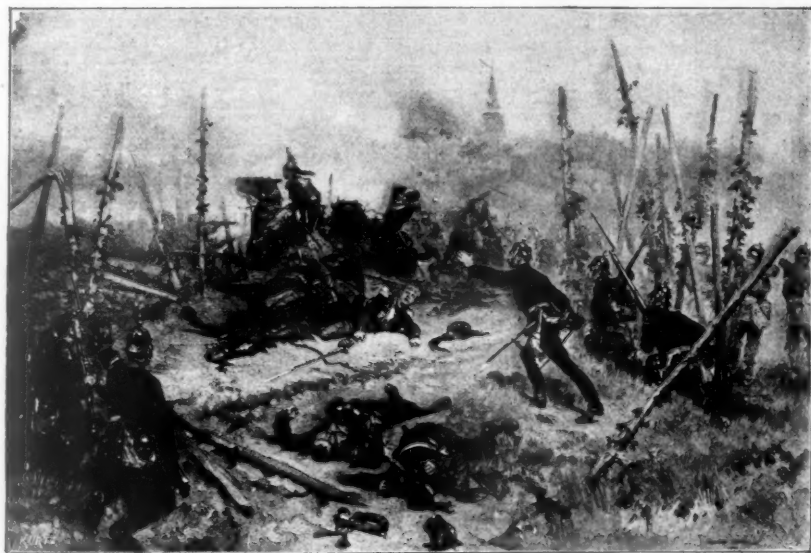


GENDARMES IN AFRICA.

folds of fine lawn ; their faces framed by long, pendent lovelocks ; their legs carefully disposed so as to display the fine gartering at their knees. In these heroes, whom M. Detaille surrounded with the fresh beauty of the budding spring, he had embodied the picturesque traditions of the men of Thermidor—the men to whom the fall of Robespierre was due, who closed the Jacobin clubs, opened the doors of the Comédie Française, and flaunted all the follies of fashionable pleasure in the face of the bloodthirsty patriots of the convention. Little groups in the distance skilfully filled up this picture of the singular mixture of ideas and opinions which then animated the gilded youth of Paris. An officer, fresh, it is to be supposed, from La Vendée, explains the situation to a couple of would-be incorruptibles, but their airs of rugged virtue seem half assumed, and would melt, be sure, at a word from the sirens who were then charming the salons of the Luxembourg. One of these, too, figures in the scene, and extorts by her graceful seductions the awkward homage of admirers who look as if their education, like their fortune, had been made in two years. The "Incroyables" was, though, in spite of all the talent it displayed, anything but decisive of M. Detaille's reputa-

tion. Everyone felt that the work showed evidence of the best results of M. Meissonnier's teaching, but no one could be sure that his pupil had any large measure of individuality ; and many critics, while admitting that he had given proof of considerable power of observation and no mean skill in depicting character, pronounced his handling to be painfully neat and methodical and denied him all claim to the temperament of a painter.

A few months passed. Then came 1870 and "the blood-red blossom of war, with a heart of fire" flamed up on the very soil of France. The Second empire fell with a crash at the first echo of defeat, and, for an instant, the whole fabric of the national life seemed to have fallen with it in one common ruin. After a time, when the smoke of the lost battlefields had gradually cleared away, it was seen that the democratic movement, which had been slowly winning its way over Europe since 1848, was once more the gainer by the catastrophe. It profited in France by the fall of the Second empire, just as it had profited by the First empire or by the Restoration ; and, as we might expect, we find the painters of the scenes of 1870 unconsciously repeating its watchwords. For one man who, like Courbet, intends



PRISONER !



TROOPS IN AFRICA.

to make a political confession, there are hundreds who bear more eloquent, because more instinctive, testimony to the rise of new forces. In the ranks of the young generation, which, under Gambetta's leadership, took part with heroic courage in the defence of France, a band of artists were to be reckoned, many of whom—like the ever to be regretted Henri Regnault—laid down their lives in the fight, while those who survived—Auguste Lançon, De Neuville, Édouard Detaille and others—set themselves, as soon as peace was declared, to reproduce their experiences of the war with unflinching realism.

From the days of the First empire downward battle scenes had always served

as a means to the glorification of some great central figure. Some famous general figured in every foreground, erect, conspicuous, a personification of victory, while a handful of heroes dealt death and disaster among the flying hosts of the enemy. To these traditional spectacles, the battle scenes painted since the advent of the republic present a startling contrast. One sees at once that they are the work of men who have studied, as soldiers, the true conditions of military life; who have learned in the field to recognize the signs of misery, fatigue, heroism, endurance and death; who bear forever in their saddened souls the story of that desperate struggle which ended in national defeat. Men who had shared experiences such as these had naturally no wish to con-

tinue the series of theatrical glorifications of military vanity, and their return to truth was fostered by the slow regeneration of those classes of the nation out of which new social strata are now being formed. The public, too, had eaten of the bitter fruits of the Second empire; war had lost for them its proud romance; but if the glittering aspect of martial pomp had ceased to charm, the smallest details of the machinery of war exercised a dread fascination over the whole French people. Thus the sufferings of the soldier, the deeds of the nameless ones who perish without sign, became the dominant theme of the military painters of the Second republic.

In the Salons of 1873 and 1874 M. De-

"An Incident during the Grand Manœuvres," "A Reminiscence of the Grand Manœuvres," and "Prisoner!" are reproduced here through the courtesy of Knoedler & Co., New York.



AN INCIDENT DURING THE GRAND MANŒUVRES.

taille made a mark which effaced all memory of his work in the days when his pencil was busy with the coquettes and dandies of the Directory. In 1874 he recorded one of the most terrible adventures into which brave soldiery were ever betrayed by the culpable ignorance and recklessness of their leaders. It was on the day of Reichshoffen, the 6th of August 1870, that the Ninth regiment of cuirassiers was ordered off to occupy the village of Monbronn, no scouts having been sent forward. The village was already in the hands of the enemy. The first squadron galloped into the principal street, dashed round a sharp turn and came full against a barricade of overturned wagons. In the dreadful confusion that ensued the Prussians, lurking in the houses on either side, opened a deadly fire upon the struggling mass. M. Detaille rendered this ghastly subject with characteristic keenness and exactness of observation, but also in unchanged style—a style which seemed as if it must ever be inadequate to the rendering of scenes of horror. Once again he was reproached with want of temperament, and those were not wanting who judged him to be one who would always feel as coldly as he saw clearly. To me, however, it seemed by no means certain that the painter had reached the

fulness of his power; it seemed possible, too, that he had to make sure of his command over his new materials before he could trust himself to deal with them freely.

All his works of this date were, indeed, curiously wanting in pictorial effect. His "Surprise in a Château" (1874) showed half a dozen soldiers in the middle distance, scattered on the stairs leading into



CAVALRY IN EGYPT.



the fortress, where they looked like little marionettes in contrast with the giant proportions of the gateway and the immense stone pillars which flanked the foreground. "The Passing Regiment" (1875), though a pretty rendering of a pretty scene, was important only for its lively literalness. Just such a regiment may in truth be seen any winter's day by the quays of the Seine, with its drummers preceding, and followed, in spite of snow, by the usual motley crowd—dogs, idlers, errand boys and children of all ages. No detail was here wanting, but everything was set out, as in his well-known work, "Reconnoitring," which was exhibited a year later, with the pre-



TRUMPETER OF DRAGOONS.

cision of a lawyer stating his case. What there might be of grievous and tragic in the sad scene came to the spectator, as it were, in spite of the painter. The subject of "Reconnoitring" was the occupation by a battalion of infantry of a village in which a cavalry encounter had just taken place. The close-shut houses gave an impression of panic-stricken terror, heightened by signs of deadly combat and by the absence of the villagers, who would, in days of peace, have hung upon the movement of the advancing troops. Except a single group issuing from a cottage door to carry aid to the man dying on the pathway, there are none in the chill and terrible streets; only a boy, standing prominently forward, tells the story with uplifted finger, as he points the way of vengeance to the officers in command. Yet, like everything else produced by M. Detaille, "Reconnoitring," while it exhibits proofs of keen observation and of power to seize the salient features of a situation, missed just that quality of feeling which drew men's souls to the work of his great comrade and rival, De Neuville. "Le Billet de Logement" and "L'Alerte" are not wanting in intention. The weary soldier, ringing desperately at the fast-shut door, while his comrades, already housed, look out from the distant stable with more amusement than sympathy, presents a situation of easily intelligible comedy. So, in "L'Alerte" we find the story charmingly told. The officers rush, one after another, from the house at which the

scout stops without dismounting. This one is struggling with agonizing difficulty into his great coat; that other is buttoning himself to the chin, whilst his elder and hardier neighbor, indifferent to wraps, stands like an old campaigner, his feet firmly planted in the snow.

Ah! that snow! It was everywhere, the terrible snow of 1870-71. The painters of those days got to see everything in relation to its deadly whiteness. Detaille painted "The Sentinel in the Snow;" De Neuville "Turco in the Snow;" Dupré a train of horses telling as dark masses in the dazzling field of snow, except where a white charger showed but as a spot of dirty, yellowish gray. With some the eye became fascinated by the effect of pitchy blackness produced by bodies of men moving slowly in the bitterness of defeat and irreparable loss, bearing, sometimes—as in Bertrand's great picture, "The Country"—a heavy burden of dead or dying comrades, covered with the filth and stains of a desperate struggle or a weary march.

Over others, as in the case of Detaille, the whiteness of the snow, its glitter, its cold cleanliness of aspect, exercised a supreme attraction, and in his "Defence of Champigny at the Faron Wall, December, 1870" (1879), this aspect of the snow was rendered with striking force.

This picture was the most important that M. Detaille had produced since "Reconnoitring," and it was far more happy than usual in respect of general effect. A great gate broke up the long line of wall which ran across from the left up to where the château stood gray and blank among the leafless trees of the background: the various groups of the defending party—hurrying out with anything they could lay their hands on for the purpose of defence, or rushing across the foreground



ZOUAVES' THEATRE IN THE CRIMEA.

and trampling under foot the bell glasses with which the careful gardener had thought to protect his tender plants from a very different enemy—were carefully and effectively arranged. I well remember M. Meissonier's pleasure, as he came stepping along in his jackboots, on varnishing day, his patriarchal beard wav-



"LES INCROYABLES."



ZOUAVES IN AFRICA.

ing from beneath the tall hat which he wore under the impression that it added many inches to his diminutive stature. He hailed me gayly, riding whip in hand, and told me that I must give a good notice to Detaille. I was, as he knew, busy then with the "Salon," which I wrote several years running for The Academy, and although I had already devoted full space to "The Defence of Champigny," M. Meissonier insisted on taking me back to the picture and giving me an

admirable criticism of its merits. I remember thinking at the time that I had never before seen him as much interested in anyone else's work. This painting, in short, made so good an impression not only on the general public, but on M. Detaille's brother artists, that it was with surprise and regret that they beheld the enormous canvas, "The Distribution of the Flags," by which, in 1881, he risked his established reputation. Of course there was always an eager crowd deeply interested in picking out the portraits of M. Meissonier, M. Gambetta and the other notabilities who surrounded "Father Grévy" on that occasion; in one point, too, the arrangement of the scene was clever, inasmuch as by placing the spectator behind the backs of the officials on the platform, the real heroes of the day, facing them in a long line on horseback in the meadow below, were also face to face with us; but, on the whole, M. Detaille perhaps did right to claim this official performance as his own property as soon as the exhibition was over, ripping the canvas into ribbons before the eyes of its astonished guardians and carrying off, not the check by which the state was to have rewarded his labors, but such fragments of his picture as deserved to bear his signature.

Under any circumstances the large scale of this work had been good practice



A REMINISCENCE OF THE GRAND MANŒUVRES.

for the enterprise on which M. Detaille was about to engage. It was already known that some of the painters who had followed the war of 1870-71 were engaged on a panorama of great size, and before long sketches by M. Detaille for the "Panorama of Champigny" formed the principal attraction of the exhibitions of the "Société d'Aquarellistes Français" (1883). Later on (1884) a charming series of drawings in illustration of M. Jules Richard's Types and Uniforms of the French Army further demonstrated the fact that the master's execution is infinitely more personal and agreeable when handling watercolor than when handling oil. I remember, too, that a sketch in this medium called "A Hussar: Reminiscence of 1870," which was produced in the same year as "Reconnoitring," struck me at the time as one of the most pleasurable and brilliant bits of work in all respects that

I had seen from M. Detaille's hand.

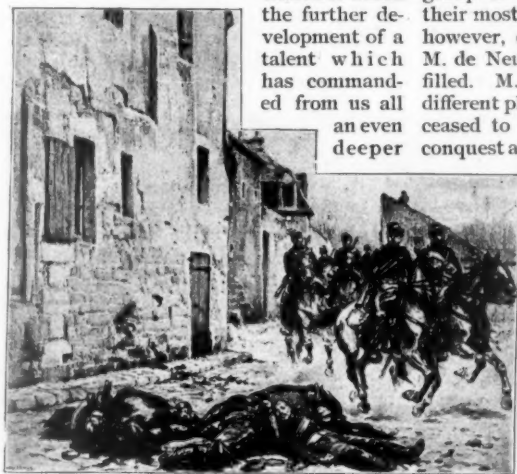
These later years I have steadily continued to watch the further development of a talent which has commanded from us all an even deeper

interest since the melancholy death of the gifted Alfred de Neuville deprived the group to which M. Detaille belongs of their most distinguished leader. No one, however, can say that the place which M. de Neuville occupied has as yet been filled. M. Detaille stands on a totally different plane, and although he has never ceased to renew his efforts after further conquest and complete achievement, marking

himself out thus as a true artist, unable to rest content with anything short of the utmost conceivable to him, yet there seems to be little to add to the general estimate of his ability made when his first successes singled him out for attention. He has done great things, and many great things. To the Panorama of Champigny succeeded the Panorama of Rezonville, both equally remarkable in their own way, though neither was



THE VICE ADMIRAL.



GENDARMES, 1870.

calculated to produce in the mind of the spectator those illusions which are traditionally proper. The more, however, that one sees of M. Detaille's work, the deeper becomes one's impression that he is at his best in his smaller studies.

The new work of this year, the "Vive l'Empereur: Charge of the Fourth Hussars," of which we have heard so much, has failed, they say, to prove half its case. It was to have shown us that Detaille could paint with all the ardor of De Neuville and to force the public to acknowledge that a colossal masterpiece was not beyond his strength. To those who have all along persisted in asserting that the master could not draw movement, the splendid rush of the trumpeter in the foreground, the irresistible impulse of the on-coming horse and his rider is a sufficient answer; but I still think we have not yet seen the crowning masterpiece which we have a right to expect from M. Detaille. The color is a weak point in "Vive l'Empereur," just as it has been a weak point of much of the painter's previous work. There is something, no doubt, that is very unmanageable in masses of similar uniforms and rows of horses matched to a prevailing tint, nor are these difficulties relieved by the necessity under which the realistic painter lies of representing such masses in the open field selected for cavalry manoeuvres. This Charge, too, of the Fourth Hussars challenges our recollections of M. Meissonier's "1807." The emperor is seen in M. Detaille's gigantic picture, as on M. Meissonier's smaller canvas, aloof on the rising ground to the left,



DRAWING LOTS AT A CONSCRIPTION.

surrounded by his staff; but M. Meissonier suggested an element of tragic grandeur in the solemn immobility of the mounted guards whom he placed at the feet of Napoleon in statuesque contrast to the advancing charge of the cuirassiers.

By and by "Vive l'Empereur," which, as I write, is on exhibition in Bond street, will leave London for New York, whence it must return to Paris, to its home in the Luxembourg. Undoubtedly the work marks an important stage in the career of its maker; as a technical achievement it is in some respects one that he is never likely to surpass; but M. Detaille is still a young man, and I am inclined to believe that his talent has surprises in store for us before which his best work, as we at present know it, may fall into the second rank.



CUIRASSIERS



VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF MONTE CATALFANO, THE SITE OF SOLUNTUM.

A FORGOTTEN CITY.

BY ELEANOR LEWIS.

WE all know something of Pompeii and its fate, but how many of us know anything at all about Soluntum—that little Sicilian town once so important, afterwards so insignificant, then gradually deserted and hidden beneath the encroaching soil until at last it was quite forgotten? It is only within this century, indeed, that, like Pompeii, it has been disinterred and so recalled to memory.

What Vesuvius did for the one, aided more or less by time, time alone effected for Soluntum, with this further difference, that while Pompeii perished in its prime with all its possessions, so to say, intact,

the slow decline of Soluntum left little to be buried except bare walls. A few statues have been found there, but they are of no great value; and our interest lies chiefly in the old architecture, the wonderfully beautiful site of the town and its historic memories.

A ten-mile ride by rail from Palermo brings the traveller to Santa Flavia, the station for Soluntum—a mere handful of houses between shore and hill. For the remaining distance it is necessary to follow a footpath—a footpath widening ere long into an ancient paved road. Although but narrow at the widest, it is neverthe-



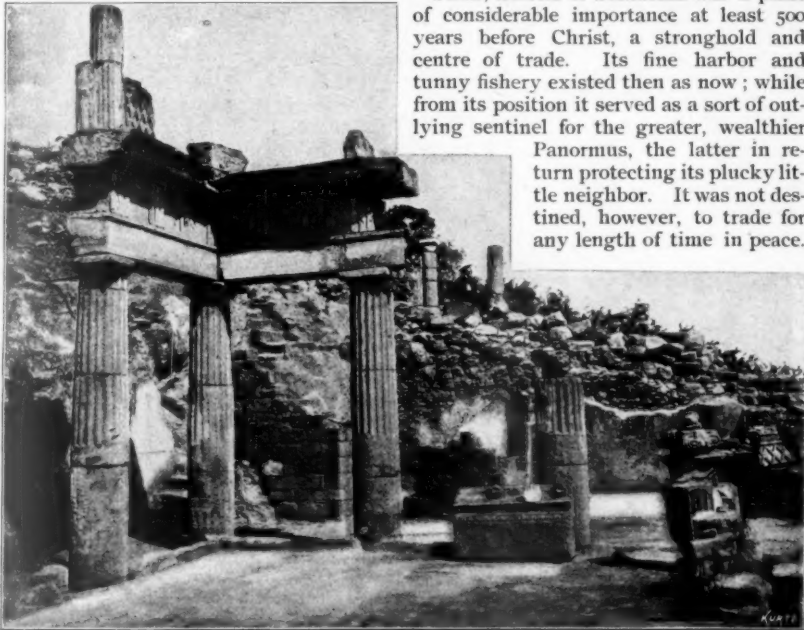
CAPE ZAFFERANO, FROM SOLINTUM.

less a veritable road, and probably the very one that was laid down some 2500 years ago by Phœnician colonists to connect their town upon the hill with their harbor at its foot. Bordered today by cactus and almond trees, uninterrupted by a single house, it winds in zigzags on and upward full two miles, until it reaches the ruins of Soluntum crowning with their desolation the lonely summit of Monte Catalfano. One can imagine, standing there, the merchants who passed up and down from the harbor town to the city; the busy traffic—for Soluntum was by no means a stagnant town—which found its passage from the coast to the shops and streets. Then, too, at times, the busy peace was ended, and hurried war—the tramp of besieging feet, with the blood and devastation of soldiery—took its place; and finally a later stage, longest and most uninterrupted of all, still holds possession. For years no steps have worn away the tropical verdure; traffic has not returned to keep the stone polished, and only the cactus and almond trees stand near by watching time efface the road entirely.

Certainly those old settlers builded well when they chose for an abiding place this breezy, impregnable height. What a view they had—if, indeed, they cared for views! How the harbor smiles below, well sheltered from adverse winds! How magnificently the bold rock of Zafferano springs out into the sea! What glow of color, what dimpling sheen irradiates that sea! How delicately pencilled against the horizon are the distant blue-gray island cones of Ericusa and Phœnicusa! Is it not a landscape for an artist, a background for a poem?

But as to those old Soluntines, truly I doubt if they enjoyed it as we do today. From all we can learn they were a very practical and not at all a poetical people. Their arts were handicraft; their keen eyes were turned upon business rather than landscapes, and, compared with their Greek neighbors, they were mere barbarians. The Phœnicians in general seem to have instinctively selected for their towns such sites as favored their sea-faring commercial habits, and their settlements in Sicily are no exception to the rule.

Solus, Solocis or Soluntum was a place of considerable importance at least 500 years before Christ, a stronghold and centre of trade. Its fine harbor and tunny fishery existed then as now; while from its position it served as a sort of outlying sentinel for the greater, wealthier Panormus, the latter in return protecting its plucky little neighbor. It was not destined, however, to trade for any length of time in peace.



RUINS OF A TEMPLE OF JUPITER.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS OF SOLUNTUM.

About 397 B.C. Dionysius of Syracuse made war against the Carthaginians, and, because Solocis remained faithful to them, ravaged its territory. The town itself defied him several months, until (396) a traitor within the walls betrayed its people. Through this treachery was lost much life and treasure, yet all to no purpose, since a few weeks more saw the Syracusans in their turn ejected and the former rule restored.

The ruins were speedily cleared away, the walls repaired, the cisterns cleansed, the temples purified, and again for a space of years there was peace, with only a few minor changes in government.

Meanwhile Rome had grown to be the great rival of Carthage—there was not room for both in the world and the Punic wars were a struggle for life and supremacy between the two. How they ended we all know. Carthage fell at last, but long ere that fell Carthaginian Panormus and with it Solocis. Thereafter, as Roman Soluntum it is hardly mentioned in history. Many centuries later, when the Saracens invaded Sicily, it was captured by them and by them finally destroyed.

Thus wave upon wave of conquest had

rolled over our little fortress town until at last the drift and sediment of time completely covered it. Populous once, it now stood empty. Inch by inch its last invader, the soil itself, gained foothold. Higher and higher it rose, covering low dwelling and lofty temple. Grass, cactus and asphodel took root and made beautiful even while they obliterated the grave of Soluntum. At last no one could say, Here stood the city, or Here; for no trace of it remained above the earth. But the tradition of it survived, and about the beginning of this century excavations were begun, the grave was opened and the long-buried dead revealed to the light of day. Two or three frescos, several fragments of architrave, cornice and column, a statue or two and a few miscellaneous objects were removed to the museum at Palermo; but they date only from the Roman period, and have comparatively little interest for the archæologist. The student of Phœnician antiquities must trace them here, as at Motye and Lilybæum, in situ; for while the Roman conquerors of these places filled in the sketch with their own colors, topography compelled them to accept the outlines as already drawn.

It is probable, from the fact that these

excavations are infrequent, that the Soluntines had but little originality or ability in the fine arts. Some of the busy citizens who went out in ships over the Mediterranean must have brought back with them many of the works of art, and the little buried city has not won international renown for this reason, probably, as there is so little to pay the excavator. And so it rests there half uncovered.

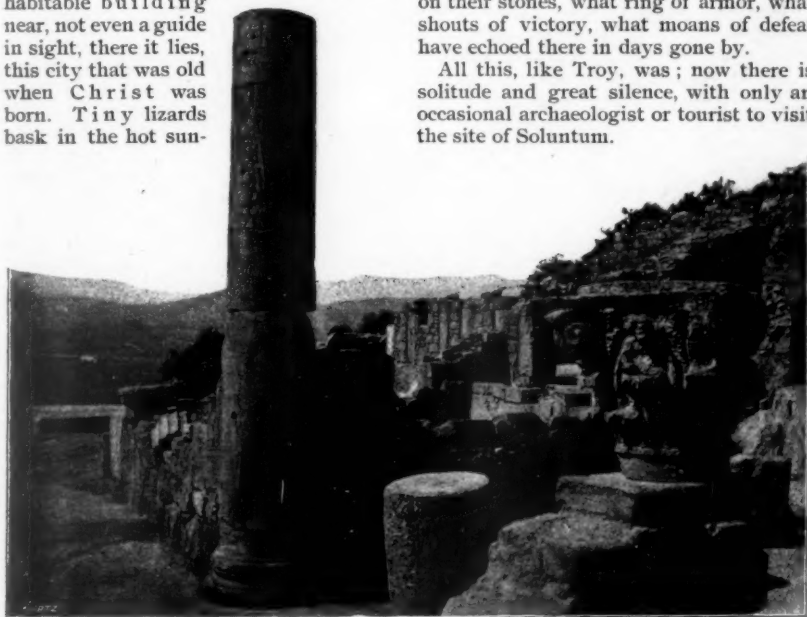
If the Italian government were only a little richer the work might be continued as at Pompeii. This has not been possible, however, and so the elements are once more taking charge of the deposit they so long concealed.

Standing on the site of this ancient city, almost on the brow of the mountain, the loneliness and desolation of the place is almost oppressive. Far below, on the ground, gently sloping toward the sea, are dotted here and there houses and gardens, all the wonted signs of peaceful settlement. At this distance the eye can detect no movement. And, when attention is turned to the ruin, the solitude, the utter abandonment of it are very impressive; open to the sun and wind, not a habitable building near, not even a guide in sight, there it lies, this city that was old when Christ was born. Tiny lizards bask in the hot sun-

shine on its stones, and bees hum in mellow cadence within the ruined temples. Here is a fragment of wall painting, here a bit of mosaic flooring. Here is an altar before which human prayers arose; here a forum, where the tide of business surged and Roman justice was dealt out; here is a shop, with broken wine jars; here an empty cistern. At this spot a statue of Jupiter carved in tufa was disinterred, and at this a statue of Psyche in the same material. In one house candlesticks of bronze were found; in another, delicate vases.

The city wall is still distinct; deep ruts in the stone-paved streets still bear witness to the chariots that rattled over them long since. The steepest streets are cut in steps, and these also have been hollowed by the pressure of countless feet. How they echo to the tread and to memory! Fancy the little Phœnician babies on a voyage of discovery up and down their stair-cut length, risking limbs and frightening mothers, even as the small explorers of today. And then, in sharpest contrast, think what rivers of blood once plashed over them, how many suppliants knelt upon their stones, what ring of armor, what shouts of victory, what moans of defeat have echoed there in days gone by.

All this, like Troy, was; now there is solitude and great silence, with only an occasional archaeologist or tourist to visit the site of Soluntum.



THE RUINS OF THE FORUM.



MALMAISON IN THE MARKET.

BY MARY BACON FORD.

GOING from Paris to St. Germain these days one sees by the roadside cheap colored posters announcing that the chateau of Malmaison is for sale and that the park has been plotted into small building lots to be acquired on easy terms. The advertisement, pleasing to the bourgeois mind which revels in stucco and suburban villas, marks an epoch in the history of a house where Napoleon and Josephine passed many happy years; to which she retired after the divorce and where she died. The house from which, after Waterloo, Napoleon bade farewell to his greatness, and from which on the 29th of June 1815 the matchless gambler, who for nearly twenty years had sacked empires and looted cities, departed in disguise, a penniless adventurer, with some diamonds given him by the pitying Hortense as his only resource, upon the flight which was to end in St. Helena.

From the time of its erection in the beginning of the eighteenth century Malmaison was owned in succession by several families. At the time of the revolution it was in the possession of the Du Moleys, from whom Josephine bought it in 1798, after Napoleon's departure for Egypt.

Napoleon in his time had many houses. Down to the year of the divorce Malmaison was his favorite. After its purchase Josephine enlarged the park to nearly twice its original size, and, with all the ardor and recklessness of expense characteristic of her, set to work to beautify and adorn the place in order that it might please her husband. But Malmaison did not reach its apogee until Napoleon's return from Marengo, and in the peaceful period which

followed the park rivalled Windsor and Blenheim and became famous all over the world.

Labyrinths, grottos, temples, fountains, statues, a chapel, a winding brook, cascades, bridges, a lake, pavilions, kiosks, belvederes and conservatories dotted the landscape. The hothouses became historic. Josephine's passion for flowers amounted to idolatry. Her greenhouses were modelled after those of Schönbrunn and Kew, and the plan she adopted became in turn the pattern for the present Jardin des Plantes. In the middle of the vast hothouse Josephine constructed an antique salon opening into the greenhouse by violet marble columns tipped with gold, where the sight of the flowers, arranged about as in an amphitheatre, filled the view and senses. When a rare plant bloomed it was painted on the spot by some artist. Josephine spent hours of her time each day in these delights. To understand the value of the work she accomplished in the gardens of Malmaison one need only turn over the celebrated book entitled the Garden of Malmaison, which was embellished with nearly 200 colored illustrations. A visitor arriving in those days stopped at the two Doric pavilions still standing at each side of the principal entrance to the park, which were then occupied by the guards. Napoleon usually entered the park at another entrance a little to the left of the principal one. The porch of the house was in the form of a military tent. The vestibule, supported

MALMAISON.

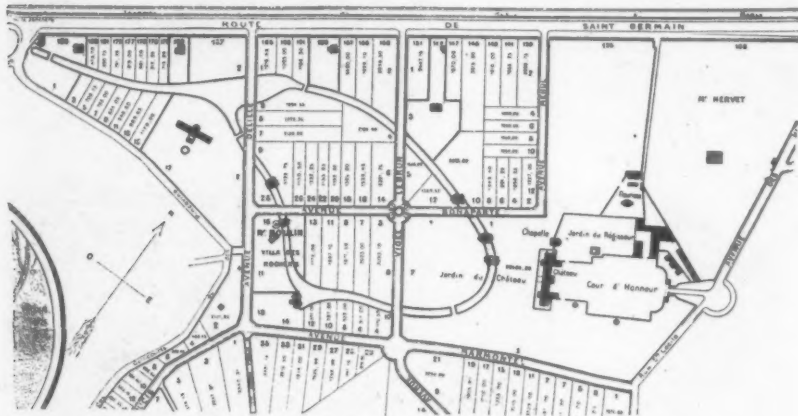


PORTRAIT OF JOSEPHINE IN THE LOUVRE.

on four columns, ran the length of the building and opened into the garden. In the right wing were the billiard and reception rooms and the picture gallery; in the left, the dining room, council chamber and library. On the second floor were the private apartments of Josephine and Napoleon. To the right and left were the rooms of the aides-de-camp, secretaries and guests. In Josephine's time the front of the building was ornamented with numerous statues copied from the antique. The council chamber was ornamented with military subjects in fresco; the dining room with allegorical figures. In the

used to spend hours figuring as to how he could make Malmaison yield him an income of 8000 francs per annum, while at the time it was costing him at the rate of about 750,000 francs.

The daily routine at Malmaison was of the simplest description. Breakfast, presided over by Josephine and Hortense, was at eleven o'clock, until which hour each guest did as he pleased. Napoleon breakfasted alone in his apartments and was seldom seen until dinner, unless some riding or boating excursion was afoot. During the day Napoleon worked, talked with his councillors, dictated, read,



THE PARK AS FOR SALE.

salon was Gerard's portrait of Josephine and of Hortense with her children. The library was finished in mahogany. In the picture gallery Josephine gathered the masterpieces of the Flemish and Dutch schools. Pictures by Potter, Berghem and Teniers adorned the walls, as did also the works of the French painters Lorraine, Bergère and others. The gallery was also filled with Greek, Etruscan and Egyptian antiquities. The theatre adjoined the picture gallery.

Malmaison was at its best in the years 1800, 1801 and 1802. Napoleon spent every Sunday there and as much time besides as was possible. He delighted in superintending the workmen about the place. Then he would discuss expenses with Josephine, always with the result of an impossible balance sheet, and the interviews would end in a laugh. Napoleon

or, his hands behind his head, walked to and fro in his private garden. Dinner was punctually at six and was sometimes served on the lawn. After dinner there were walks in the park; after twilight, music, games and private theatricals in the house.

A large property adjoining Malmaison was purchased as late as 1809. It belonged to an old maid named Mademoiselle Julien who, during her life, refused to part with it, and was the most disagreeable and aggravating of neighbors. At her death her inheritors were more reasonable. Here is Napoleon's letter to Josephine on the subject: "I have your letter of the 16th, and am glad that you are well. The property of the old girl is not worth more than 120,000 francs; they will never have a higher offer. However, I leave you free to do as you like, as long as it amuses you; but,

once bought, do not tear it down in order to get a few rocks. Adieu, my friend. Napoleon."

Josephine's divorce was pronounced on December 15, 1809. She went at once to Malmaison while Napoleon resorted to Trianon. Then for two years she travelled about restlessly until after the birth of Napoleon's heir, the King of Rome, when she located definitively at Malmaison and remained there until her death. Here Hortense visited her often, and her two children—one of them the future Napoleon III.—were there with Josephine for months at a time. The ex-empress's old friends gathered about her with increased affection, and her salon, if not as brilliant as before, was even more interesting. She commanded that Napoleon's rooms should be kept precisely as he had left them, and no one but herself ever entered them; she dusted them with her own hands. Josephine's last illness occurred on the 28th of May 1814, and on the 29th she passed quietly away. The words, "Bonaparte—l'île d'Elbe—Marie Louise," were last upon her lips. Her body was embalmed and remained for three days in the vestibule at Malmaison. Twenty thousand persons came to view the remains and as great a number followed them to the grave. On June 2 her body was interred a mile away in the little church at Rueil, where it still lies undisturbed.

She lived long enough to witness Napoleon's abdication, his exile to the island of Elba and his desertion by Marie Louise.

On the 20th of March 1815, Napoleon arrived at Paris on his return from Elba. Before leaving on the Waterloo campaign he drove out to Rueil to visit the tomb of Josephine, and thence to Malmaison. As he dismounted from his carriage at the

entrance to the house, he manifested the most vivid emotion. Before entering he paced up and down the garden with Hortense. The flowers of the late empress were in blossom, the air was laden with perfume. He seemed to take a dolorous pleasure in gazing at the sights that recalled so vividly the memory of happier days. "Poor Josephine," he said, "at each turn in the paths I expect to meet her. When the news of her death reached me at Elba I suffered the most poignant pangs of that mournful year—1814. She had weaknesses without doubt, but at least she would never have deserted me." It was his sole allusion to his abandonment by Marie Louise. After an unsuccessful effort to control his feelings he entered the house. He gazed in silence at the empty chair in the salon that had been so often occupied by Josephine. He seemed feverishly anxious to revisit every portion of the château; the library where he had worked and read so much; the council



PORTRAIT OF JOSEPHINE, NOW IN ST. PETERSBURG.

chamber where so many grave resolutions had been made; and the gallery where he had listened to his favorite music. Mounting to the first floor, that was filled with so many touching memories, he paused at the door of Josephine's death chamber,

where in her last hours her thoughts had been with him. Turning to Hortense he said, in a voice choked with sobs, "My daughter, I wish to enter here alone." Unattended he passed into the chamber and closing the door behind him was alone with his memories and his grief. For an hour no sound came from within, but when he walked forth his face showed the mental agony through which he had passed. On the 11th of June Hortense conducted her two sons to the Elysée to say farewell to the emperor, who was to start the next morning at half-past three upon his final campaign, to place himself for the last time at the head of the army. On the 17th of June the sound of cannon announcing the victory of Ligny filled the supporters of the emperor with renewed confidence and hope, but before the emotion which it excited in Paris had died away came the news of Waterloo and of the futile but heroic sacrifice of the imperial guard. On the morning of the 21st of June, the emperor, baffled and hopeless, dismounted at the Elysée, worn with the hurried flight from his last battlefield. General Drouot, alighting from the carriage after him, muttered with a gesture of despair in reply to a question, "Everything is lost." "Except honor," added Napoleon doggedly, completing the sentence. They were the first words the fallen soldier had



PRINCE EUGENE.

uttered since leaving Laon. The next day he abdicated and determined to quit Paris, and pass at Malmaison the few days of liberty which might be left him. Hortense at his request preceded him to the house in order to prepare for his coming, and there, on the 25th of June he joined her, leaving the French capital, which he was not to enter until twenty-five years later in the funeral car. A group of faithful friends welcomed him at the gates of Malmaison. He was without plan or hope, made no reference whatever to his misfortunes, and seemed to be living entirely in the past. His friends feared for his reason. It was a beautiful, sunny day, and for hours he paced the walks in the park until his strength was completely exhausted. On the morning of the 26th he was asked what his plans were. Hoping against hope, the Duke of Bassano informed him that the army was still loyal to his cause, that the people of Paris were also, and that if he wished it he could still seize the reins of government, assume the command of the forces, and dissolve the chamber. These illusions only forced a smile from Napoleon. Two straggling, foot-sore regiments retreating from Waterloo came in sight on the road leading to Paris. As they tramped wearily by under their frayed and smoke-grimed standards, they raised the old cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" Those about Napoleon tried to see in this a hopeful augury and begged that he would show himself to the veterans. He refused to stir a step. "It would have been better," he said grimly, "if they had fought at Waterloo instead of shouting here." On the 28th



QUEEN HORTENSE.

of June the cannon of the enemy resounded on the plain of St. Denis. The sound was an ominous one to the occupants of Malmaison. In the morning, army officers brought Napoleon the news that Wellington and Blücher had divided their forces and were marching on Paris in two divisions. The hope that had all but died away in Napoleon revived again. With his old-time audacity and energy he conceived the idea of attacking them in detail before a junction could be effected, and upon this plan he ruminated during the night. At the first flush of daybreak on the 29th of June he donned his uniform, ordered his horse saddled, and despatched General Becker to Paris with a message to Fouché and the other members of the provisional government. "Our enemies," ran the message, "have blundered. They are advancing in two masses of 60,000 men each. They are moving far enough apart for me to vanquish them in detail before they can unite their strength. It is a stroke of providence, and not to profit by it would be an act of insane folly. Under these circumstances I offer to again place myself at the head of the army. Under my command the troops will re-

cover their wonted spirit. I will descend upon the enemy, and having defeated them will restore my command to the provisional government. I swear as general, as soldier and as citizen not to retain the command one hour after victory is assured, which victory I will achieve not for myself but for France."

General Becker departed. The young and ambitious officers, anxious for distinction and glory, gathered about Napoleon. The joy of battle came again into the haggard face of the victim of Waterloo. Who shall say what hopes and fears filled his excited brain at the thought that destiny might yet reserve for him another chance in the great game of empire. The minutes seemed hours during the general's absence. Napoleon paced with nervous, eager tread the confines of his council chamber. To lessen the interminable suspense he had his horse led out where he could see it. At last Becker returned, dispirited and heartbroken. Napoleon's offer had been curtly and contemptuously declined by Fouché and his advisers. Napoleon listened quietly to the ultimatum and turned wearily away. All was over. He doffed his uniform for a plain



NAPOLEON CROWNING JOSEPHINE. FROM THE PAINTING BY DAVID.

suit of citizen's clothes, and prepared to take his departure. To remain was out of the question. At any moment Malmaison might be fired upon. Already the sharp crack of Prussian rifles upon the other side of the Seine could be distinctly heard. To all outward appearances, Napoleon remained calm and unmoved. "I have done all that you asked me," he said to those about him. "Here are my letters to the provisional government and my correspondence with the Minister of marine. The difficulties that they have placed in my way in furnishing me with two armed frigates have detained me here until now. It is their fault that I have not left sooner. But I leave today."

The carriage was ready. The moment had come. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. His few remaining friends gathered about him in sadness and tears. At the least they hoped that the illustrious exile might find a refuge in the United States. His mother, brothers and Hortense promised to meet him there. As for himself, he was oppressed with a presentiment that he would never see his family again, that he had come to the end of his liberty as of his power. Hortense remained faithful to the last. It was she who succeeded in persuading the emperor to accept a diamond necklace which she slipped into his pocket, the last resource of the man who had conquered and distributed so much treasure. He then bade farewell to all those who had followed him to Malmaison, and mounting quickly into his carriage



STATUE OF JOSEPHINE, NOW AT VERSAILLES.

left for his captivity. On the 15th of July he surrendered to the English. In 1824 Prince Eugene and Hortense erected a tomb to Josephine in the little church at Rueil. In 1831 Hortense, on her way through France, made a pilgrimage thither, and from there, accompanied by her son, the future Napoleon III., walked to Malmaison. But the then proprietor of the place had given orders that no one was to be allowed to enter the gates, and Hortense was therefore unable to revisit the house. She died at Arenenberg in 1837, and was buried by the side of her mother. When her son Louis mounted the French throne he caused a costly mausoleum to be erected to her memory.

In 1826 Malmaison was bought from a member of the Beauharnais family by a wealthy banker, who in turn sold it to the ex-Queen of Spain, Marie Christine, in 1842. Napoleon III. bought it from her in 1861, and presented it to the state. Before 1867 he had restored it, and during the Exposition he created there a Napoleonic museum. During the Franco-German war the invaders utilized it for barrack purposes. It has been untenanted since, the present owner having bought it from the state a few years ago for speculative purposes.

The Malmaison of today is typical of the fallen fortunes of the Napoleonic dynasty. The grounds in the immediate vicinity of the house are unkempt and desolate. The portico at the main entrance is falling to pieces. The council cham-

ber where Napoleon planned schemes of selfish aggrandizement is stripped and bare. The beautiful salon of Josephine is but the shadow of its former self. The fireplace, once incrustured with precious stones, is chipped and splintered, the work of Prussian vandals in the last war. The grand staircase is sunken and uneven. In the bedchamber of Josephine the golden bees of the imperial dynasty still dot the blue ceiling above the spot where the divorced empress breathed her last. A broken door swings monotonously on its hinges—the door that closed upon the last parting of Napoleon and the wife of his youth. The imperial N still surmounts the alcove in the bedchamber of Napo-

leon, its freshness in striking contrast with the decay about it. It is the room from which Napoleon descended on the 29th of June. His study adjoining the bedchamber still holds his bookcase. On the ground floor his billiard table still stands as of old, though denuded of its cloth. The wind steals in through cracked and broken windows, and rustles the torn and faded hangings on the wall. Crowded though it is with the memories of a brilliant epoch, Malmaison is but the ghost of a château. The walls are standing, but the treasures of art and luxury which they once inclosed are scattered to the four corners of the earth.



THE TEMPLE OF LOVE IN THE PARK AT MALMAISON.

INEQUALITY.

BY KATHRINE GROSJEAN.

The lark might not pour
 forth so fair a song
Were earth more binding,
 or her wing less strong.

ACCORDING TO SAINT JOHN.

BY AMÉLIE RIVÉS.

CHAPTER IX.

THREE weeks later Mrs. Farrance died quietly in her sleep one Sunday afternoon. Maman Cici dressed her in her loveliest nightgown of pure white, and tied it at the throat and wrist with satin ribbon. It was Jean, however, who brushed the long, pale-yellow hair. She thought, while she was doing this, of how strange it was that she had never seen death before and yet was not afraid. She arranged the short curls over the forehead as her friend had worn them in life, pinning them into place at the side

been walking in the winter air. She kissed her again two or three times and then sat holding the fragile hand until it grew quite warm in hers. Suddenly a thought came to her, and she rose and got the little olivewood box and put it between Mrs. Farrance's breast and arm, where no one could see it, afterwards drawing the thick swaths of hair over it with loving precaution. Maman Cici had gone away to make herself a cup of chocolate.

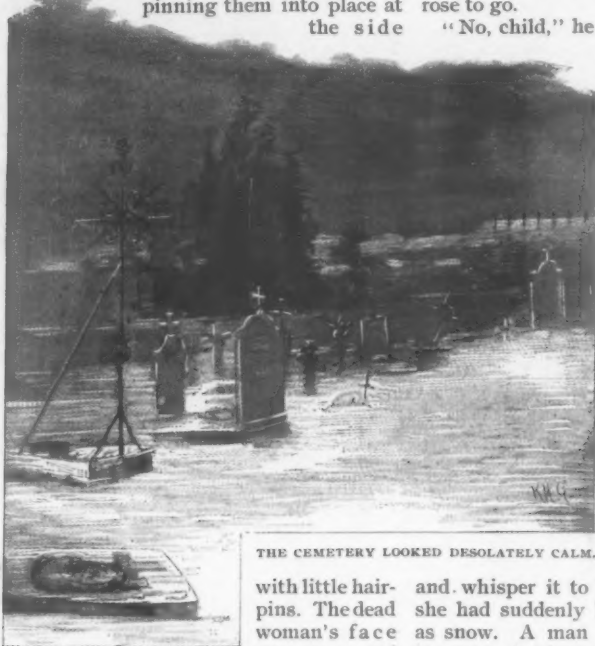
After a while Farrance came in and sat down on the other side of the coffin. Jean rose to go.

"No, child," he said, putting out his hand. "You quiet me, and she would like it."

The girl sat down again silently. In spite of her sorrow, she felt more tranquil than she had done for many days. The anxiety and nursing of the past three weeks had somehow done away with her feeling for Farrance. She looked at him now with a great aching pity, and wondered how she could ever have imagined herself in love with him. She was so thankful that she wished to put her lips to his dead wife's ear

and whisper it to her, feeling as though she had suddenly been washed as white as snow. A man who dreams that he has committed a murder, and wakes suddenly, feels as this child felt.

She remembered something that Mrs. Farrance had said to her several times, and moved her head quietly in negation, with her eyes on the quiet face. She could care for Tony without marrying his father; besides, he would never care for anyone again. She would be good to him, like a little daughter, and try to divert him after



THE CEMETERY LOOKED DESOLATELY CALM.

tranquil. She looked much younger than she had looked in life; more like a girl, and happier. Her lips wore the sweet, almost affected-looking, smile of death. Jean bent over and kissed the pale cheek. She had heard much of the horror of death, of its unearthly chill, its moisture. She was astonished to feel, under her kiss, only a smooth coldness as of one who has



SHE PRACTISED HER VIOLIN.

the first strength of his grief had passed. He in the meantime sat quite silent, one hand ceaselessly stroking the band of hair that lay over the calm breast with its covering of Maman Cici's finest embroidery. His hand looked darker than ever against the blue-white of the delicate cambric and the wax-white of the smiling face. He had taken off his wife's rings and put them on his own fingers. They looked odd and out of place—a little turquoise with pearls about it, a hoop of tiny diamonds, two hearts in gold with a ruby arrow pinning them together. They caught once in her hair, and he stooped down and touched them with his lips before unwinding them. Once he bent over

and kissed with slow reverence the delicate body, from the quiet head to the pretty feet in their white wedding shoes. They would have put her wedding gown on her, but she had been obliged long ago to have it dyed blue and made into a coverlet for Tony. When he came to the little feet he knelt a long time with his face against them.

The girl said to herself: "I know he will die too—he looks so ill. He looks more the way I thought dead people looked than she does."

They sat there all through the night, and when daylight came he looked over at Jean and said: "Thank you, dear. You have helped me. You had better sleep now."

Jean bent over and kissed her once more, taking up two or three of the white violets which covered her.

"Thank you for loving her so much," said Farrance.

"You helped her, too—she told me so."

Jean could not speak. She began to sob piteously, for the first time.

She could not think afterwards how she had found her way to her own room without hurting herself, she was so blind with tears and grief. It seemed to her that if she had prayed a little harder and nursed her a little more carefully, had loved her a little more strongly, she could have kept her alive.

The funeral took place next day at twelve o'clock. Jean had never been to a funeral before. When they were halfway through the service she found that she could not endure it, and went out, waiting in the church door until it should be over. The vague murmur of the clergyman's voice followed her, drowned every now and then by the passing of an omnibus or a

large wagon from the Louvre or the Bon Marché. Then she heard them singing the dead woman's favorite hymn. She began to sob again and ran a little way along the street in an unconscious effort to get away from the sound which wrung her heart. A man without any legs worked himself to her side and held up his hand.

"I haven't any money. I haven't any money," she said, crying. It seemed to her that she could never forget the disappointment and reproach in those dull eyes. She ran after him and put in his hand a little plain gold bracelet which she had worn since her childhood. As she went quickly away again, the man stared after her, bewildered. She glanced back and saw him dangling the bracelet on his dirty forefinger and looking from it to her with the same stupefied expression. Suddenly he jerked off his old fur cap and bent his maimed body up and down in grotesque signs of gratitude.

When she looked up again they were coming out of the church. It had been snowing for some time, and the white flakes still fell with a kind of delicate deliberation. The flowers on the coffin were covered with them. Overhead the sky grew darker and darker. The sparrows gathered with shrill twitterings in the bare horsechestnut trees, or hopped anxiously about over the pavement, leaving tiny, three-pointed marks in the snow, and the cemetery looked desolately calm in its untrodden whiteness, with its great wreath-hung crosses and monuments cutting against the dim sky. Only about the newly opened grave were flowers, purple and white; and Mrs. Benson and her husband stooped down and threw in more, until the dark earth was hidden with them. When they began to lower the coffin Farrance staggered and fell on his knees. His face was terrible, but he made no motion, only knelt there staring at the narrow opening in the winter ground, and the ropes straining against its sides. The others dropped in the rest of the flowers softly, until the grave was full. Then Benson's little son, a boy of twelve, threw in the first shovelful of earth. It did not make the horrible, dull sound that is usual, falling as it did upon the armfuls of white hyacinths and lilacs. Jean stood on the other side, looking from the grave to Far-

rance and back again. How could she have thought she loved him? She said this over and over to herself until it lost all meaning. At first it had sounded blasphemous to her, as though it were shameful to think of love in the face of that awful grief.

They left the grave a sweet mound of violets and lilacs, and followed Benson as he half carried Farrance to one of the cabs.

"Alone?" he said, as he helped him into it. Farrance nodded.

"Anywhere particularly?" said Benson once more. He took the other's hand and gripped it hard.

"Thank you," said Farrance. His hand fell back lifelessly upon his knee. He saw suddenly that Benson was waiting for something, and roused himself.

"Tell him to go anywhere. I should like to drive for about two hours. Tell him I will give him a bon pourboire."

Benson explained to the cabman in a low tone, and he drove on a little ahead of the others, then turned at the corner of the street and they lost sight of him.

Mrs. Benson and Ellen Ferguson, the pupil of the sand-papered school, found themselves together on the drive home.

"I can't help thinking of that poor little baby," said the woman presently. "What has become of him?"

"Jean will take care of him. She loves him," answered the girl, who was still crying quietly.

"Yes, but—" said Mrs. Benson. She pulled her feet up under her skirts for greater warmth and sat silent for a moment or two, looking out of the window on her side. "Do you know, I shouldn't wonder at all if he married her," she said suddenly.

"He? Who?" asked Ellen, startled.

"Farrance," replied the other. "I shouldn't wonder at all if he married Jean."

"Oh!" cried the girl, shocked, "Mrs. Benson, how can you? I can see that poor man's face now."

"It's nothing," Mrs. Benson said calmly. "It's done every day of the world. He'll never love anyone as he did poor Lilian, but—he'll love."

"I don't believe it! I don't believe it!" said the girl. "And how could Jean marry him even if she loved him, after seeing him—so?"

"You forget things like that, or when you remember them afterwards, it's different," answered Mrs. Benson. "A man must love or think he's loving—it's the same thing to them."

They had reached the Maison Roget and were getting out of the cab.

"I think it's dreadful," exclaimed Miss Ferguson. "I do," she repeated, as Mrs. Benson looked back at her, shaking her head thoughtfully.

She ran up stairs quickly, telling herself that Mrs. Benson was a very coarse woman.

CHAPTER X.

For some months after Mrs. Farrance's death Jean lost her sense of reality of life. She came and went, ate her meals, called on the people in the house, helped Mrs. Benson care for Tony, practised her violin, listened to the moralizings of Maman Cici, all with a vague feeling that the next day it would change, or the next, or if not then, certainly the day after. • Farrance had gone away for a while; he had gone alone, and as the weeks passed without bringing him Jean said to herself, "He has killed himself," and wondered why she felt so callous about it. "I can't really have a heart," she thought. "I care for music and I did care for her; and now she's dead, and I don't care for anything much—not even Tony!"

She grew pale, stayed in her room a great deal, never whistled or sang on her way up and down stairs as she used to do. Venus was very miserable about her and threatened to write home to "dee folks." The others said she had "run herself down" nursing Mrs. Farrance.

About this time Maman Cici, too, became very unhappy. Vamousin grew irregular in his visits to her, and she was consumed with a helpless jealousy.

One day Jean went into her room and found her brooding over an illustrated paper. As she entered, the other turned to one side, slipping the sheet under a pile of fashion plates on the table.

"What is the matter, Maman Cici?" asked the girl. "You look ill."

"Nothing, nothing at all," said the other, trying to put a cheerful ring into her voice. Suddenly she whirled about and

drew forth the paper, holding it close to Jean's eyes in her fat, shaking hands.

"There! there!" she cried. "Look at it! Look at it! It's exactly what I should do in the same case. Exactly! I've been thinking it over calmly, and I know I should do exactly the same thing."

Jean took the paper from her and saw that it was a brutal drawing of an enraged woman stabbing a man who seemed to be opening a door.

"Yes, it's terrible, I know," said the woman, her face violet under its rough gray hair; "but it's better to be terrible than ridiculous. It is, I tell you!" as she saw the dissent in Jean's eyes. "I would stab him; yes, as one sticks a needle through a flea. He would not die—il crèverait comme un chien. Yes, I tell you—yes, yes, she did perfectly right, that woman. Her husband was false. She had him watched. She found out. She went to the place—he opened the door for her—oh, yes; le bon Dieu est juste surtout—he opened the door and she made an end of him; v'là! she was right. I could embrace her, that woman! I could take her in my arms and kiss her! I could kiss the hand she stabbed him with, false rat that he was!" She stopped, hideous with jealousy, her great, uncorseted bulk heaving with rage, her eyes distended, her trembling mouth half open. Jean was a brave child. She grew pale, but sat there quite calmly, folding the paper over her knee, and pressing her full lips together in firm disapproval.

"It is never right to kill," she said in a quiet voice. "I shouldn't like to kill even a real rat, me!"

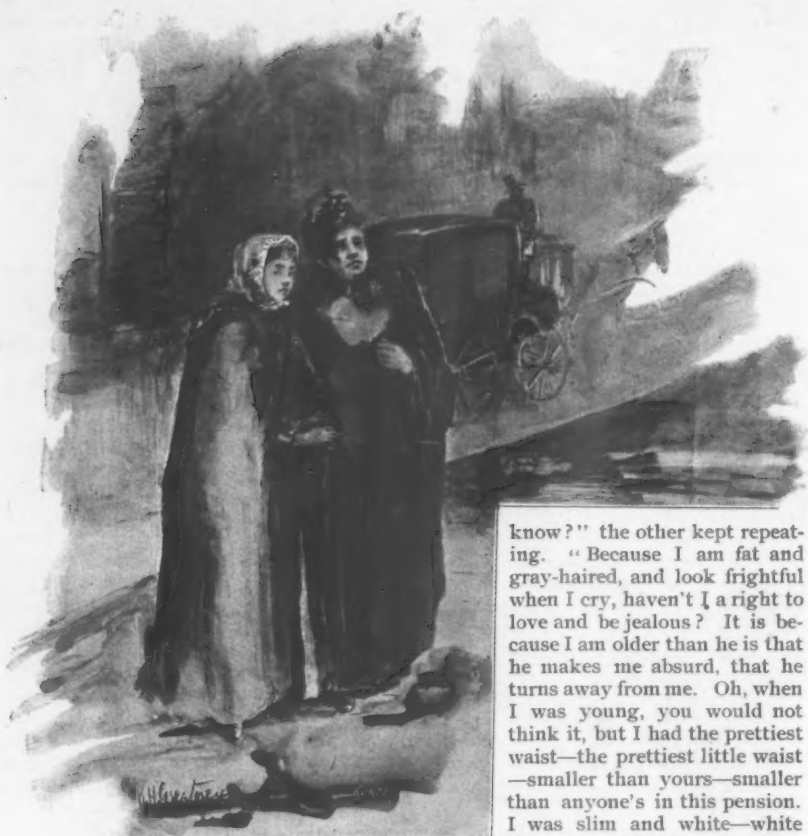
The great creature laughed out at this.

"You baby! What do you know about it?" she said. "You know nothing—nothing at all. Pas ça!" She drew her thumb nail outward with a sharp sound from against one of her front teeth. "Pas ça!" she repeated. "You are a pretty baby!"

Suddenly she dropped down again into her chair, leaning her head against the pile of fashion papers, while hot tears gushed from her eyes, already swollen with weeping.

"O mon Dieu! O mon Dieu! que je souffre!" she panted.

Jean came and took up one of the flaccid, tremulous hands and patted it.



HE DROVE OFF, LEAVING THEM STANDING THERE.

"Poor Maman Cici—poor thing—poor thing!" she said soothingly. "I'm sure you're making yourself unhappy without cause."

The woman sat upright, putting back her tumbled hair with one hand, leaving the other in Jean's grasp. Her dressing gown had fallen apart, disclosing one of the elaborate chemises and a petticoat of flowered silk. Her great pendulous cheeks were drawn and puckered with hysterical anguish, her blue eyes had almost disappeared behind their inflamed lids; and yet as Jean looked up at her she felt no desire to laugh; she had rather to restrain herself from shuddering, so real, so terrible was this grotesque despair and jealousy.

"What can you know? What can you

know?" the other kept repeating. "Because I am fat and gray-haired, and look frightful when I cry, haven't I a right to love and be jealous? It is because I am older than he is that he makes me absurd, that he turns away from me. Oh, when I was young, you would not think it, but I had the prettiest waist—the prettiest little waist—smaller than yours—smaller than anyone's in this pension. I was slim and white—white like a pocket handkerchief. Oh, my God, to have known

him thirty years ago! And yet how could I? I shall go mad. He was only six years old then—a little thing in a shirt, playing in the Bois on Sunday. O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! how terrible it is to be old—to be fat—to be ugly. I have a heart more loving, more passionate than any fillette in the whole world, and yet what good does it do to me in this dreadful body? I am like someone in a prison, in a dungeon. I am like the story you read me about the man's soul that went into the dog's body. Oh, no, no! Worse than that, worse than that; for then I could follow him, I could lick his hand, I could jump at the throat of that other—" She stood in the centre of the room, transformed, awful, with such agony on her

face that the girl was silent before it, hiding her eyes for a minute and whispering God to forgive, to have mercy. When she looked up Maman Cici was coming toward her, trembling, but quieter.

"I have frightened you, pauvre petite," she said—she tried to smile. "I frighten myself," she added. Then she went to the toilet table and, taking up a brush, began to smooth her divided hair. Her flushed, swollen face confronted her and she drew back, growing pale.

"My God! how ugly I am!" she exclaimed in a heart-broken voice, "and so old—and so old." She looked around at Jean. "How terrible is truth!" she said. "I wish so much to die."

"Yes, it is the best," said Jean sorrowfully.

Maman Cici went back to the glass as though drawn there by some hypnotizing force. She looked at herself for some time; then she spoke to Jean without turning around.

"I wonder," she said, "if God placed beauty there on that pincushion, and eternal blessedness there in that bottle, I wonder which I should choose. I mean, of course, if one could finish afterwards like a cat or a dog—not be sent to hell, you understand?"

"Yes," said Jean.

"Which would you take, child?"

"I would take death even without eternal blessedness," said the girl.

"But if you were not pretty, and if you loved someone—if you were married to someone who didn't love you, but whom you adored—what then?"

"Death—always," answered Jean.

"But, little goose, with beauty one could force a man to love one."

"Not always."

"Hein? Not always? Yes, always, always!"

"No, I don't think so. At least, it isn't what I mean by love."

"No? What then do you mean by love? Come, tell me, chérie."

"I cannot, I don't know how to tell it."

Maman Cici continued to look at her reflection a moment or two longer.

"Pouf!" she said finally; "I don't know the American ideas of love—how should I? I'm French to my finger nails. But if beauty were there on my pincushion, by tomorrow night I should make Auguste

Vamousin mad with love of me—absolument fou, toqué! That is, with French love," she laughed bitterly, and came back to her chair by the table.

CHAPTER XI.

Jean was not astonished, two or three days later, on finding Madame Vamousin in a state of frenzy even worse than the other. There had been a good deal of half-laughing gossip in the pension, regarding the young coachman and his elderly wife. Benson expressed it that Auguste was "off on a tear." Mrs. Benson laughed and said that Ellen Ferguson had seen him walking on one of the side paths in the Bois with a very pretty girl in a plaid dress. Jean had not laughed with the others, and felt troubled when she thought of this talk reaching the ears of Maman Cici.

"Poor thing," she said to herself, "I dare say it's all true, but what's the use? She's miserable enough as it is." So she took her violin with her this time, thinking that she would divert the other with some lively music and the favorite tunes of Vamousin.

Maman Cici met her at the door, her face livid, her bonnet falling from her head, trying with wild fingers to clasp her large, circular cloak of beige cloth at her throat.

"But, Maman Cici, where are you going? It's so late. Do stop just for a minute! Here comes Mrs. Benson and she does talk so."

The woman at these words allowed herself to be pushed back, and leaned against the wall, trembling from head to foot.

"There—there," she said finally, in answer to Jean's questions. "There on the table; look—look for yourself! I have had him followed, as that woman did. He will be with her tonight at that café. I even know the number of the room. O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! After all, how droll it is. I must laugh—I must, I tell you!" She burst into a peal of her rich chuckling laughter, as though really amused, but her face was ghastly. Jean read the slip of blue paper on the table. It was a curt business telegram.

"The woman's name is Valérie Gule. He will dine with her tonight at the Café des Trois Fées. Cabinet particulier, No. 9. ROMINET."



SHE FIXED HER EYES UPON HIS FACE

"Yes, yes," answered Maman Cici, stopping to wipe her eyes and the corners of her twitching mouth. "But I must go—quickly! Open the door. She must be gone now, that Benson."

Jean pretended to listen.

"No, there's someone else. Just wait a minute, Maman Cici. You must be careful. They may follow you."

"So they may, so they may," assented the woman. "Yes, I must be very careful. If he comes to the door I shall do it quick—like that." She jerked something from her breast and thrust at the air with it. It was a knife. Jean nodded quietly, then paused a moment as if thinking.

"I'll tell you what I'd do, Maman Cici, if I were in your place," she said. "I'd rush by him at the door and kill her before his eyes. Think of it. What a punishment, hein?"

"Good!" cried Madame Vamoussin. "Clever little cat. Clever little darling. A splendid idea. But come now—you are going with me?"

"Oh, yes, of course. I must protect you, if necessary, and say that you were with me somewhere else after the murder."

She looked steadily into Maman Cici's bloodshot eyes. There was an overturned liquor bottle on the

"I suppose Rominet is a detective?" said Jean, looking up.

table, and she knew that the woman was inflamed with cognac as well as jealousy. At the word "murder" Maman Cici's frenzied look subsided a little.

"To kill in a cause like this isn't murder," she said at last, suddenly. "It's the Code Napoléon."

The blood rushed into her face again. "Yes, it's the Code Napoléon!" she shouted in a thick voice. "I will kill, kill, kill her! He was a great man. It was his law. I will kill her, I will kill her, and then when she is dead I will kill her again—so!" She stamped and ground her heel into the carpet as though crushing some half-alive thing. Jean watched her, fascinated, shuddering.

"Well," she said presently, "of course you know best; but I should much rather choke anyone I hated than stab them."

"Choke them?" repeated Madame Vamoussin slowly. "Choke them? With one's fingers, hein? I hadn't thought of that."

She held out the knife suddenly to Jean.

"There," she said, "you take that in case they attack us, and I'll manage the little snake's throat." She curled her huge fingers as though grasping something invisible and looked at them lovingly. Jean took the knife and put it in her breast.

"Lend me a cloak, Maman Cici," she said; "I don't want to take time to get my own, and it's very cold." She put on the long cloak the other found for her, and tied the silk handkerchief from about her throat over her head. Then they went out, got into a cab and drove off towards the "Trois Fées." Once on her way there Maman Cici became dull and silent, and Jean was left to her thoughts. Perhaps this was one of the two murders this week and she would witness it. She bit her lip so that the pain confused her for an instant. Then she collected herself and tried to plan what she would do. She would cry to Vamousin and his mistress to help her, and they three would overpower Maman Cici and tie her hands. But how to be quick enough! Those enormous women are active as cats sometimes. Suppose she really choked the girl to death, what then? Awful pictures of Maman Cici's huge gray head falling under the knife of the guillotine in the early morning haunted and sickened her. She could not think. Her ideas got more and more tangled. At least she had managed to get the knife away. It was savagely cold. Her teeth began to chatter. She looked at the woman beside her. The sudden change from the overheated room to the freezing air had made her drowsy; her broad face hung swaying from side to side over her breast.

"Thank God! Thank God! She will sleep it off!" she was telling herself, when, with a jar and a scraping of the wheels against the curbstone, the cab drew up before the "Trois Fées." Maman Cici was roused and alert in an instant. She got from the cab, paid the man his fare, and he drove off, leaving them standing there in the gloomy side street. The café was not a gay-looking one. There did not seem to be much business going on. When they entered the dining room there were only two men supping meagrely upon cold ham, bread and beer, in a distant corner, and reading their papers while they ate. Maman Cici pushed open

a door to the left and went up the first pair of stairs which she came to. "Number 9! Number 9!" she kept on saying to herself in a sort of monotone. Behind one or two of the doors which they passed there seemed to be the gayest parties. Jean heard the voices of men and women together singing some coarse comic song. The words reached her in broken snatches between peals of laughter:

"Avec son bonnet de tricot,
Elle a sa robe couleur pruneau,
Des bas de couleur abricot,
Et des p'tits souliers Godillot."

As they went on, looking from side to side at the different doors, the refrain floated after them, absurd, catching:

"Il faut la voir le long de la rivière,
Boitant par devant, boitant par derrière,
La jambe droit' qui cloche un tout p'tit peu,
Semble crier: Au feu! au feu! au feu!
Pendant que la gauche lui répond:
Ou donc? Ou donc? Ou donc?"

Suddenly Jean started forward, tore open a door and rushed into the room. Vamousin and the girl had apparently just sat down to dinner. The soup smoked in their plates, and a little dish full of écrevisse heads was pushed on one side. Valérie Gule gave a scream and Vamousin got to his feet cursing.

"Be quick! She is coming—Maman Cici!" Jean heard her voice trying to urge them loudly, but it was as when one tries to shriek in a dream—only husky, whispering sounds escaped her. The next moment Madame Vamousin dashed into the room, wound both hands in the girl's hair and began beating her head against the table. Jean and Vamousin flung themselves upon her, but she was gigantic in her frenzy. The sound of the girl's head against the wooden table was horrid. Suddenly the blood spurted from a cut in one of her temples made by a bit of broken glass. It gushed over Maman Cici's hands—red, warm. She dropped the girl suddenly and stepped back until she was close against the wall, staring, staring at her outspread hands. Jean ran to the door and locked it.

"You must answer the garçon when he comes," she said to Vamousin. She knelt down and took the girl's head on her knees, sopping a napkin in one of the finger bowls and bathing her face and

forehead. Vamousin held the bowl, quivering all over like an Italian greyhound.

"Is she dead?" he whispered.

"No, I don't think so," said Jean.

"Ma pauvre chérie. Ma pauvre, pauvre mignonne," murmured the man, his teeth chattering.

There was a knock at the door.

"Il ne faut pas entrer, vous savez," called Vamousin in such a gay voice that Jean started.

They heard the rattle of the dishes as the waiter set them on the floor outside.

"That poor fool there—my wife; I don't want her—you know," he said, answering her eyes and drawing his fingers across his throat with an expressive gesture. Jean went on bathing the girl's head in silence. Suddenly they were startled by a voice near them.

"How pretty she is! How pretty!" said Madame Vamousin. "And so young." She waited a moment and then pointed at the gash on the girl's forehead. "Did—I—do—that?" she asked in a slow whisper.

"Oui—c'était bien toi," growled her husband.

"I'm sorry," she said dully; "what's the use?"

"Go away!" said Vamousin brutally. "Go away. You're drunk. Go away and go to sleep."

She went meekly and sat down at the table, watching them.

After a while she lifted a spoonful of the soup mechanically to her lips, but dropped the spoon with a clatter.

"Eh, mon Dieu! my poor Auguste, what cooking!"

Then she began to stare at the girl again.

"Her hands are littler than yours, Jeanne."



VENUS HAD BEEN FILLING A BOTTLE WITH HOT WATER.

Jean said nothing; the girl had given a little sigh. She felt as though she must scream aloud with exultation.

"And she has lighter hair than yours," said Madame Vamousin.

"She's alive! She's alive!" Vamousin was stammering in a loud whisper. They lifted her a little and she gave a gasp, opening her eyes.

"Ca va mieux, mon adorée?" pleaded Vamousin.

"She is lovely. She is lovely. She is lovely," said the woman at the table. "My waist was never so small—never."

"Veux-tu te taire?" said Vamousin roughly.

Maman Cici again tasted the soup absently, then the wine.

"*Quel potage! Quel vin!*" she said again, shaking her head.

The girl had come to herself. She stared about her wildly. "*Auguste!*" she cried. Jean got to her feet.

"I'm going now," she said. "You must think of some explanation." She went to Maman Cici and put her arm about her drooped head.

"Shall we go, dear?" she asked softly.

"Yes! Go, go!" assented the other. She got to her feet, staring about her until her eye rested once more upon the girl, who was now lying with her head on Vamousin's knee. She began to tremble and cry piteously. "Yes, let us go, dear child," she said. Then turning at the door: "How pretty! Hein! How pretty, Jeanne! Prettier than you, my dear." It was none the less pitiful because the poor old creature was half maudlin with drink.

"Pretty, pretty," she kept murmuring to herself. "Pretty as the picture on a handkerchief box. Eh, mon Dieu, yes—and even prettier."

CHAPTER XII.

Somehow it seemed to Jean a perfectly natural thing that they should meet Farrance as they were going out of the café. He looked stronger than when she last saw him, and his face less haggard. When he saw Jean, with the heavy figure of Maman Cici dragging on her slender shoulder, he came forward rapidly a step or two with a gesture of entire amazement.

"I will tell you about it afterwards," said the girl. "Help me now. Get a cab; I will wait here. Don't be long. She is suffering very much. I'll tell you all about it afterwards. Only be quick."

Farrance came back with two cabs.

"Is she really ill?" he asked. "And why is she here? Why are you here?"

"I will tell you, I will tell you," said Jean, "everything. Only let us go now."

All this time she was holding Maman Cici's cloak together, fearing that one of those bloodmarked hands might be seen by Farrance or one of the garçons. Maman Cici seemed dazed and stupid. She got docilely into the cab, the door of which Farrance opened for her. Jean was about to follow, but he held her firmly with the other hand.

"She is not ill, she is drunk," he said, in a low voice. "I will tell the driver to follow. You must come with me in another cab."

"She may hurt herself. She may fall down," said Jean, rather timidly. He pulled up the glass and shut the door of the cab on Maman Cici, who sat quiet, her bonnet falling back from her rough hair, her long cloak making of her figure a large, shapeless bundle.

"If people in that condition do fall down they are not very apt to hurt themselves," he said to Jean in a kind voice, as they turned away together. He took one of the driver's blankets, wrapped it about her knees, then got in beside her, telling the man to drive to the *Maison Roget*.

As they jarred along over the rough pavements Jean wondered more and more at her own calmness. She felt exhausted and a little dizzy after that scene in the café, but that was all. She was pleased to feel Farrance sitting there, but it was a sober sort of pleasure, as different from gladness as gray is from scarlet. She felt she could tell him all that had happened, and that he would do the best for everyone, and not speak of it in that gossiping pension, where they would probably make a ghastly joke of the whole affair.

She fixed her eyes suddenly upon his face, which was outlined against the murky atmosphere without, and he seemed to feel that she was looking at him, for he turned at once, saying:

"What is it? Do you want to tell me about it now?"

"Yes, you are so good," said Jean. "I do thank you."

She lifted suddenly the hand with which he was pulling the blanket closer about her, and kissed it.

"I do thank you," she said again.

"Poor child!" said Farrance, "I'm afraid that woman has been getting herself into some terrible scrape. How did she come to drag you along with her—and without gloves?" he added, awaking suddenly to a sense of the icy coldness of the little fingers he had taken in his.

"No, she didn't drag me," said Jean. "I went—I had to." And then she told him about it.

Farrance did not speak for several min-

utes. Then he lifted her hand and kissed it, in his turn.

"My dear," he said, "I think you are about as brave as anyone I have ever heard of."

"No, not at all. I was very frightened," said Jean.

"Then what you did was all the braver."

Jean was silent. She wondered why such a speech from him had no effect upon her whatever. The idea that perhaps her heart was getting dry and cold frightened her and made her unhappy. Then all at once she thought of his dead wife and the tears came rushing to her eyes. She leaned her head back against the dusty cushions, where the light from the occasional street lamps would not fall upon her face. She was tired and, strange to say, very sleepy.

She was roused by feeling someone's arms drawn from under her, and looking through a sort of golden shimmer which hung like a veil of thin shot silk between her and the bending faces above, and she saw that she was on her bed in her own room, Farrance, Benson and Venus standing around it.

"Did I—did I—" she said, speaking thickly and feeling her self blush.

"Yes, you did," answered Benson; "you did, most emphatically. I tell you what, it isn't fair, is it, Farrance, to look like a sylph and feel like an obelisk? I don't believe Cleopatra's needle was anything to you. It took both of us together at least twenty minutes to get you up stairs. I say, hadn't we better make some tea or something? How do you feel now? Would you like some tea—or what?"

Jean's blush had died out and she was still very faint and pale. Her tongue seemed to get between her teeth when she tried to speak. She looked at Farrance.

"Is Maman Cici safe?" she asked him.

He told her not to worry herself, that Maman Cici was cared for. "The concierge's wife is with her," he added.

"Oh, the poor old thing," murmured Jean. Farrance patted her hand kindly.

"I hope Benson and I haven't hurt you, dragging you up that crooked stairway," he went on. "Will you have some wine?"

"Don't ask her. She must have it," cried Benson, plunging at the door, which he flung open with such force that it struck heavily against the bed. "I'll bring it in a second," his voice was heard calling from the hall below.

Farrance sat down on the arm of Jean's big chintz chair, with one hand in his pocket and the other pulling at his short beard. The little figure on the bed struck him as very piteous and lovely. What a slip of a girl, what a plucky baby to be leading such a life quite alone! "How pretty she is," he told himself; "how much too pretty. And what grit, what energy! It's that strong little chin of hers. The eyes are soft enough, and the contour of the face, but she's got a devil of a little chin." He remembered how his wife



HE HAD LIGHTED A CANDLE.

had loved her. It was frightful that she should be entirely by herself in an apartment house in Paris, with a black girl of nineteen for a chaperon and Madame Vamousin for an intimate friend. What would happen to her during the next three years? He looked at the wide, pearly forehead under the ends of bright hair. The words "purity, maidenhood," seemed almost visibly written upon it. The serene, straight eyebrows seemed, in his fantastic thought like underscorings of the imagined words. How fond Lilian had been of her—the kind, brave, pure little thing! He felt that he could not let her go on with this life which she had planned for herself. It must be prevented somehow. He himself would prevent it, and he kept asking in his heart: "How? how? By what means, by what help, in what way?"

Venus had been filling a bottle with hot water all this time, and put it to her mistress's feet as Benson came back with the wine.

He held it to Jean's lips in a glass which streamed over into the hollow of his other hand, talking to her between gasps while she drank it.

"So sorry—couldn't find keys—Mrs. B.'s gone—theatre—with—all—th' other women—grand treat—stage box—hen party—men snubbed."

"Thank you," said Jean; "thank you both so, so much. I'll go to bed now, I think."

"You're sure you're not going to faint now?" asked Benson anxiously, shaking his dripping hand, while Farrance got up from the arm of the chair.

"Oh, sure, sure," she exclaimed, red-denying again.

"Good night, little one," said Farrance, turning back for an instant. "Good night, Jean—the bravest Jean in Christendom. Sleep well, and don't bother about Maman Cici. I'll arrange all that. Be sure you sleep well—and sweet dreams!"

"Good night," said Jean.

When he was gone, she could see him standing there as plainly as ever. She felt his kiss on her hand. She flung over so impatiently in the bed that Venus thought her vexed about something.

"Why did he come back?" she kept asking. "He will take Tony away—and—and—I do love Tony!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Farrance parted from Benson at the door of Jean's room and went up stairs to his apartment, which he had not visited for eight months, and which he had not allowed to be sublet, as Mrs. Benson had advised. Once a week Jean, with whom he had left the key, went up to open the windows and see that the sketches and drawings were in good condition. Except for this, however, everything was exactly as it had been on the day of Mrs. Farrance's death. Her dressing gown hung over the foot of the narrow bed, with the pretty bedroom slippers underneath. There was a box of rice powder on the toilet table with the swansdown puff, still dusted with powder, lying beside it. Her bottles of different drugs and tonics stood on the chimneypiece. A lace handkerchief which she had been pinning into a morning cap lay on a little table beside her easy chair, with the half-tied bow of pale-blue velvet ribbon beside it. The smell of vervain still clung to everything.

He had lighted a candle and sat down in a smaller chair opposite the other, seeing before him the frail figure which quivered every now and then beneath a short, husky cough; the broad, downcast lids, the arch irregularity of the lips following with sympathetic movements each turn of the deft, half-transparent fingers. He saw her, heard her; the strong scent of the vervain made her presence seem still more vivid. He felt no inclination to tears. He felt as a poor wretch must feel when mangled half to death in a railway accident—a desire that some blow would come which might be final. Art looked shrunken and insignificant viewed from his height of grief. He was not a man who gave or received love easily; he had not the paternal instinct strongly, and the child was not enough like her to endear itself to him through second causes. He had no especial belief, or, rather, he regarded the possible God as a great machine, dealing out joy and misery impartially in the order which they happened to assume. He did not feel rebellious. Why should he be spared when others suffered? He believed no more in happiness than he did in God. Even in his wild love for his wife he had not been happy; there had been some lack, some jarring in their re-

lations with each other. He thought of how she had implored him to go back to the old life of the stage, of how she had yearned for it. The memory of her voice and eyes struck to his heart. It was true that with her delicate health she could never have borne the life, but still—but still. He got up and walked away from that haunting presence into his studio. The insistent sadness of life seemed stifling, unutterable.

"We can never get away from it," he thought. "It is like a blood stain on one of the wheels of the car of life. We are carried on and on, and always, at intervals, as the wheel turns, we see that sorrowful mark. I wish it were over with me and that I were as she is now. After all, what is love? Does it come from us or are we the bits of steel and it the magnet? Is it true, as I think, that I shall never love again? Is it true—as most of us think—that I would be worthier for not loving again? If I loved someone else, would I grow indifferent to Lilian? Suppose, if I were married to that other, that she—Lilian—could come to life and stand before me, which would I choose? Which would any man choose? Why is it that marriage is never happy, and yet that we go on marrying, and will to the end of time? It is probably as the Roman said: 'Nature has so arranged it that we cannot either live comfortably with wives, or live at all without them.' And yet, merciless God! how blank, dull, objectless, frayed-out it all seems without her!"

He turned sharply from the window by which he had been standing, and his elbow struck against a little writing desk which had belonged to Lilian and in which she kept letters, notes, trinkets of all sorts. Sitting down before it, he began absent-mindedly to open the different drawers and turn over their contents. There were newspaper cuttings, odds and ends of ribbon, pressed flowers, a knitted shoe stretched on a little wooden tree, some perfumed pastilles, photographs, absurdly grimacing tintypes, a box of rouge. In one division he found a heavy packet of notes and letters tied together. It was labelled: "Letters from Adrian before we were married." He unfastened the bit of ribbon which bound them and began to read. How long ago and unreal it all seemed! Yet, after all, was not

the present the true ghost? Had there not been more zest, more life, more actuality in those far-off days and nights? Sentences in his own yellowed handwriting brought up the past, its fevers, longings, strivings, as with a spell. It was as if one dead could look down upon the quiet body and brood over what it had been. There seems nothing stranger in life than to read again the words which we have written and forgotten, except, perhaps, to look, after many years, upon the face of the one whom we first loved. He remembered the very costumes that they had worn in *Romeo and Juliet*, the way that her hair had loosened in the balcony scene under its coil of false pearls. How, in the next act, he had interpolated whispered words of his own between the lines of honeyed blank verse, words of prose, the shortest, the eagerest, the most impassioned. He recalled them now. She had hung on his shoulder to say the lines beginning: "It is the nightingale and not the lark;" and he had confused her so that she could scarcely continue. Her voice had faltered, he had seen her redden and grow pale under the steady rouge. "I love you, I love you madly; do you hear? madly—madly! You must marry me tomorrow!" He could hear himself uttering that eager whisper as distinctly as he could read, on the musty sheets before him, his own words of seven years past. He could not realize that he had ever trembled with the emotions which they represented. "My God," he had written in one hurried note, "how desperately I love you! It is a frenzy of feeling, it seems to eat to the very marrow of my heart! Last night, as you turned from me in the scene at Melnotte's cottage, a knot of ribbon fell from your dress. I kept it under my pillow all night." It seemed to me that, when I touched it, in some strange way I drew you to me. It has a faint odor of yourself which intoxicates me. When will you marry me? When will you leave this horrible sham of life and give yourself to me utterly? I am jealous of the eyes that tarnish you with their looks of coarse admiration. I can scarcely wait until tomorrow, when we shall walk to that quiet, lovely place outside this wretched little town, and I can tell you with my lips what I so vainly try to write!"

He pushed the letter from him and hid his face in his hands, shaken to the heart. They had taken that walk next day, and for the first time she had given him her lips to kiss. It seemed to him, when he roused himself half an hour later, that she had been in his arms.

By the time he had looked over the whole package it was midnight, and the bit of paper around the end of the candle was in a blaze. He lighted another, determining to look over the entire contents of the desk. There might be some papers to be burned, some messages which she had left for others—for him, perhaps. This thought had barely gone through his mind when he came upon a sealed envelope addressed to himself. His heart began to beat heavily and the square of paper trembled in his hand. He gave a sort of groan. The hand that wrote it, the thin, graceful hand, he fancied it moving rapidly over the small sheets, glancing with the rings which he now wore; he saw it again, bare, terrible, resting among the folds of lace and muslin in that grim box, deep under the frozen ground. "What a fiend it must have been to invent dissolution," he thought savagely. "And they tell us that it was a God, and that He is good!" He kissed the letter quietly and opened it with the blade of his knife, not wishing to tear the paper which she had touched.

It was not a long letter, but he passed an hour in reading it:

"ADRIAN, MY DEAR, DEAR:

"First of all let me tell you how I love you, how I thank you for your love. You have been so good to me, so good, good, good! God will bless you for it. He will show you how to love Him. He will make you believe in Him. I pray for it as I have never prayed. Every night and every morning I say: 'Dear Father, bless my husband who is so noble, who is so kind, who wishes with all his heart to believe in Thee, and give him his heart's desire.' When you read this, dear, I shall be gone, but not far, not too far to love you and wish to comfort you as you read. Dear, I have something to say to you, something so hard, so very hard to say in the right way, in the way that will not hurt you. Do not misunderstand, try not to be wounded, try to take it as I mean it,

I, who love you so dearly, so truly, so devotedly, so faithfully. I will not put it off longer, but just tell you simply and candidly, as I know you would wish me to speak. It is this: I have been thinking and thinking how it will be with you when I am gone. How you will live, where, with what people. Of your great loneliness, of our poor little child. I do not do you the injustice to think that you will ever love as you loved me—not in that way; but oh! my dear, don't be angry with me when I tell you that I hope you will love again, yes, love and marry. I cannot bear to think of our boy growing up without one woman to love and care for him before all. It would not be what you might wish, it could not be what the past was to you—oh, believe that I know that, Adrian; but it could help you to live your life and work peacefully at the art you love so. And, Adrian, forgive me; perhaps it cannot be, you may have a feeling about it of which I do not know; but if it could be, oh! if it only could be little Jean! I don't think anyone dreams of the strength and beauty and loftiness of that child's character. She would love you so, she would be so good to my baby, she would help you in your work, in your troubles, in every way; and then think, dearest, of what it would be for her! I shudder sometimes when I think of the life that child is leading; of what she is surrounded by, on every side; of the people she knows: that good-natured but coarse 'Maman Cici'; good-hearted but vulgar, sharp, little Mrs. Benson; kind but stupid Ellen Ferguson; and only poor black Venus to stand between her and this Paris, full of people who are coarse and wicked without being either good-natured or good-hearted. I love her so tenderly that sometimes I almost wish that something would happen to make her less pretty. If you could only save her from it all and make a quiet, contented home for yourself at the same time! Still, as I said, dear, I don't know, of course; only I beg, I implore you—I, whom you have made so happy for these past seven years—do not misunderstand me, do not imagine that I could dream even for one moment of your ever, ever loving anyone as you loved and love

"YOUR LILIAN."

CHAPTER XIV.

One week later Farrance knocked at Jean's door.

"Will you come up to my studio for a few moments?" he asked, as she opened it. "I should like to get your advice about something."

She came at once, looking a little puzzled, flushing slightly.

As they entered the room she saw a mass of freshly burned paper choking the fireplace and still smouldering on the hearth. The sketches had all been taken down and rolled or strapped together; the imitation tapestry curtain had gone. On the different chairs had been placed dresses, cloaks, hats which she recognized.

"It's about that I want to ask you," said Farrance. "I've burned everything else—my letters to her, hers to me, everything, even the scrap of paper that she had pinned on a silk handkerchief she gave me my last birthday—even her telegrams. I had kept them too. I'm glad to say it's all over, but her clothes—somehow, I cannot—I don't know what to do with them."

Jean sat down in one of the chairs and began to smooth the fur trimming of the jacket which hung over its back.

"I—I don't see how you could," she said at last.

"No, probably not," replied Farrance with some grimness, "I hope you never may."

Jean was silent again for a few minutes.



SHE LOOKED SWIFTLY UP AT HIM AS SHE KNELT.

"Don't you believe—but you do believe there's a God?" she asked finally. "You believe you'll see her again?"

"Where there's no marrying or giving in marriage?" asked Farrance with a laugh.

"But it will be better than that—you will love her more."

"If I'm to love her in such a different way, she herself might as well be someone else; don't you think so?"

"No, I believe that we shall see her again, and that she will be the same."

"Indeed? And how about Tony? He will probably be a strapping, great fellow with a black beard? Don't you think she'll be rather puzzled after waiting to see

her baby again, to have to welcome him under those conditions? And me? When I greet her with flowing white hair and the cross of the Legion of Honor on my breast?" He laughed again very harshly.

Jean replied with stoutness: "It has always seemed to me so foolish to try to explain everything. Why, there are lots of things just as puzzling on earth! I will remember Tony as a baby, always, even when he is a man—but that won't keep me from loving him and being happy. We all of us have those ghosts. I can see myself now—a fat little thing in a coral necklace and soapy curls. That little child is dead, dead, dead, but I am still I. You will still be you—with or without your white hair. Look at hypnotism. Why could not God hypnotize us to see each other as we would wish? Your wife will see you a man, your mother a child, your child, a gray-headed artist. If people can get happiness for a time out of a little bottle of brown stuff like opium, why could not what our Lord called the 'living waters' change everything and make us happy, contented, zestful? Oh, I don't see why people worry themselves about things. If grapes have the instinct to draw sweetness out of the earth, and roses color, why can't we leave it to that great Power, and believe that he will draw what is best for us out of whatever world we happen to live in?"

She stopped, her breast beating quickly against her little gown of gray cashmere, her eyes bright and compelling.

"There isn't enough love in the world," she exclaimed. "That is the matter. 'Out of the heart are the issues of life,' and if we haven't got hearts—what then?"

Farrance looked at her curiously, roused out of himself.

"It is my heart that makes me so desperate," he said in a different tone.

Jean laughed in her turn, a laugh so honest and bitter that he gazed at her with growing wonder.

"Your heart," she repeated. "Men don't love with their hearts. Do you think a woman, a child even, would have put those dear words in the fire as you have done? She could not—she could not. Perhaps she might have thrown them overboard in a weighted box into the middle of the sea, or have buried them.

But she could not have burned them. All? And you have burned all—all?"

On her knees she began to turn about the scraps of paper on the hearth. A word or two showed here and there: "Love," "Adrian dearest," "only to be with you again," "I am forever, for always."

"How could you?" she said again, passionately. "How different men and women are, how differently they live, love, everything."

"And do you really think, Jean," said Farrance, "that a woman never burned her love letters?"

"I would not," she answered. "No, not even if I had stopped caring for the man who wrote them. It seems too terrible, all those words that meant so much, that came from the core of someone's heart."

Farrance began to smile.

"So you admit that you might stop caring, although you couldn't burn the letters?"

"No," she answered slowly. "I was wrong. I don't believe anyone ever stops caring. They stop suffering so much, they stop caring in the same way, but the old feeling never quite goes. I am sure of that. I mean, of course, when it has been a real love."

"Even if it hasn't come from the heart?"

"Yes, even then. But you don't understand me."

Farrance put his hand suddenly on her head with a gesture of great feeling.

"You are a dear, dear child," he said. "You help me. She said that you would help me."

They sat without speaking for some moments.

"And about the gowns, Jean?" asked Farrance finally.

"I've been thinking," she answered. "It seems very, very sad, but I should give them to the poor, all but the Parthenia dress—if—if you would let me keep that?"

"You can have anything of hers you want, my dear. Everything, if you care to."

Jean shook her head.

"That is all I want. I know so many people who need them. She would wish it, I know." She walked back and forth, straightening and folding the different

garments, while Farrance sat with his elbow on the little desk watching her. She stopped near him once.

"I wish I could help you," she said in a low voice. "I know you have dreadful thoughts. I wish you could think of her cheerfully and happily as I do. You know I never let myself imagine anything terrible. What I love to think is that God had a beautiful new body waiting for her, and that her soul wears it now. I imagine her smiling, well, lovely, in such a pure white dress. She seems so young to me when I think of her. The body she left is no more herself to me than this dress in my hand. It was the dress she wore on earth. She has another in heaven, one that is strong, that never suffers. Oh, I do love to think of her so! I loved her so! No one was ever so good to me in all my life."

She bent her face into the folds of stuff which she held and kissed them again and again.

"Are you lonely, Jean?" asked Farrance presently.

She looked swiftly up at him as she knelt over a parcel of clothes upon the floor. His eyes were grave, serious, very kind. Her own smarted suddenly.

"Yes—but people don't often think so," she answered.

"That is because you are so plucky."

"Perhaps; but I think it's more Venus than anything. I should die without Venus."

"And how long do you mean to lead this life?"

"Oh, for three or four years more. I must—I'll have to support myself when I get back to America."

"And what will become of poor Tony?"

"But Mrs. Benson has kept him for you all this time. She loves him."

"He loves you best of all."

"Yes, I know; but babies outgrow love."

Farrance walked slowly up and down the room. Suddenly he stopped before her.

"Are you less lonely when you are with me, Jean?"

The girl turned very white, then flushed, and her hands began to tremble. She tugged impatiently at the string which she was trying to knot, and broke it.

"Yes, yes; of course," she said, answering him.

"That's good," he exclaimed, with a change of voice and manner. "We must be great friends. I am going away from here; from this house, I mean. I'll have a room and atelier on the Rue Vaugirard. You'll let Mrs. Benson bring you there sometimes, hein?"

"Oh, yes! You are very good."

"I think we shall be very fond of each other," remarked Farrance, combing thoughtfully at his beard with his strong dark fingers.

CHAPTER XV.

During the next month Jean and Farrance saw a good deal of each other, but had no more personal talks. He managed, with Mrs. Benson's aid, to keep her from being so much with Maman Cici. The poor woman was in a desperate state about her husband's faithlessness, and they said she had taken to absinthe drinking. Jean was her one comforter. She raved and wept to the girl hour after hour, warning her against the baseness of men, their perfidy, fickleness, lowness of aim and nature.

"Oh, yes, yes! I know!" she would cry. "They all think I am drunk—that I am in a delirium. It is only you, Jean—it is only you who know how I suffer, who believe in my torments. May God reward you, blessed child! May He save you from men. May He let you take me as a terrible warning. Oh, bless you! bless you! my good little one, for your kindness to me!" Jean did not think that Maman Cici drank now, but she felt sure that she took something—an opiate, perhaps. She told Farrance so one day.

"I have just been with her," she said. "It is awful. She says that she is in hell, that black mud closes over her, and that no one but me can help her. Last night she was even worse."

"Were you with her last night?" asked Farrance.

"No—well, yes—but only a part of it."

"You are very pale. These things are dreadful for you. Look! I have an idea. It is lovely weather; suppose we get the Bensons and Miss Ferguson and go to Fontainebleau for the day? Would you like that? I can take my traps along and you can pose for me en pleine air."

In another hour the five were on their

way to the Gare de Lyon, Benson, his wife and Ellen Ferguson in one cab, Jean and Farrance in the other. It was the third week in April, the sky as blue as a child's eyes, the leaves of the horse-chestnuts making a green mist down either side of the Champs Elysées; over all a gauze of golden light, through all a warm scent of violets, freshly watered turf, asphalt, varnish, stuffs, the hides of horses, which twinkled in the gush of sunshine. The children swarmed like humming birds under the cup of an enormous azure flower—standing on chairs to look at the gay Guignol puppets, racing after wooden hoops, whipping with red and yellow whips their many-colored tops. The spring bonnets bloomed in profusion. It was the season of yellow daffodils, mimosa, buttercups, primroses. One saw them by the hundred. The great flat hats looked like enormous battledores on which lay the shuttlecock in shape of a knot of flowers. Back and forth among the vivid throng a man, sallow, ragged, wheeled himself in a kind of wooden trough. The fountains on the Rond-Point looked like aigrettes of jewels. Far away one saw the Arc de Triomphe, gray, delicate, like the gate of fairyland. Now they reached the Place de la Concorde. The white horses of the statues reared upward from the vapor of leaves. At the feet of Alsace-Lorraine lay mourning wreaths of immortelles and purple bead-work; garlands tied with crape; knots of living flowers, some faded since yesterday, some fresh from today. They lay there in the glinting sunshine among the powdery fragments of many other such offerings, while the sparrows pecked at them with their sharp, querulous beaks. The silver web of the fountains swayed and smoked in the light wind. In the centre rose the great needle, pointing steadily upward as though saying: "Though it has all passed and you laugh and make merry, He has not forgotten what happened where I stand." It seemed to Jean that all at once a veil of crimson dropped between her eyes and the enchanting sight. These were the very streets that had run blood; this was the very spot, the very Paris, whose gray buildings had seen it all. Up that narrow street past the Louvre, past the gilded iron railing of the Tuileries, past her own home, she had come in that ghastly, jolt-

ing cart; she had said to herself: "This throat that I can now turn from side to side, this very throat on which so many kisses have been pressed, which has been filled with laughter, which has ached with weeping—in a little while, oh, how horrible! They will write tragedies about me! I shall be the heroine of romances!" She must have thought of her poor mother—of herself when she was a child. Little broken words of her babyhood, treasured by her mother, must have come back to her. She must have told herself over and over again that it was a dream. She must have wondered how she would look afterwards.

"How pale you are, child! And what dilated eyes!" said Farrance suddenly. "Your day in the country hasn't come too soon."

"How I shall love it," she exclaimed, pressing her hands hard together as they lay in her lap. He sat watching the clear oval of her cheek, which the blood had again clouded with an airy carmine. Her hair glittered in the sheer light under her hat of rough straw with its wreath of blackberry fruit and blossoms. Her white cotton gown was sprinkled with little leaves of a pale green. She looked as one might imagine a dryad of the Bois de Boulogne, who, one feels sure, would bind her chaplet of wild flowers about a Paris bonnet and drape her foliage garment according to the last mode.

Suddenly they drove from the smooth wood on to the pavé. The streets became narrower, dingier, more crowded; the Seine gave forth a white-gray lustre between the plummy branches of the budding white poplars. For a long way the parapet was covered with drawers full of books from the curiosity shops opposite. People stood by them here and there reading. Sometimes it was a girl with a basket of bread or of fresh lettuce on her arm, her dress guarded by a long white apron, her arms thrust into full, white over-sleeves, reaching above her elbows; sometimes a smartly dressed man, with his stick under his arm, his pearl-gray gloves smudging themselves on the covers of the old volume in his hands, his forgotten cigar going slowly out in one corner of his mouth; sometimes a gamin on tiptoe, searching for possible illustrations among the musty leaves. They passed shops with

the most unique titles : "Au bon Diable," "Au Brioche Renommée," "Au Cent Mille Souliers." Women, with great trays of violets and white hyacinths, held up nosebags as they passed. In the booths, near Notre Dame, the sun fell upon masses of faded gorgeousness ; priests' vestments of green, of scarlet, of orange, worked in gold and silver ; rags, of cloth of gold set with bits of dulled glass representing precious stones, of torn lace, of old brocades stained with wine and time. Here and there, tankards of copper and brass, bits of old silver, rosaries, crucifixes. Behind, in the warm shadow, a girl, with the face of a malevolent gypsy, and a dark-red, laughing mouth, pressed her cheek against the Persian cat on her shoulder, showing teeth as white as its fur, and flashing the sun into its blinking beryl eyes from the little mirror of old Dutch silver in her hand.

"There's a subject for you !" said Farrance ; "but what values, eh ? We'd have to resurrect Van Ryn himself for that, wouldn't we ?"

The streets got broader again, less crowded—they were nearing the Gare. At a stand on one side a man and woman were making toffy. A little circle of iron hooks were set into a wooden pole, and upon these they tossed lumps of the gluey stuff, red, blue and white, pulling them into the desired brittleness with quick movements on one hand, while keeping off the crowding children with the other. Farrance threw the latter some sous, and as the cab drove on they heard one of the urchins shout : "Enfin c'est un Tricolore de sucre. Vive la France ! Vive le Tricolore de sucre !"

CHAPTER XVI.

They were fortunate enough to get a second-class compartment to themselves. The others were soon chattering and laughing over a basket of sandwiches, but Jean and Farrance preferred to sit opposite each other at the windows and look out at the greening country. The calm, fair landscape swept in long lines under the pale blue of the sky, which seemed very near. One saw objects outlined in a fringe against it, trees, sheep, wagons, the red-tiled walls and cottages. The poplars, trimmed to a tufted head, were putting out luxuriant shoots all up their slender boles, and

Jean said that they had always reminded her of large green Dorkings standing on one ruffled leg. She hoped that the forest of Fontainebleau was not like that—she would be so disappointed.

Farrance replied that she must wait and judge for herself. He did not speak, except to answer her, and she grew silent after awhile, thinking him absorbed in searching a motif for his day's work.

Mrs. Benson, as she shredded the fibres of meat from a chicken wing with her square teeth, was talking in a low voice to Ellen Ferguson, and Mr. Benson had retired behind a copy of the *Figaro*.

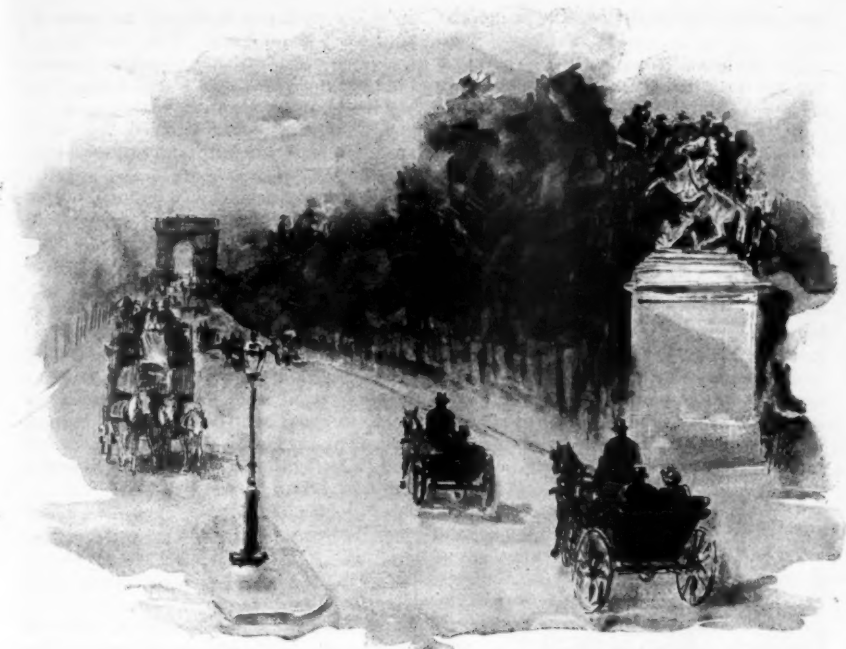
"Now you mark my words," his wife was saying, "it'll be exactly as I told you the very day of the funeral. He's going to marry her—sure. You watch him how he looks at her every now and then, when he thinks she ain't noticing. And she does the same thing, only not so often. She cares the most. She's nervous. He ain't. It'll be a good thing for her. She's as sweet a girl as I ever saw, and smart. My dear, that child is as keen as a brier. She'll be the making of him. You see now. It'll be a splendid thing all round. I bet he asks her today. Yes, I do. I bet a pair of light-gray gloves with black stitching on the back."

"Well, I can't bet," said Ellen with her usual cautious timidity, "because, you see, I wouldn't be surprised much if he did, only I don't feel sure one way or the other."

Mrs. Benson cackled good-naturedly.

"I d'clare, Ellen Ferguson, you do remind me more of a cat in walnut shells than anything in the world. You lift up each idea and shake it carefully before using it, exactly like a cat in that fix does its feet. Well, I'll give you the gloves anyhow, if he does. Now sit sideways between him and me, because my nose shines and this is Bois-le-Roi, and I'm going to powder it—I mean my nose. He-he !" and she cackled again.

The same lovely weather they had left at Paris enveloped Fontainebleau. It was decided that they should drive to the heart of the forest, spend the day there and walk back in time for the eight-o'clock train. Mrs. Benson, however, wished first to visit the château. So they passed through the iron gate and walked up the paved way towards the grand entrance,



FAR AWAY ONE SAW THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

and then through the right archway of the castle to the carp pond. An old woman, under a sort of tent, sold them bits of stale bread, and the five leaned over the stone railing to feed the great lazy fish. One had a grotesquely large eye, the size of a thimble, and was ravenously greedy, shooting out his droll, sucking lips at the morsels of bread and lashing the water with his cream and scarlet body. Two young soldiers next to Jean were convulsed at his antics. "Ah! ah!" they would cry. "Ah! Voilà ce monsieur-la! Oh! quel monstre! Quel tableau! Oh! la-la!" Jean found herself watching them instead of the carp, and was startled when Farrance pushed her gently to one side and stepped in between.

"These boys are very rude sometimes. They might jostle you," he remarked by way of explanation.

"Oh!" said Jean; then added quickly: "yes, of course—thank you."

There were only a few people waiting to go through the palace that day. Jean

hung a little behind; the tapping of her high heels seemed a frivolous sound to penetrate that stillness as of dignified death.

She stood for some time before the bed on which Napoleon had slept, with its covering laid smoothly and its simple letter N, in gilt at head and foot. A large mirror was let into the wall at its side. She had visions of the man raising himself on his elbow under that gorgeous coverlet and regarding his image in that glass, silently, with perhaps something of wonder—he and his shadow alone in the firelight from the huge chimneyplace.

Farrance missed her suddenly, as the old guide was explaining how the deep mark in the mahogany table, where the emperor signed his abdication, was made by the furious dashing down of his pen.

He looked around, expecting to see Jean's little teeth uncovered in a gay laugh of disbelief. She was not there and he turned back to see what had become of her. He found her on the bed of Napo-

leon, gazing curiously into the large mirror.

She flushed when she saw his reflection coming towards her in the glass, and slipping down went quickly forward to meet him. Farrance could not help laughing outright.

"You strange child!" he exclaimed. "Will you tell me what on earth you were thinking about?"

"Oh, about him, of course," she answered. "I was wondering what thoughts must have come to him, lying there in the firelight. How he must have looked into his own eyes and said: 'You are Napoleon, Napoleon the Emperor of the French. You were once poor and unknown, and now you are emperor, emperor, emperor! But though you have the lives of all these Frenchmen there in that hand you hold up, you cannot make one dream come or go! No, not one! You rule all France, but your dreams are rulers over you. Presently your eyelids will close and sleep will come, and then dreams, horrid dreams, perhaps; memories of battlefields, mangled bodies, screams of agony. You will dream of all the mothers your wars have made desolate, of all the blood that would not have been shed but for you, and not until you wake up again will you be emperor.'"

"How you feel things!" said Farrance. "Do you know, Jean, it is terrible to feel everything as you do. You tempt such awful suffering."

"But then happiness makes me happier than other people."

"Perhaps so. To feel as you do is a gift, like painting or writing. Are gifted people ever very happy?"

"Yes—only unhappiness generally comes last instead of first, and we always think the present is more intense than the past was."

"You mean?"

"I mean that when you feel things intensely, terribly, almost, if you love first and then hate, although you may have loved just as much as you hate, you are apt to think your hate is the deepest."

"You have thought a great deal about love and hate, Jean?"

"Everyone has, who has thought at all, haven't they?"

"I imagine you have more than most

of us. I wish you would tell me some of your ideas about it all. Will you?"

"I don't know. They aren't very clear. I should not know how to tell them."

"And you have an ideal?"

"What is the use," asked the child sorrowfully, "when it is only the real that happens?"

"You have lived too much alone, Jean."

"Yes. Very likely. But, after all, I have often thought that two people who loved themselves utterly must feel more lonely than the rest."

"But why?"

"Because they must wish so desperately to be as one, and they never can be. It is not so hard to feel apart, when you feel indifferent; but to love, and still feel apart—as your hand belongs to you, serves you, is always near you, and yet is not you. No, you don't understand and I can't explain it to you."

"My dear, I understand you very well," said Farrance soberly.

CHAPTER XVII.

The forest was enchanting with its violet-gray mist, its moss-greened tree stems, its tender spray of young spring leaves. Blades of grass, here and there, pierced through the carpet of reddish winter foliage. Once a deer, breast high in the dead ferns, paused to eye them, with lifted head and questioning nostrils. An old couple by the roadside was gathering wild violets. The woman, seated on a fallen tree, held open the skirt of her black gown, into which her white-haired companion placed handfuls of the little flowers.

"There's your chance, Farrance!" shouted Benson. "Paint it half life-size and call it 'Winter in the Lap of Spring!'"

Farrance laughed and said that he did not like the notion of appropriating other people's ideas.

"But it would make a good picture; don't you think so?" asked Jean shyly. "Watch them when they look at each other. It is so gentle and affectionate. She has crape on her dress and there's a deep band on his hat. I think they must have lost a little grandchild. And what lovely soft hair they both have. And how rosy her pretty old cheeks are.

She is an image of a dear, fresh lady-apple."

"Would you really like to have a sketch of them?" asked Farrance.

"But how?" she said, puzzled.

"Cocher!" he called in reply. The cab drew up sharply.

"I'm going to adopt your advice, Benson, after all," he explained, as the others stopped too. "I'm going to spend twenty minutes here and make a sketch for Jean. She's taken a fancy to this French Darby and Joan."

Mrs. Benson sent Ellen a swift glance which said: "You won't get those gloves, my dear girl."

Benson, glad to get on his legs again, gave an enormous stretch and shake to his long body.

"Let's stop here for good," he suggested. "It's as nice as anywhere, I guess."

"Well, let us, then," assented his wife. They sent away the cabs, and went wandering off among the huge moss-covered stones which lay piled about on the hill-sides under the bossed, twisted oaks.

After a time Farrance chose a point to work from, and setting a short pipe between his teeth, put up his easel and poured some lavender-scented varnish over the wooden panel on which he was about to work, rubbing it in with a large bristle brush.

"You can superintend this performance if you like," he said to Jean, "but the rest of you must clear out. I'm too modest to work with ten eyes pinning me all at once."

"I don't think you're so awful modest," exclaimed Mrs. Benson, tossing her heavy coils. "Who wants to stay near your smelly old paint things, when they can get this heavenly forest air? D'you s'pose we came all the way from Paris to watch you mess with horrid oil and varnish? Not much! Jean can stay if she likes. Ellen and Jack and I are going to the fountain or pond or whatever it is near here. The cocher said they had snakes in boxes, and a swing, and Louis Quinze's head on a rock, and all sorts of lovely things. It's right round the road here a little way. When you're through you can come too. But I'm sure I like your calling yourself modest! Modest indeed! Ellen was telling me only this morning that someone told her last week 'that

Adrian Farrance is the most conceited feller in Paris,' and they said they hoped your picture for this Salon'd be as stuck-up as you are yourself. He-he!"

Farrance laughed and began to indicate the position of his sketch with a pointed brush.

"It will have to be half guesswork," he said to Jean, as the others walked off. "Don't tell on me—and don't expect finished portraits of your old love makers. They won't be much more than two spots of dark gray, light gray and purple."

"You are too good to do it at all," returned Jean, who was delighted. He dashed away in silence for a time and she stood watching him, with a bunch of fresh brushes in her hand, through which he searched hurriedly now and then. After half an hour of this he turned around suddenly and said:

"You must be worn out standing there. Do go and sit on one of those rocks. I'll be done with it in a minute or two—or would you like to join the others?"

"No. I'd much rather watch you—if you don't mind."

"I like it," he answered; "but sit down. I feel that you are tired. Wait a minute—there's a book in my pocket, if you'd like to read."

"Thank you. I'd rather just sit quietly. I can read in Paris. I love to watch the wind and sun through the leaves there, and I will get some of the wild violets for Mrs. Benson and Ellen." She took off her hat and laid it on the rock beside her, letting the wind rush through her loosely knotted hair. The shadows fell upon her face in grayish rose color, with gold about the edges. Where her dress was cut away about her young throat gleamed a little band of milk-fair flesh.

"I should like to make a study of you as you are now," said Farrance suddenly. The old people had wandered out of sight some moments ago.

"Well, you can," she told him. And he worked for another hour. At the end of this time he came and sat down by her, looking at his work through his hollowed hand.

"I wonder what title Benson would suggest for that," he said after awhile. "I might call it 'The Girl with the Meeting Eyebrows,' like the shepherd's

sweetheart in Theocritus. Or would you like 'Enone of the Married Brows,' after Tennyson?"

"I've always thought it was so ugly to have one's brows meet like that," said Jean.

"The Greeks didn't," said Farrance.

"But then one ought to have a Greek nose to go with it."

"I don't know. I rather doubt whether the Greeks really had those noses they gave their statues. They are ugly, I grant you—at least to my idea. But you are like one of those idyls I spoke of just now. I can fancy you brewing the magic drink for a false lover, with your black Venus instead of Thestylis to help you. I can fancy you saying, 'Delphis troubled me, and against Delphis am I burning this laurel, and lo! even thus may the flesh of Delphis waste in the burning!'"

"Why can you fancy me saying that? I don't believe that a great, real love is ever selfish and cruel like that."

"Don't you, my dear? I fancy you are thinking of affection; not love, the passion. A passion is always cruel; to one's self if not to others."

"No, I don't mean affection," said Jean.

"I mean the way that men and women love each other."

"And what do you know about that?"

"I know very little but I feel a great deal."

"And do you think one can love twice?"

"I was thinking about that just now. There was a bee humming quite close to me over the violets, and it came to me that love stung once—then died as a bee does. No, I don't think people love twice—not in the same way."

"But all the ways of loving are sweet, dear."

"I don't know. I haven't any way of knowing—perhaps I am all wrong."

"Look, dear, suppose a man told you that he loved you, would you stop to question whether it was his first or his twenty-first love?"

"It would depend upon whether I loved him."

"And if you loved him?"

"Then it would depend upon whether he loved me."

"Jean," said Farrance suddenly, "I love you. Will you marry me?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

An entire silence followed these words of Farrance. Jean felt the blood beat stinging into her face and then ebb suddenly. He was looking into her eyes, which rested on him, wide, startled, and had put one of his hands over hers, which were sunk among the violets in her lap. He felt that she shivered. At last she drew her eyes from his. Her face whitened and she parted her lips as though to answer him.

"Will you, dear?" he urged in a whisper. Her answer made him start back, taking away his hand. It was a low but distinct "No," firmly spoken. He stood looking down at her, pale also, after his swarthy fashion, his eyes indignant.

"No? And why? You doubt my word?" he said at last.

"I think you are mistaken."

"And it isn't possible, I suppose, that you may be mistaken?"

"Yes—but I do not think I am."

"And you—do you love me?"

"I am very fond of you. I—I have great affection for you."

"My dear girl, I am not asking for your affection."

"Then you are not very generous," said Jean, still in the quiet, low voice which she had at first employed; "because you have only affection to give me."

Farrance moved impatiently away for a step or two, and then came back.

"You are mistaken. I love you, and with a love, too, that grows every day."

It had, in fact, grown with a rapidity which startled him after that unequivocal "No" of hers. He found suddenly that her consent was of more importance to him than he had imagined it could be, and that it was not only from philanthropic motives and to please his dead wife that he wished to marry the girl. She had a charm for him which seemed to increase in direct ratio to every moment of her present coldness.

"Do you believe me?" he asked, finding that she did not speak.

"I believe that you believe what you say."

"Jean! I never knew that you were so obstinate."

"I am not obstinate. I only see all this

clearer than you do. You are fond of me, you see me leading a lonely, unprotected life—a dangerous one, probably. You know that—that she loved me. You don't care for anything much. I amuse you. You don't wish anything sad or harmful to happen to me. It is kind and good of you, but I—you see—no—you must listen, you must listen——” she broke off, growing suddenly excited, as he turned away again with an impatient “Pshaw!”

“I will not marry a man who loves me in that way.”

She too was on her feet now. The color glowed again on her face. Her eyes were dark and shone steadily as they rested upon his.

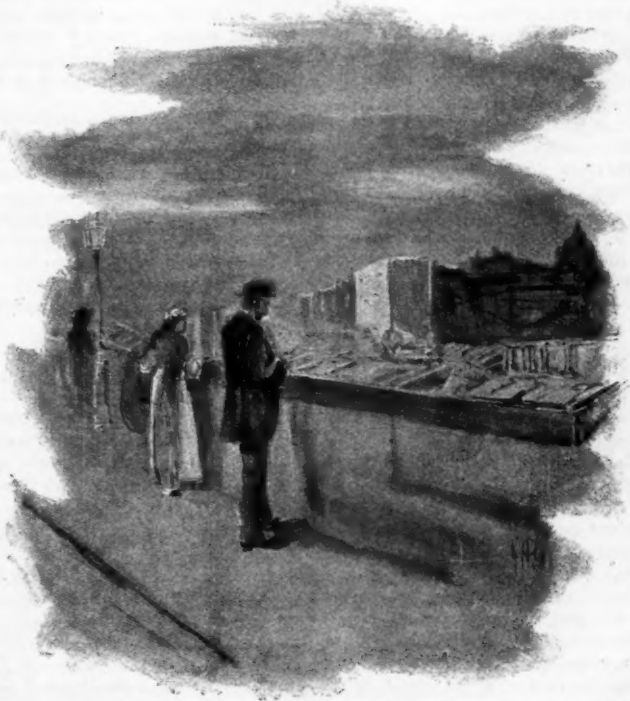
“I will not marry a man who cares for me as you do,” she repeated. Farrance was excited too.

“How do you know in what way I love you?” he demanded. “Can you see into men's hearts? I have not pretended to feel for you what I once felt. You know very well that I am not such a hypocrite. That is gone—done with. I care for you in an utterly different way. It is absurd to compare the two feelings. But I care for you—I care for you intensely.” He lifted her hands suddenly to his breast. “Jean, look at me; I want to see your eyes!”

“I will look at you as much as you wish,” she said calmly, though trembling a little; “but it is not love you feel for me. No man can feel twice what you have felt—and—and”—here the trembling be-

came violent—“if I married you, I should want to be loved as much as you loved—her.”

“As much in a different way—I can—I will, child. Look, I swear it to you! You have roused something new in me during the last twenty minutes. I am not cold about it, as you think. I care desperately about your answer. I wouldn't have believed this morning that I could care so much for anything on earth. My child—



FOR A LONG WAY THE PARAPET WAS COVERED WITH DRAWERS FULL OF BOOKS.

my little dear one, come close to me—you can rest so forever if you wish to——”

Suddenly she drew back from him, turned away with an anguished gesture.

“I can see her—I can see her now,” she cried in a heart-broken voice; “all white and cold and pitiful—lying there between us in her coffin! I can see you—I can see your eyes! Oh, how you loved her! How you loved her! I thought that you would die too—and now you want to marry me!

You say that you will love me as much ! It seems too terrible !"

Farrance's face grew ghastly ; then he controlled himself with an effort. He stood thinking for some moments.

"Jean," he said suddenly, "will you sit here again and let me talk to you a little while."

She sat down beside him, her hands folded hard one over the other upon her knee, her lips pale and pressed together, her eyes on the dead leaves and spring grass at her feet.

"What I want to say is this," began Farrance ; "you feel all this so differently from what I do because you have religious beliefs which I have not. To you, Lilian lives somewhere in another world—an other state. To me, she exists no more than she did to her mother before she was born. She is as completely gone from me as the breath I have just breathed and the words we have been speaking. To me this life is all. It cannot, perhaps, be just what it was, but it still holds pleasant, even lovely, things. Love is still love, though it takes different forms, as I was myself when a child, and will be myself if I live to be an old man. It is not the first distraction of love I give you, but it is a strong feeling, I don't think you need be afraid to accept it, that is—" he broke off and his hand was on hers again ; "that is, if you love me, Jean."

Still she was silent, and presently he went on : "If you don't love me, my dear, just say so as bravely and quietly as you say other things ; but I hope with all my heart that you won't keep to that 'No' of yours, darling. Here is another thing that may help you. She left me a letter saying that she hoped I would marry again, and that it would be you. She loved you very much, Jean."

"It is that, it is that," panted the girl. "She loved me and I—and I—" There was a sort of horror in her face as she stared at him. "I can see her so plainly," she said again. "And you—I can see you kneeling there in the snow. Her voice comes back to me now. I can hear her say, 'Adrian' and 'Jean.' How can you believe that she isn't anywhere? I am afraid of you when you say things like that. You must feel that there is something beyond all this. Why, I have never felt that even birds and dogs die. I do

not believe that a man—that anyone who doesn't love God can love another in the highest way—"

"My dear, we can love the attributes of God without imagining a supernatural being to whom they belong. I can love justice, mercy, truth, purity, love itself, although I don't believe in the Jehovah of the Israelites. After all, if I don't believe, is it my fault? Belief is certainly a more comfortable state. To turn from orthodoxy to what one thinks is the bare truth is like turning from a great easy chair to a stone bench. What a prosaic simile! Eh? And after all, dear, I feel very much like the talking pot in Omar :

"—Some there are who tell
Of One who threatens he will toss to hell
The luckless pots he marred in making. Pish !
He's a good fellow and 'twill all be well."

"I never believed in a hell," said the girl. "It is not that—it is only that such a love should pass, that you should want it to pass—that—"

A curious expression came over Farrance's face.

"I wonder whether you would think me crazy if I told you something?" he asked her.

"No—tell me!" she said, almost imploringly. She hungered for any possible light which he might be able to throw on the confusion and doubts in her mind. "Tell me!" she repeated, in her earnestness unconsciously resting her fingers upon his. He lifted them gently to his lips, and then sat smoothing them absently for a moment or two.

"Well," he began finally, "I cannot even attempt to explain such a paradox, but the truth is, Jean, that I love her at the same time that I love you, and that though my reason tells me she has gone from me forever, she is as real a presence to me as the spring about me."

"It is strange," said the girl, lifting her lustrous eyes half solemnly to the blue air above ; "but somehow I understand—"

"You do understand, Jean?" exclaimed Farrance. He drew her suddenly to his side.

"Yes," she said, still looking far away from him ; "because—because—I love her with all my heart—I would serve her in any way that I could, and yet—" She turned to him suddenly, her face changed,

vivid, exquisite. She opened her arms with a childish, impulsive gesture of love, of abandonment.

"Oh, I do love you!" she cried out to him. "I thought I did not—but I do—I do!"

Farrance, touched and delighted, would have taken her into his arms, but again she drew back. She covered her face with her hands. He saw the oval nails whiten with their pressure against her forehead. She was utterly still. It seemed to him that the blowing of the fragile spring foliage about them made her quietness seem more complete. It was as if she had stopped breathing. He did not attempt to touch her or speak to her, subdued by the knowledge of her greater emotion; aware that a larger nature had touched his, and that he had roused a feeling which he could neither measure nor control. He asked himself whether it would be manly to accept a love so much more intense than any he could offer in return—to make such a child into a wife who had not her husband's whole heart? "And yet," he repeated to himself, "I love her far more than I thought I did." Life seemed to him a strange chaos of beginnings, of endings, of phrases written half in one language, half in another; of present, past, future mingled in a vast conglomeration; like a book badly bound, in which the last pages come first, and the end of which is an unfinished sentence.

Presently she turned to him; she let him see her face, which was pale, the lips quivering, the eyes without tears.

"You must not say any more to me now," she said, whispering. "I want to think a long, long time. There are so many things. I am so tired. I want so much to be by myself." Her voice broke piteously.

"I will go away and leave you, dear," said Farrance at once. "You can call me when you wish me."

He knelt down suddenly and put both arms about her as she sat crouched together on the rough stone.

"You must try and feel my love as a rest. I would not have troubled you so for worlds, my dear, dear little girl!"

"Thank you. You are so good and kind. But you'll go away now?"

After about half an hour she called to him. Her face was still pale, but quiet

under its fine, level brows, and she had smoothed and re-twisted her hair.

"Let us go to look for the others, not wait for them to look for us," she said, and gathering the painting gear together, they set off in the direction indicated by Mrs. Benson.

CHAPTER XIX.

Two weeks passed during which Jean, shy and cold, avoided Farrance entirely. He, meantime, had become subject to that species of sudden, unexpected emotion which makes us in some dreams love even our enemies. His feeling for Jean advanced in a powerful wave, while hers seemed retreating with the quiet surety of the undertow. The hypnotism of the unattainable was upon him, and he viewed life, art, himself, the future, from an entirely new standpoint. When he contrasted his present frame of mind with the state of sapless indifference in which he had been for more than a year past, he was reminded of those shrivelled bunches of fibres called "Roses of Jericho," which spread and blossom when plunged into a bath of cold water. The girl's pure and maiden nature refreshed, invigorated, enthralled him, with a species of enchantment he had never before imagined. He could only compare it to the sensation which he sometimes experienced when sitting, charcoal in hand, before a blank canvas, dreaming of its hidden possibilities.

The thought of her face as it had looked when she had held out her arms to him for that swift moment of self-revelation at Fontainebleau caused a keen curiosity as to what her love would prove under the test of daily companionship. She had for him that baffling interest which a Latin sentence in the midst of a page has for the man who reads only English. The meaning may or may not be profound. The desire to translate it is unconquerable. He was unconsciously more absorbed in what she might feel for him than in any possible emotion of his towards her, and could not draw satisfactory pictures of her in this or that condition, since she never behaved under any circumstances as he had fancied beforehand that she would. As he sat smoking after breakfast in his atelier he began to fill the empty chairs

with her imagined figure, to follow the sparkling curve of her head against the rich shadows, the gleam of her small feet in their varnished shoes which would twinkle like points of jet beneath the straight skirt of her simple gown. She might have posed, he thought, for Falguière's buoyant statue of "La Femme au Paon." There was the same airy line of hip and shoulder, the same small, proud bust, the same delicately modelled arms and careless, tossed-back head. He thought of her as Psyche, seated on the grass, and tugging to open the cruel box of Venus, with lips pressed inward like a child's and brows drawn into a pretty obstinacy. Painted in early June, with the opal fire of nude flesh in sunlight against young leaves, such a study, carefully worked out, might bring to pass one, at least, of his many day dreams.

She and the boy would be interesting too, as a motif. He, with his antique, gypsy air, she, with her pearl-tinted slenderness, as of a North American sea nymph.

During a full hour, enveloped in a film of tobacco smoke, with hands clasped behind him, with eyes plunged into the further shadows, restless, dissatisfied, he walked back and forth from one end of the room to the other, turning these thoughts over in his mind, questioning himself, his talent, his prudence, the quality of his sentiment toward this young girl who absorbed so much of his time and conjecture. At last, thrusting himself into another coat and taking up his hat, he went out into the warm afternoon air toward the Champs Elysées. As he passed a café near the Rond-Point he caught sight of Jean seated in a cab, the horse of which was clacking lamely down hill toward the Place de la Concorde. He made a sign for the driver to stop. The rules of French etiquette are not applied to each other by American artists living en camarade on the left bank of the Seine, and the proprieties were as little consulted by Farrance on this occasion as they would have been in a provincial town in America. He found that she was not bound in any particular direction only driving up and down among the gay throng for amusement, and remembering that there was a concert at the Cirque d'Été, suggested that they should go there

together. She replied that she would like it very much, and he got into the cab beside her. She was cool, demure, non-committal, keeping her eyes from him, her slight figure drawn as compactly into her corner of the cab as a little shellfish into its shell. As they drove on, a shower streamed suddenly through the pale sunlight in what looked like strands of fine steel beads.

"Ah! Le Diable marie sa fille," said Farrance.

"At home, we say he is beating his wife," returned Jean.

The cabman raised the hood and covered them up to their chins with the black oilcloth apron.

"Look at the women putting handkerchiefs over their hats," went on Farrance. "How they do scamper! What a whirlwind of color! Those children are like runaway bits of a kaleidoscope, and how majestic are the nou-nous, with their streaming cap ribbons."

"The man with the paper whirligigs seems to be the most worried of all," said Jean. "Do call him! I want one!"

"You want a paper whirligig?" exclaimed Farrance; "for yourself?"

"No—for Tony! He loves them," she repeated quietly.

The man of the whirligigs was enthusiastic in his response to Farrance's signal, fairly running towards them, while a little girl of about eight, in a black frock, toddled after him, balancing a huge cotton umbrella as well as she could over the fragile toys. The whole mass revolved gayly, fluttering on their wires like the petals of some huge and bizarre flowers, while, suspended from threads behind, pirouetted gay little dolls made of cardboard, with parti-colored tissue-paper petticoats.

Jean bought a whirligig and a doll, and Farrance gave a franc to the little girl. She said "Merthi, Monsieur. Merthi, Madame," at the same time dragging her sombre skirts over the damp pavement in a deep courtesy. As they went on they saw the man stoop and kiss her.

"At least he's good to her," said Jean. "The poor little soul. Did you see that all her toes were out of her shoes?"

"But they were very plump, rosy little toes," replied Farrance. "I hope that if

I'm ever reduced to selling whirligigs, Tony will take to the life as kindly."

Jean laughed and blew upon her own whirligig, which spun round in a pink blur.

There were left only two of the worst seats, when they went to buy their tickets, and they found themselves placed close beside the stage on the right hand, unable to see anything except the three harps above them and the backs of the performers, one of whom was a young girl.

The air was filled with the rustle of women who settled themselves, and there was a sharp twinkle of the harps which were being tuned. As he sat there by Jean, in the warm, dimly lighted room, with the memory of the gray rain outside to accentuate his present feeling of soothed contentment, he was amused to find that he already regarded her as a part of his life, and that to himself he criticised her gown, her hat, her jacket, even her gloves, with that sense of responsible proprietorship which a man feels in his wife. A sudden doubt jarred him, and he straight-

ened himself with a movement of dissent, as the first chords from the overture to Gluck's Orpheus vibrated through the hall.

After being steeped for some moments in this deluge of harmony they began to experience that subtle, music-born sense of mutual comprehension which, on occasions, can rouse the most practical. He looked at her, and this time her eyes met his. Her hand rested on the arm of the chair between them. He put his over it, and she trembled slightly.

"Do you love me?" he asked in a low voice.

She whispered back: "You must not! You must not!" But she was astonished at that sudden waking of a long-quieted emotion, which is like the first movement of returning life in one who has been in a cataleptic sleep. She became conscious, as though for the first time, that she loved Farrance, that he was beside her, that he was free, that he wished to marry her.

They were now playing the third

impromptu of Chopin. Her veins seemed beating with music rather than with blood. She was whirled on in a reckless series of thoughts, of moods, of conjectures.

The past had belonged to another, but it was over, done with, as forever gone from the vivid present as the one to whom it had belonged. A sort of intoxicated consciousness of triumphant life welled and mounted in her. She had fought, prayed, struggled, conquered. Yes, she had con-



GAZING CURIOUSLY INTO THE LARGE MIRROR.

quered her feeling for him—she had even thought it dead—and now it had come back again, as it were, refreshed by sleep, and he loved her, he wished to marry her. These feelings, over-excited and intensified by the wild music, became so overpowering that she could bear them no longer, and started up as though to leave the hall. Farrance touched her arm and she sat down again, closing her eyes.

"It will be over in a minute," he said.
"Only wait. I read your heart, Jean."

"I am glad. I want you to," she said, lifting her eyes with a certain courage. There was suddenly silence—then applause. They went out together into the deepening twilight. Farrance called a cab. "Au Bois," he said as he got in. Then he turned to Jean, who made a slight movement like that of a bird when one it loves is near, and he drew her into his arms, bent down his head and rested his lips upon hers in one of those long kisses which mean either ecstasy or the absent-mindedness which has learned to regard them as part of a routine.

The girl, alarmed, bewildered, yet conscious of a new and subtle sense of delight, poignant as flame and sweeter than all her young wonderings about love, half

yielded, half withdrew herself in his embrace, too confused to realize what was happening to her in this sudden step from affection to passion, her whole consciousness throbbing within the circle of a kiss.

Farrance, for his part, after the first pulse of male triumph and exultation, was teased by a cool, slow-trickling sense of disappointment, of flatness, which distilled itself drop by drop through his veins, and finally made the quiver of his lips upon the girl's a forced imitation of kisses which he had bestowed years ago, in another mood and upon another mouth. Between him and the little figure which he held in his arms crept another figure, like the ghost in Heine's song, and said to him: "Do you remember our first kiss, given on that afternoon in the woods outside the little town where we were acting? It was not like this." As the child's heart beat higher and higher, his pulses quieted to a dull measure. He drew away his head with a sigh, and Jean hid her face in the folds of her cloak, shivering in the loosened clasp of his arms. It was a moment of crisis for both. Such kisses are always the seal of despair or happiness, faith or treachery, self-abandonment or self-sacrifice.

(Concluded in the October number.)

I AM A KING.

BY MRS. CHARLES B. FOOTE.

I AM a king,
My palace is a tent;
Of sceptres I have two,
My rifle and this rod of light bamboo;
My kingdom is this forest's wide extent.
My minstrel choir,
A thousand tuneful larks,
Who wake their sovereign with harmonious sounds;
My clown, this crippled crow; my ministers,
My steed and yonder brace of lusty hounds.
I have no foes;
My subjects dwell at ease,
And furnish willing tribute to my court;
My deer possess these mountain wilds in peace,
On that blue lake my happy wildfowl sport.
We fear no plots,
My loyal court and I;
In safety we lie down.
Quite easy rests the head that wears the crown.
Where is the monarch envies not King I?



THE LADIES' NEW YORK CLUB.

BY JULIA HAYES PERCY.

THE PRIVATE DINING ROOM.

"**R**EALLY, you know, it is just like a man's club," quoth the maiden.

And Mr. Ichabod, with marked alacrity and a peculiarly gentle smile of acquiescence, answered: "Very like a man's club!"

But there is a curious inflection to his voice which somehow faintly disturbs the agreeable impression his words and manner seek to convey.

The maiden puzzles a bit over it and knits her pretty brows; but Mrs. Ichabod, who stands before the fire buttoning her long gloves, laughs softly. She is familiar with his lordship's opinion of women's clubs and interprets perfectly. She is also able to make some excuse for the mental attitude of her spouse. He is really struggling manfully to maintain that appearance of polite credulity which

befits the occasion when a club woman, who is not his wife, gives him an account of the organization to which she belongs and expects him to take the whole subject seriously. But, to save his life, he can't help the obtrusive consciousness that his surroundings, and especially his fair informant, have had no parallel in his experience of clubland. For these three persons are at the club—The Ladies' New York Club—the only organization of the kind in New York city or the country, as will presently appear when we discover for ourselves all that Mr. Ichabod has just learned about its purpose and conduct.

This club is commonly alluded to in the newspapers as the "Club of the Four Hundred"—a phrase which people have been heard to declare refers to the limit



Mrs. Julia Hayes Percy is representative of the active and enthusiastic women workers in the broad and exacting field of New York journalism. Her tastes and tendencies have been along the lines of charity and philanthropy, and most of her writing and personal endeavor have been in the interest of the poor and helpless. Her first journalistic work was in behalf of the Aleutian women of Alaska, for whom she obtained congressional investigation and subsequent justice. The chapter on New York's Whitechapel in General Booth's book *In Darkest England* was from her pen. On behalf of the *New York World* she organized Christmas trees for poor children in the cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, and for Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Newspaper* she last winter successfully managed New York's first doll show. Mrs. Percy belongs to a well-known New York family, is tall, with a quick, nervous manner and large, sympathetic brown eyes.

of membership, while others aver that it describes exactly the social status of the members.

The immediate scene of the above conversation is the reception room on the ground floor at the left of the entrance; positively the only spot within those sacred precincts where profane man is permitted to set foot—unless he happens to be the doctor or the plumber.

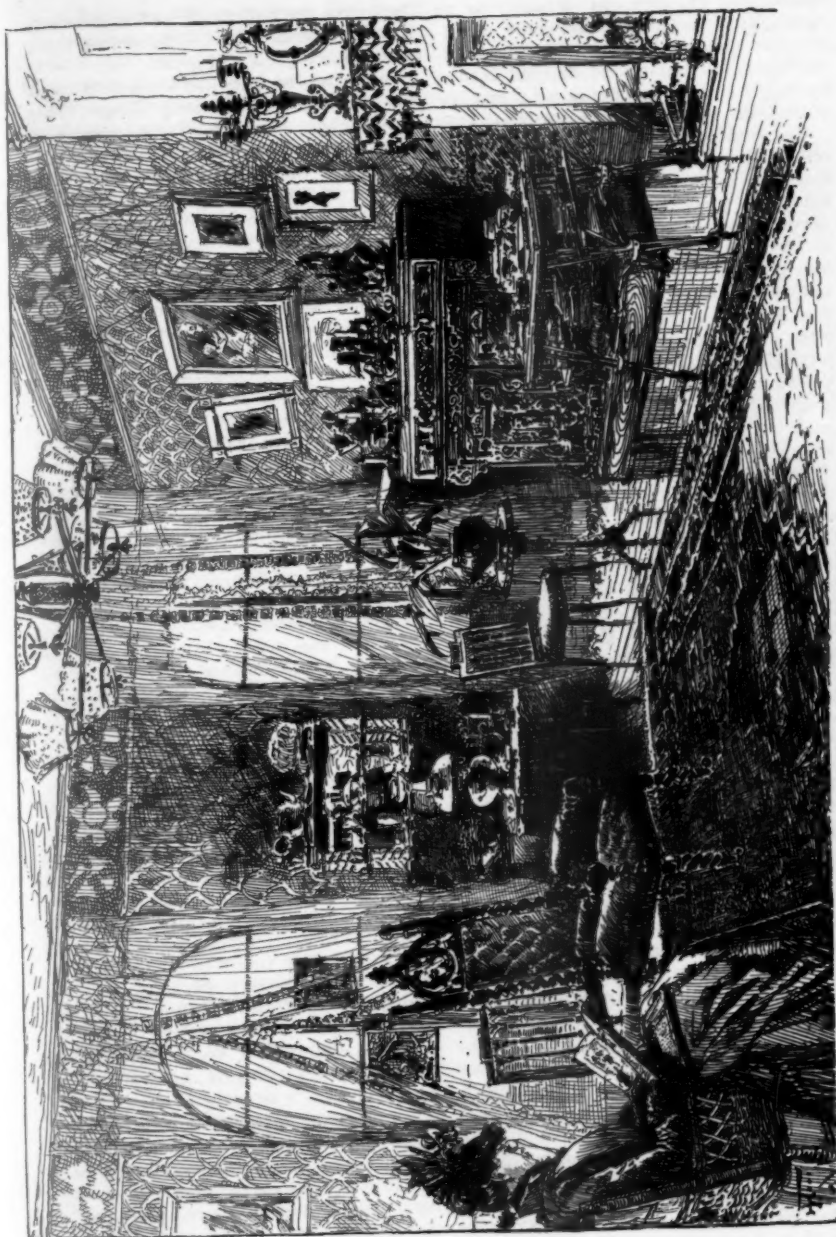
It is a large, square room, high-ceiled, with wide windows. Heavy doors of dark wood swing noiselessly. The floor and woodwork correspond in color, and the rugs and upholstery are likewise in somewhat sombre tones. But an air of delicacy and lightness is imparted by muslin sash curtains looped with ribbons, dainty lamp and candle shades in soft colors, and the presence in every suitable spot of those small, pretty treasures and trifles which women love to accumulate in the rooms they most frequently inhabit. There are some fragile cups and saucers of rare porcelain, two or three figurines, several etchings and engravings, a few books, a piano, and a flashing seacoal fire with tongues of scarlet flame reflected and repeated in the polished brazen surface of andirons and implements surrounding its cheerfulness; while the central point of color, which seems to gather all the soft glow and radiance of lamplight and firelight, is the figure of the girl in the crimson frock seated demurely in the dignified depths of a high-backed carved armchair. The graceful figure and its surroundings are in perfect harmony. It is a thoroughly comfortable, practical room, devoid of fussiness, unpretentious, pretty, refined and womanly—a spot for use and enjoyment, purposes which the young lady described seems making the most of, for on a little table at her side are books, a bit of art needlework, a half-finished pencil sketch and—remember this is a woman's club—a box of bonbons. She has settled herself for a quiet evening in the parlor, preferring its cosiness to the larger drawing room up stairs.

Parlor is a good old-fashioned word that, in its sense of parlor, to speak, is peculiarly appropriate to this pleasant room where the lords of creation are permitted to hold converse with members. But their admission is subject to restriction.

Merely social calls are not allowed. A lady is at liberty to receive her agent for a business interview. A lawyer may visit his client, and any gentleman is welcome to await the lady whom he is to escort to some place; but, unprovided with a valid excuse for his presence, man is advised not to present himself for admittance.

It was largely to meet the requirements of women living out of town that the Ladies' New York Club was projected. It is now nearly two years since its foundation and establishment in its first headquarters, a small house on Lexington avenue, below Twenty-ninth street. During the first year of its existence it became necessary, because of the phenomenal prosperity of the organization, to remove into larger quarters; and since doing so, still further additions are contemplated on account of its continued growth. The membership has passed considerably beyond the 400 limit originally determined upon, and a movement is now on foot to double the number. In fact, the career of this association has been one continuous and pleasant refutation of the oft-repeated and too often well-sustained assertion, that women are not clubbable and cannot successfully conduct such a social organization.

The announcement that this club was to be formed aroused the usual sentiments and evoked the customary comments that such a departure infallibly excites. The very phrase "a woman's club" had grown hackneyed and in no pleasant sense either. The mention of a man's club immediately arouses one's fancy by alluring suggestions of comfort, good cheer and good fellowship, but unfortunately a woman's club is not synonymous of anything of the sort, and for this reason the statement that a new one is in contemplation usually moves outsiders to open scorn, exasperating mirth or indulgent pity. The career of the Ladies' club certainly ought to mitigate this general view. But before it had made any history for itself certain people in the great world waxed very merry at the notion of women proposing to have a clubhouse just like men, where they might meet and lodge, receive their friends, eat, amuse themselves, transact business, have their mail sent, write their letters, have parcels delivered, advertise for servants and leave



THE RECEPTION ROOM.

maids and children on deposit, so to speak, until called for. In short, a rendezvous offering to women the same advantages and attractions afforded to men by men's clubs, but having no prototype among the so-called women's clubs.

The first clubhouse was like the present one, an English basement with the usual complement of rooms, but they were too small to meet the rapidly developing needs of the association. So it was within the first year of its existence that removal to the commodious establishment known as the old Livingston place on East Twenty-second street, between Broadway and Fourth avenue, was accomplished. During the summer months preceding the club's occupation of its new home (which had been secured on a long lease but could not be possessed immediately) abundant proof was given of the estimation in which its privileges are held by the members. Then for the first time the New York city contingent, which at the beginning was in the minority, realized the capabilities of the club as a convenient headquarters when their own residences were either closed for the season or the comfort of them thoroughly obliterated by the linen covers and moth extinguisher which prevail in summer. Man generally beholds this annual devastation of his abode with dismay. But even as he stands on the threshold of his dismantled home, viewing the desolation, thankful memories of the club steal gently across his perturbed soul. To this sanctuary he betakes himself, and there is fed and consoled.

For the first time in their lives women found themselves under similar conditions, similarly consoled and provided for, and they liked it immensely. They made it their headquarters on all occasions, from a day's shopping in town, the stop-over stage of a summer journey from one country place to another, a flying trip to town to secure a new domestic or attend to some trifling errands, to seasons when expeditions of grave importance and solemn moment required their presence in the city. The advantage of having an agreeable place always in readiness for their reception and entertainment, where they could remain as long or as short a time as they chose, with comfort, safety and unimpeachable propriety, even though

they were unchaperoned and unescorted, was tremendous. And so the metropolitan membership grew and grew.

Suburban dwellers had known all about the uses of their club long before. This out-of-town membership is composed chiefly of women whose social interests centre in the city, while their residences are too far away to be comfortably reached late at night. Moreover, even these short journeys are impossible in public conveyances without a change of toilet being effected before and after any full-dress occasion, and hotels and even the houses of one's nearest relatives are not available at all times. But a room at the club solves the problem satisfactorily.

Among the non-resident members are a number of Boston and Philadelphia women who make use of the club during their frequent sojourns here, and there are a few members who belong to more distant cities.

The Ladies' New York Club is a proprietary club. It has a president, Mrs. Henry Wright Shelton; a recording secretary, Mrs. W. W. Shippen; and a treasurer, Mrs. Francis Gordon Brown. An advisory committee constitutes a court of appeals. Applicants for admission to the club are required to have three sponsors; one who proposes them for membership, one who seconds the application, and a third as reference.

That this is a club of society women, and, moreover, the only one in New York which is strictly of that character, is a fact that imparts particular interest to the organization. It was christened "The Ladies'" club advisedly, as descriptive of the quality of its members; the oft-abused word being employed in its most restricted sense, and applied to an association formed solely for gentlewomen. It remains true to its original policy, and is at the present time probably the only woman's club in New York where one can feel any certainty about the associations encountered. It is not founded upon any community of interest in business, art, music or literature, to lure or compel into juxtaposition people who do not naturally and properly belong together. And while its social features are agreeable, none of the members are in any wise dependent upon its opportunities to obtain recognition elsewhere.

A foreigner who was lately introduced to another celebrated woman's club in one of our largest cities, afterwards gave her impressions of the society as follows: "I found it an association of old and middle-aged women, who blind each other by compliments men no longer pay them."

No such mutual admiration obtains in the Ladies' New York Club. Members know each other or not, as the case may be. If differences arise between individuals—and where is the community which is free from such disturbance occasionally, even among those of gentlest breeding—an unwritten law of the club, which belongs to the universal code of good manners, forbids any publicity. Club difficulties are invariably dealt with strictly within the club.

Another beautiful characteristic is that none of the confusing amateur parliamentary proceedings, in which the typical club woman is believed to fairly revel, are indulged in. Indeed, there is a praiseworthy absence of red-tape methods in the conduct of affairs. The constitution and house rules are brief and to the point. In the latter one finds that the club is open from 8 A.M. to 10.30 P.M. Any member may introduce a friend at luncheon or dinner, by simply registering the name and address of her visitor in a book set apart for such purpose. There is a complaint book always open to receive the confidences of the dissatisfied, who are requested to append their full name and address. Gratuities to servants are particularly prohibited, save in cases where some exceptional service is rendered. But a Christmas-box is made up of general donations, and divided among the employees, with reference to the time each has been at service in the club. There is a time limit of two weeks to regulate lodging there; beyond that none may remain. The charges for a room are fixed at one dollar per night. The menu provided in the dining room is not extravagant, but sufficiently varied, dainty, and carefully



A CORNER IN THE HALL BEDROOM.

served; and it is furnished at the average of first-class restaurant prices.

A blue-ribbon policy became the rule from the outset. When the subject of having a wine list was brought up for consideration, opinion proved to be so divided touching the expediency of having anything of the kind that a decision against it was deemed advisable. At that time a young married woman who was one of the chief promoters of the club scheme was quoted as saying:

"Those of us who entertain scruples about wines and liquors will feel easier in our minds if none are served; and as for the rest of us—well, none of us are driven to the club to obtain such things. We all have our own sideboards and can order what we please from our grocers and wine

merchants. So I, for one, am distinctly of the opinion that it is best not to supply either drinks or morphine—you know the newspapers accuse society women of being addicted to both habits."

The consideration and deference to the prejudices of others which are indicated in this remark have distinguished the bearing of club members toward each other, with the usual results of peace and good will.

Many people are curious to know what it costs to belong to this exclusive club, so again we will consult the single sheet which bears both constitution and rules. Here we find that club dues from November 1, the beginning of the fiscal year, are as follows: Resident members, initiation fee, twenty dollars, yearly dues, thirty dollars. Non-resident members, thirty dollars, no initiation fee. The blank applications for admission to the club are in the following form:

LADIES' NEW YORK CLUB.*

NEW YORK,.....189

LADIES:

I,.....
residing at.....
wish to become a member of your club and, on election, agree to pay fees and dues promptly on the days on which they fall due and to conform to the constitution, laws, rules and regulations of your club.

Signed,.....

Send communications to,.....

Proposed by,.....

Seconded by,.....

ANSWERS ARE DESIRED TO THE FOLLOWING QUERIES.

Candidate for membership,.....

Maiden name (if married),.....

Residence,.....

Summer address,.....

Reference,.....

Remarks:

Elected,.....

No,.....

Having passed the form of being proposed, seconded and getting "a character" from her reference, the woman admitted to good and regular standing enters upon the full privileges of the association which she has joined. She is sure of at least

three friends and will probably have a good many more in the club. At all events, she will soon discover this by examining the year book, which is an attractive little pamphlet containing, of course, the list of membership.

Tuesdays are known as club days, and on each of these mornings at 11.30 o'clock there is some programme arranged to be followed out in the big white-and-gold drawing room, generally before a fairly large assembly. It may be a lecture, a reading or a musical entertainment which is provided. In any case it is sure to be more or less interesting, and not too lengthy. The scene on these occasions is usually very pleasing. The large room is light and cheerful and in winter time a bright fire throws rosy gleams over a great white fur rug which covers the centre of the room. All about, on the white-and-gold wicker chairs and divans, sit graceful women in dark walking costumes, their figures in sharp relief against the brightness of their surroundings. There are certain to be fresh flowers here and there, and touches of delicate color are introduced in cushions of pale tinted pompadour silk, with the golden yellow of lamp and candle shades, and a few pretty ornaments disposed about the room. Among the pictures on the walls is a portrait of Mrs. Madge Kendal, the English actress, bearing upon the frame an inscription to the club, and the lady's autograph. Mrs. Kendal has been the honored guest on the occasion of several club teas, and the first and only gentleman's day in its history was arranged in compliment to Mr. Kendal.

When the clubhouse was being furnished a member was heard to exclaim: "Do let us avoid upholstery and vulgarity."

Unfortunately these terms are often convertible, but in this instance the avoidance of both has been accomplished. The air of the whole establishment betokens the abode of gentlefolks, and there is an absence of upholstery which almost amounts to meagreness in most of the rooms when they are unoccupied. But there is plenty in them to frame suitably and becomingly the pictures of refined,

*This is reproduced for the benefit of those who are curious about the exact formalities and requisites to which a woman must conform to establish her eligibility.

dignified, sweet womanhood which are presented when there is an assembly.

Directly back of the drawing room is the dining room, equally large, and furnished with a number of small tables laid for two and four people. All the appointments are dainty and pretty. Beyond, in the extension, is the reading and writing room and also a small dressing room which is adjoined by the bathroom. Here is a perfect haven of rest for a tired, dishevelled woman who has been travelling or shopping in dust and heat, or storm, until she feels that her toilet is dreadfully demoralized. She is thankful to avail herself of the facilities to bathe and reconstruct, and when she sits down before the pretty muslin-draped French toilet table, with its convenient array of powder puffs, hairpins, etc., she thanks all her stars that she is a club woman.

During the season, afternoon tea is served every day at four o'clock. The members have a pleasant fashion of dropping in at that hour between their other engagements, to meet friends and rest and refresh themselves, and the place takes on an appearance of charming sociability.

Browning and other classes meet on regular days in each week, and there is a whist club which is a notable feature of every Thursday. Efforts are now being made to secure an adjoining house. When equipped with that much more territory the club proposes to build a gymnasium and also erect a small stage for theatrical performances. The younger members of the club are understood to be earnestly desirous of having these improvements carried out.

A notably interesting affair under the auspices of the club is the annual needlework exhibition. This is given during one day in the springtime and is made in the large drawing room. It is the device of several very wise ladies who perceived with regret the decline of that essentially gentle and womanly art, needlecraft, among their own class, and hit upon this pleasant plan of offering encouragement to practise it. The prizes are awarded for various kinds and degrees of excellence. The first and most important competed for is a silver cup given by the club to the author of the piece of work which shows the greatest amount of industry. This prize is in the form of a silver bowl resting

upon a silver platter. It is awarded for the term of three years and will be inscribed all around with the names and dates of award of the successive winners. At present it bears but one name, that of Mrs. Phoebe Lord Day, to whom it was adjudged for an exquisitely wrought table cloth in gold on white. The second prize, given for the greatest quantity of work exhibited, is a pair of gold scissors. That and upwards of a dozen more prizes, which are all silver trophies comprising various working and toilet implements, are given absolutely, and are offered by individual members. Of course, the competition is only open to members of the club, but loans of rare, curious and admirable specimens of needlework are welcome additions to the exhibition and add much to its beauty and interest.

The privilege of inviting friends to luncheon or dinner at the club is one thoroughly appreciated, and there are many pleasant parties of this description for which the private dining room is secured. This is a smaller room on the ground floor, back of the parlor. It is an apartment quaint, cheerful, charming. Heavy, dark draperies, not less pleasing from the fact that one notices and remembers nothing about them but their effect, soften the daylight or shut out the darkness. There are a few pieces of enchanting old furniture, among them a sofa with prim high back and scroll ends, and an antique brass-mounted sideboard. Several interesting old portraits in massive gilt frames decorate the walls, and one of these is a likeness of Jonathan Edwards, that dogmatic theologian, who was an ancestor of the president of the club.

If you are fortunate enough to be a guest in this room you will partake of a perfectly cooked meal, served by a deft-handed maid who seems gifted with a mind-reading faculty which obviates all need for receiving orders. She comes and goes noiselessly and before you fairly realize them your wants are all supplied. Very likely, in the room just overhead there may be a number lunching or dining, and the faint echo of the door bell, and a frou-frou of skirts along the passage and on the stair indicates arrivals and departures. The whole domestic machinery may be running at full pressure and yet so smoothly and precisely are its functions

accomplished that there is no whir of wheels, no unpleasant hint of activity. The hostess is free from care about the progress of the feast and from concern about her surroundings, while, as might be expected, hospitality under such wholly unvexed conditions becomes an easy joy. The fact that such conditions do exist permanently in a woman's club is a complete vindication of its right to existence. They prove beyond a doubt the beneficence of an association which is not a device of idleness, nor the vehicle of a fad, nor the result of misdirected energies and aspirations; but a thoroughly sensible plan evolved from the brains of certain sensible women belonging to the best element in New York society, who sought to provide a suitable place for their convenience and comfort, which should promote the same and be at all times accessible, even as men's clubs are for men.

Among the names of the founders of the Ladies' New York Club are Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. John King Van Rens-

selaer, Mrs. John Benjamin, Mrs. F. B. Austin, Mrs. C. F. Chandler, Mrs. Hilbourne Roosevelt, Mrs. C. E. Tracy, Mrs. Ogden R. Edwards, Mrs. Erastus Brooks, Mrs. Nicoll Floyd, Mrs. Worthington Hooker, Mrs. Eli Whitney, Miss S. C. Woolsey and Mrs. Johnson-Hudson.

When Mrs. Ichabod's gloves were buttoned and she and Mr. Ichabod had taken leave of the pretty maiden in the red frock, leaving her to her books and her bonbons by the fireside, there was silence for a little space as they drove off together. Then the wife, nestling in her soft furs in the corner of the carriage, crept a bit closer to her spouse's elbow and smiled guilelessly up into his manly countenance as they rolled through the glare of the electric light. Then she murmured: "Don't you see, dear, if I had stopped at your club to fetch you I should have been obliged to wait out in the street until you joined me, so you see, after all, my club is not 'just like a man's'—it's nicer."



THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SOCIETY JOURNAL.

BY MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR.



WORD in the English language that has been more widely diverted from its original meaning than gossip it would be almost impossible to find. From a holy kinship, born of God—God-sibb, the original Saxon—it is defined in the dictionaries as

“tattle, prating; torun about talking.” In the last few years it has totally emerged from these meanings, and is variously classified by English writers as idle gossip, amusing gossip and instructive gossip.

The taste for gossip is as old as humanity.

Irrelevant information as to the appearance, age, dress and environments of men and women is found

in sacred and classic literature, and is abundantly strewn through the histories, biographies and romances of every age and country, except in stern monastic literature or romantic verses and legends.

This inherent tattle, held in common by all the nations of the world, would naturally lead to the creation of a literature devoted exclusively to its gratification; not, however, before the invention of printing, for the making of books before that time was too laborious for other than grave or sacred purposes. As early, however, as the middle of the fourteenth century the champion gossip of the world was born—the most elegant and charming narrator of social events that has been known in any age. He travelled from country to country in pursuit of

material to relate again, and was thus, perhaps, the occasion of one of the dictionary definitions of gossip—“to run about to tattle.” Walter Besant says of him that “no newspaper correspondent, no American interviewer, has ever equalled Froissart as a collector of intelligence. This mediæval writer possessed an art, in which he has never been surpassed, of making people tell him all they knew.” He was the great original interviewer and reporter, and his methods are worthy the imitation of the fraternity of which he was the founder.

Early in the fifteenth century a mutilated statue lay imbedded in a muddy street in Rome, and passers-by found it convenient as a stepping stone. When the street was repaired the statue was unearthed and set up beside the door of a shop which had been the favorite resort of the wits of the city. In this shop had dwelt Pasquino, the tailor, now dead. He had been as famous for his sharp sayings as for the robes he furnished to the literati, courtiers and prelates of the town. Some person, seeing the forlorn old statue standing beside the shop, exclaimed: “Pasquino has returned to Rome!” and stuck upon its limbless trunk one of the tailor’s traditional witticisms. Anonymous jests and sarcasms were soon added. It came to pass that the news of the day, social and political, court news and satires aimed at the Papal government could be found every day pasted upon the old statue. These were called Pasquinades, and attracted crowds of readers every morning. In 1544 these witticisms were collected and printed in a book of 637 pages, under the title of Pasquillorum Tomi Duo, of which a few copies still exist in the libraries of the curious. This antique statue, then, with its daily record of transactions and events in Rome, was the first society journal.

The old statue stands today behind the Palazzo Braschi, and serves as a butt for boys to throw stones at, and for other “slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.” For centuries it was the mouth-

piece of the merry wits of Rome, and behind its ample shoulders the authors eluded the consequences of their imprudence or temerity. However, authority in those days was not likely to have looked with favor upon even such small measure of freedom for the "press." Doubtless they could make good show of cause too, as such anonymous jests must often have been ribald, often gibes, and abominable ones at that. So, finally, the presence of a sentinel suppressed the journal, but even at this day a scurrilous jest may be found now and then affixed to the grimy old statue.

Like Charles Lamb's Chinaman, who, having discovered a roasted pig under the burned ruins of his shanty, was thenceforth in the habit of burning down his house whenever his spirit longed for roast pig, the wits of Rome were apparently unable to compass the possibility of editing a society journal without digging up a statue.

In the sixteenth century a river god was unearthed near the Forum of Mars, christened Marforio, and covered daily with current news, jests and lampoons. Marforio was suppressed by being removed to the Capitol, but, like Pasquino, survives in print. Pasquillus and Marfurius are titles in a catalogue of books for the library of Saint Victor. So it is not impossible to place beside them the columns of our own society journals and mark the progress we have made in 400 years.

In the next century, as early as 1709, a great number of society journals cropped up in England. Steele's *Gazette*, of which he declares his "only aim was to make it very innocent and very insipid;" The *Tatler*, characterized by a recent English writer as "a journal of amusing and instructive gossip;" The *Spectator*, "conspicuous for innocent merriment and decency;" followed by *The Tea Table*, *Town Talk* and *Chit Chat*. Then, thirty-six years after these, dear old bleary-eyed, elephantine Samuel

Johnson essayed a society journal. He published *The Rambler* twice a week (all the others were weekly or tri-weekly) and gave a needy scholar's estimate of the morals and manners of his time. Close on *The Rambler* followed *The Censor*, *Free Thinker*, *Lay Monastery*, and *Champion*, all journals of social life, to be found now only in the libraries of collectors of curious books and papers.

Later in the same century, as late indeed as 1789, there was a sudden efflorescence of society literature in France; but France has had fewer prominent society journals than England. This seems only natural. One race is silent and seclusive, the other social. That France holds her great place in the world today, says Matthew Arnold, is largely due to her eminent gift for social life. When wits and savants, women of fashion and people of rank can meet together on an equal footing, and meet daily, there is no need of a society journal. Everything one wishes to know can be obtained at first hands. Printed tomorrow, it will be stale. To the loving memory of some of these wits of the salons of Madame de Récamier, Madame de Staël, Madame Mohl and others we are indebted for our fascinating pictures of Parisian life in the nineteenth century.

Two hundred and twenty years ago an English nobleman, who was also a colonial governor, thanked God that he had come to live in a



THE LATEST PASQUINADE.

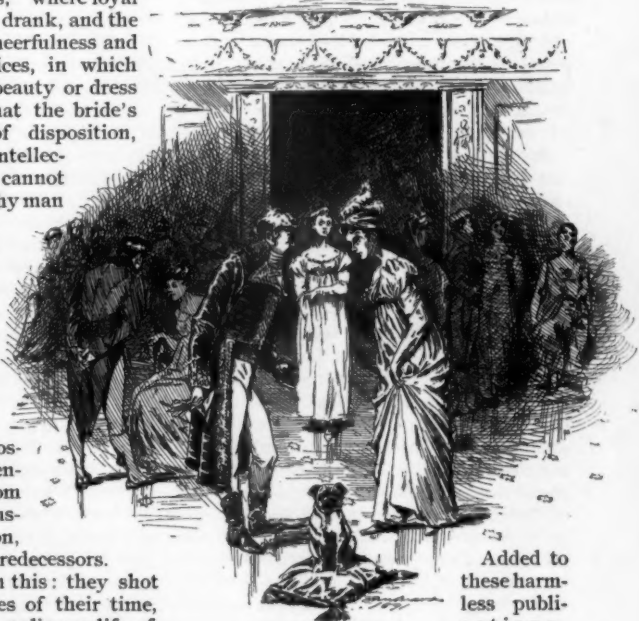
country where there were no schools and no newspapers: "for knowledge," he said, "brought evil into the world, and printing hath disseminated it." Not many years afterwards, however, a printing press appeared in Virginia and with it the first society journal of this country. The Gazette copied its title from Steele's English paper. It recorded the social life of the Old Dominion; the plays by amateurs at the theatre; plays also by the regular company of comedians, such as The Beggar's Opera and the Beaux' Stratagem; "genteel dinners," where loyal and patriotic toasts were drank, and the afternoon spent with cheerfulness and decorum; wedding notices, in which no mention is made of beauty or dress or surroundings, but that the bride's "amiable sweetness of disposition, joined with the finest intellectual accomplishments, cannot fail of rendering the worthy man of her choice completely happy;" poetical effusions, and society verse addressed to "Myrtylla" and "Florella"—etiquette forbidding the printing in the newspapers of young ladies' names.

So we perceive the society journal is not a blossom of the nineteenth century, albeit the blossom now shows a gallant cluster, which, in proportion, at least, exceeds all its predecessors.

From them it differs in this: they shot their arrows at the follies of their time, while we chronicle the ordinary life of ordinary people, how often they amuse themselves and in what fashion they are attired while thus engaged.

The society journal as it exists in New York today is a remarkable institution. To print a journal here involves labor, responsibility and capital. It certainly should accomplish something beyond the printing of social advertisements. Yet in this city some score or more of these papers exist, with no higher object, apparently, than to announce the astounding fact that Mrs. This or Mrs. That has given a dinner, dance or "tea;" how many guests she had, what they wore, who made their gowns;

who cooked the supper, who furnished the music and flowers. We read these solemn truths all during the season, and when the summer exodus takes place, flying couriers are sent in every direction to gather material for the inane recital, and all the costly machinery of type, paper and printers is brought into requisition to publish it. With these announcements is served the veriest skim-milk—not froth, for froth suggests the possibility of cream—of art note, or jingle of rhyme, or dramatic criticism.



POLITE GOSSIP.

Added to these harmless publications, there are

others especially read to beguile the tedium of life at the summer resorts. We hope their existence is ephemeral. They are nothing but vehicles of personal scandal. Their archetype may be found in the plays of Aristophanes, but without the Attic salt of that consummate artist.

These modern scandalmongers cannot long survive the manifest improvement in the taste and morals of the community. The vital principle of their being is Rochefoucauld's cynical maxim, that we feel pleasure in the mortification of our friends; and with the prevalence of a

more humane sentiment they will expire.

We have hitherto regarded the first-mentioned class of society journals pretty much as we do the English sparrows that find a comfortable living in our great city. We do not grudge them a crumb, now and then, and rather like their alert and cheerful presence. When one flutters in, and we find it beside our breakfast-plate, we receive the visit with a smile, and read the message it brings with no emotion, except, perhaps, that of pleasure that so many innocent little creatures can disport themselves in an atmosphere like ours, reeking, if we may believe the morning paper, with fraud and corruption, and lurid with disaster and death. We never dream of criticising them; we do not "break butterflies upon the wheel."

But lately we have waked up to the fact that while we glimpse these ephemeral sheets, our friends across the water read them. Clever Englishwomen are judging us because of these very society papers.

Observing the careful stippling-in of character drawing in the novels of Mr. James and Mr. Howells and other American story writers, they have long ago arrived at the conclusion that we have an "all-pervading hunger for elaborate descriptions of human beings, great, small and mediocre, which has no counterpart in the British soil." This opinion has been confirmed by the letters and conversations of their personal friends. We are constantly impressed with the unfortunate social relations of foreigners who come to America on voyages of discovery; or who seek, for their enlightenment, the acquaintance of Americans abroad. The distorted caricatures for which our countrymen have been the originals have never been very pleasant reading, and we certainly cannot, without protest, permit our national characteristics to be interpreted also through our society journals.

One of the most candid of the brilliant women who now contribute to the leading magazines is Miss Frances Power Cobbe. She tells us that it is the interest in nobodies—in men, women and children whose achievements, if any, are of a wholly insignificant kind—which is so remarkable among Americans, and which makes them differ essentially from the

English people. An Englishman will feel only the most languid interest in his neighbor's height or weight or fortune, unless that neighbor be in some way connected with himself. He might, indeed, regard him with a casual glance because of some great movement with which he is identified, while an American would tolerate being bored about the movement for the sake of learning something of the personal life of the men connected with it. Americans, she affirms, exhibit small concern about political or religious opinions, or the advance or failure of causes; but let someone touch on the personal character, looks or manners of the men concerned therein and they are electrified into life and interest.

And this interest attaches mainly to ordinary people. We are profoundly exercised, for instance, about "John Smith," and eagerly welcome information regarding him; "that he is five feet seven in height; weighs 120 pounds; has \$5000 a year; is married to Mary Smith; that they have four children, and are stopping at a house 500 miles away!" She adds that this is the sort of colorless gossip which pervades American literature to an enormous extent; and that it can do so only because the writers are aware it will be read with interest by their countrymen.

This is true—we deserve every word of it! It is hardly more severe than the recent utterances of our own Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, who knows us so well. But incidentally, and only in the interests of accuracy, we mention an error in the case of John Smith. John Smith with \$5000 a year could not arouse a ripple of interest in American society; unless, indeed, he robbed a bank or killed a man. Only John Smiths with fifty or more thousands of dollars a year ever appear as of any account in our society journals.

But precisely because so much is true of which we have no occasion to be proud, we are unwilling to be held responsible for anything we do not deserve. Miss Cobbe infers from the whole tone of American journals (sustained always in her inferences by the "letters and conversation" of her American friends) that we consider the invasion of our privacy by the newspaper or society interviewer a compliment instead of an affront. She says, on the other hand, that on no subject do Eng-

lish and American tastes differ more widely than on the pains and pleasures of publicity; that until the rise of "pestilent society papers in London," no journal described the homes, furniture, dress or habits of eminent men or women, except perhaps in the case of a grandiose morning journal report of a particularly splendid ball or state dinner, or the court milliner's list of dresses at the queen's drawing room; that even to this day, when all manner of breaches have been made in the wall of the Englishman's castle, he would resent any infringement of the line dividing himself as a private individual from himself as a statesman, author or artist; and finally, that this feeling being rooted and grounded in the British nature, there is no alternative except to believe that "Americans must be partly answerable for the horrid fashion of everlasting personal gossip which the London society papers have unhappily introduced into England"—Americans, with their love of vulgar notoriety, pure and simple, any amount of which they will accept with thanks, instead of a sense of outraged dignity!

I cannot tell to what extent we deserve to have the love of notoriety classed among our national absurdities. But as to this "everlasting gossip," some things puzzle us. Like Rosa Dartle, "I only want to know—I want to be put right if I am wrong." Why is it considered more outrageous and vulgar, more "horrid" to discuss in a weekly journal the dress and surroundings, such as hangings, pictures, flowers and furniture of persons now living, even although those persons may possess little besides their wealth to enhance the interest of an article, than to wait until they are dead, and then add to all these an exposition of their morals and meannesses, together with secrets from which they parted only with their lives? With what cruel freedom have English authors laid bare the innermost lives of English men and women! Is the freedom less cruel because they have not been "nobodies," but men and women of genius and valued leaders of public thought? Is it less repulsive that this exposure comes after their lips are sealed in death, rather than while they are alive and able to answer? All down the long line of biographies, letters and posthumous pub-

lication of diaries, from the Anglo-Saxon chronicles to Froude's *Life of Carlyle*, there is not a dusty corner or bit of moth-eaten tapestry or skeleton-abiding closet in the Englishman's castle—so impregnable a stronghold against the intrusion of the curious—that has not been mercilessly exposed to the public gaze; provided always his merits, misfortunes or eccentricities were sufficient to awaken the lethargic element in the British nature. From the fact that this did not occur during their lives we infer that such exposure was not desired by them—they, at least, were superior to the love of notoriety—but inasmuch as it is done after they are dead, we perceive that the American savage is not peculiar in that he "loves to be informed about notorious persons." The worst of all this frankness is the enduring form in which these personal facts are preserved; not read while one sips a morning cup of chocolate and then thrown into the wastepaper basket, but bound and lettered and ranged on the shelves of libraries, public and private.

We have always supposed our society papers to be feeble imitations of the court journals of London and to be only a part of our adoration of the English—adoration which may be perfectly reasonable in us but is certainly not reciprocated by them. The London journals are extremely popular in America.

In view of the present possibilities of the American heiress they naturally become useful agents in her education. No literature could be more significant to my "Lady Perhaps" than that which describes the life and environments of my "Lady Certainly." We have seen that our first society literature in this country copied the title and followed the plan of Steele's *London Gazette*. The ephemeral sheets of today most interesting to Americans are still those which instruct the daughters of the great republic in the ways of the court of the good queen, and most especially in those of the nobles of her realm.

If we really are responsible for the existence of the "pestilent society papers of London" we are bound to confess that they have improved upon their originals; and if the English, in learning to accept notoriety with serenity, have taken the lesson from us, they have bettered the

instruction. We have no newspaper accounts so full as theirs, of interiors, furniture, trinkets, gowns, journeys and visits. Stalls at charitable bazaars are ticketed with the names of noble ladies who, within the booths, sell their own photographs to any visitor. The photographs of Englishwomen are for sale in the London shops, a percentage accruing to the fair originals. The courtesy of granting a photograph to a reputable journal is new with us, but has long been the custom in England. We have no reason to suppose that English editors obtain them by piracy, or that the personal information which fills their pages is collected by other than honorable means. We do not hear of their being rebuked or suppressed.

Miss Cobbe would fain throw a friendly veil over the sad backsliding of her own countrymen and the enormities of ours, and she suggests some noble feelings which may lie at the foundation of much that seems absurd. But I fear we cannot shelter ourselves under the mantle of her charity. I am perfectly sure our vulgar curiosity does not arise from a "sense of human brotherhood"—still less do we submit to publicity from a generous willingness to withdraw our candle from beneath the bushel that it may send its light along the darker path of some fellow pilgrim.

Truly, I think we surrender our privacy because we cannot keep it. If we do not admit the "interviewer" when he comes to learn of our small evening party, he will assuredly draw upon his imagination for his facts. There is no fear of detraction or criticism; he will make us appear absurd, in another direction, by giving too glowing an account of an ordinary affair, and we will have to spend the rest of our natural lives in making explanation to our friends who feel themselves slighted because they had no invitations. It is best for our own sakes that the society reporter be kept within bounds. We have no redress. If we are offended, the editor will apologize, and in making much of a small matter add to our ridiculous position.



SOCIETY NEWS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

There is in America a feeling of genuine kindness for the interviewer, particularly if the office is filled, as it so often is in this city, by women of gentle birth and breeding. The inequalities of life are impressive when such a woman, in her efforts to maintain her own home, asks information about the sumptuous home of another woman, whose more fortunate life, not whose superior merit, creates the dividing line between them. It seems such a little thing to give—only a few words for a harmless paragraph.

Does anyone suppose that any woman of position cares to see her name printed in the papers; or that she submits to interruption and descends to the reception room to give audience to an "interviewer" for any reason on earth except that she is unwilling to withhold that which may benefit another?

"Be so kind, please," said a gifted little woman to me, "as to give me your ideas about the World's Fair." "Impossible!" I replied; "I am very busy; and besides I have no ideas." Meeting her afterwards I congratulated her on the clever article she had written and upon the number of "ideas" other women had given her, adding, "I was glad to see she had not needed mine." "Ah!" she sighed, "if you had said something my paper could have been longer—and I would have been paid more for it!"

Our friends in England must remember it has been their habit, from time immemorial, to send forth into the world the restless, adventurous spirits that are born

within their realm. Thousands of these come to America. The conservative remain at home and follow old customs and cherish old traditions.

America opens wide her gates, and to all who crowd them she gives a generous welcome. They are here to earn a livelihood, and many of them, fine, bright young fellows, earn it at once in the service of the press. If the "society column" in the newspapers and the society journal were suppressed tomorrow it would go hard for a time with some clever young Englishmen I know.

It is not of the existence of this kind of literature that we complain—the taste for gossip is an old one—it is the stupidity of endless reiteration of things we think we ought to know by this time, we have heard them so often. It has become a foregone conclusion that we have among us a class of people who find time to be always, as the French say, in *un état de représentation*.

We desire amusement, gayety, wit, good-natured satire upon ourselves even, whenever we are ridiculous; gossip, too, that offends nobody and profanes nothing. There is a wide difference between spice and poison; it is by no means necessary that a journal must be "insipid" in order to be "innocent."

We know all this and much more that is unfortunate in our social life, but we go on and on in the same old way, worshipping wealth, missing all our chances for social improvement, gathering, like the

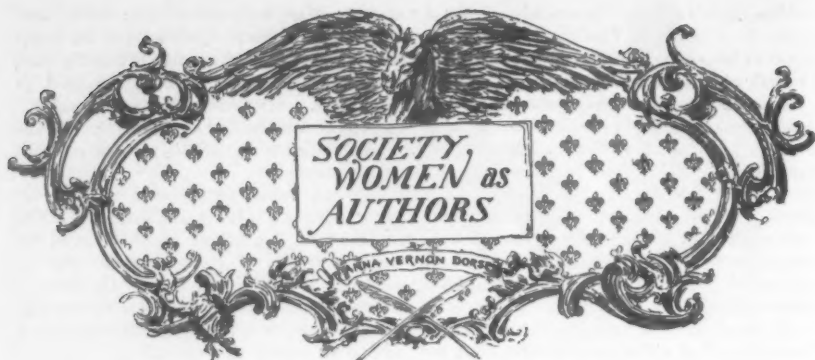
man in Bunyan's vision, the sticks and straws of the world, oblivious of an angel that offers a crown: until presently here comes some Bishop Huntington, and, in a brilliant "Drawing Room Homily," sweeps us off the face of the earth with the wrathful lightning of his righteous scorn and contempt.

We are forced to perceive that the society journal has been retrogressive. The ethical tone is perhaps better than in the earliest times of its existence, but its morality is simply negative. Its literary merit is nil. Its existence is by permission, because it is too insignificant a creature to be worth the crushing. Its only *raison d'être* is that people earn a living by means of it.

It is always a good sign when we begin to criticise. People are beginning to see that all is not quite as it should, that there is room for improvement. In the last twelve months more satirical things have been written about society and society journals than in the six previous years. Witness the brilliant articles that have appeared in the Forum alone! Bishop Huntington's "Drawing Room Homily," "The Love of Notoriety" and other papers by Miss Frances Power Cobbe; "Newspapers and the Public," by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner; "Types of American Women" (not quite all praise), by Professor Boyesen, and hundreds of caustic articles in newspapers relative to New York society and its numerical value.



A NIGHT EDITOR OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



"Dear dead women with such hair, too; what's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old."

BROWNING.—A LOCATTA OF GALUPPI'S.



TO some women that fickle goddess, Fortune, has given not only the gifts of beauty and genius, but also the rank which enforces their recognition and gives them a charmed circle of admirers. Of this recognition which we find in modern times under the auspices of Christianity there is little mention in the classic period. Sappho may have been of noble birth; Aspasia undoubtedly was, but she belonged more to the demi than to the haute monde; and the wonderful Hypatia, who, back in the fourth century, was the daughter of Theon, head of the Platonic school at Alexandria, was, no doubt, scorned as a mere schoolmistress by the haughty Egyptian ladies who were jealous of her fame and of the homage of the governor, Orestes. Among the noble dames to whom the Provençal poets, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, sung their roundels and virelays in the castle halls and quaintly clipped gardens of old

illuminated missals there were a few who responded and whose fame was widespread.

But Margaret of Navarre and Vittoria Colonna, the first women of note who undoubtedly come under this category, were contemporaries in the fifteenth century, and were both the noble results of the Renaissance.

It is unfortunate that Margaret, "the Pearl," the "Tenth Muse," as she was called, the devoted sister of Francis I., and the grandmother of the hero of Ivry, should be known to posterity only as the author of the *Heptameron*, a collection of coarse tales in imitation of Boccaccio which were in keeping with the taste of the times, but to which she always tried to attach a moral. Never was the real life of an author more at variance with his works than in the case of this lovely, high-minded lady who shielded the Protestants from the wrath of her brother, and who led a noble, studious life between her own court and the dissolute one of France; the tender-hearted, sympathetic friend of the needy and oppressed. The devotion be-



Anna Vernon Dorsey is one of the youngest American writers. She belongs to an old Maryland family. Her Irish and Quaker ancestry was as contradictory in its influences as her education. She passed one year of her childhood on a ranch in Southern California, one at a Baptist boarding school, two at a convent and one at an Episcopal school in Baltimore. Her first accepted work was an essay on "Tennyson's Idyls, Their Sources and Significance," written when she was twenty and published in the *American Magazine* for April 1888. In December 1889 her novel, "Betty—A Last Century Love Story," was published in the *Cosmopolitan* and met with much success. Since then several of her stories have appeared in different periodicals. She is well known in Washington society and spends most of her time between that city, New York and the old family plantation in Southern Maryland, whence she draws the inspiration for her negro and old life sketches.

tween herself, her mother and Francis I. was so great that they were called the "Trinity" of France, and her ideal attachment to her brother was so great that she only survived him a few months, dying in 1549, leaving the King of Navarre so distraught with grief that he never afterwards seemed to have an aim or object in life.

Among the celebrated Italian women of the fifteenth century, when the literary ardor had passed into private life, the one preëminent is Vittoria Colonna, born of that haughty family whose brawls with the Orsinis kept Rome in a turmoil. After twelve years of happy married life with the Marquis of Pescara she was left a young widow, wealthy and beautiful. She was sought in marriage by many noblemen, but she preferred to remain true to her husband's memory, idealizing that hardy and stern warrior in a series of sonnets which seem to us now cold and forced, but which were so exalted and spiritual as to gain for her the

name of the Divine Vittoria, the admiration of the literary circles of Ferrara and Rome and of such men as Cardinal Pole and Michael Angelo, with whom she had a lifelong and sacred friendship. We have flash-light glimpses of Vittoria and her friends, gathered on a sunny afternoon in a shady church, of her sending for Michael Angelo and luring him by her tact to speak of art, and of the cultivated circle visiting by moonlight the ruins of ancient Rome. When there she always went to see Michael Angelo, who regarded her as a divinity. At her death he knelt down and kissed her hand but always re-

gretted that the farewell had not been on her lips. The English women of this time played little part in the Renaissance. In Queen Elizabeth's reign they took their tone from their strong-minded mistress, and were women of action and business. In the court circles, where the queen was the dominant spirit, they for the most part lived on their estates, notable housewives, queens in miniature, sometimes viragoes, like Bess of Hardwicke. This spirit was palpable in one noble author, Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke and Dorset, who was much loved by the queen

in her childhood, and who has left a diary for us to read, in which she gives a naïve and flattering account of her own charms. She is famous for the spirited reply she sent to the secretary of state under Charles II., who, after the Restoration, recommended to her a candidate for one of her boroughs: "I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I won't be dictated to by a sub-

ject. Your man shan't stand. Anne, Dorset and Pembroke."

In France, in the seventeenth century, women were inaugurating that dictatorship over literature and politics which lasted to the French revolution. In the elegant hôtel of the Marquise Rambouillet, which stood between the Tuileries and the Louvre, gathered a brilliant society who shunned the profligacy of Henry IV.'s court, and who took a tone of such extreme refinement from learned and noble ladies—the *Précieuses*, or the *Précieuses*, as their admirers termed them—that Molière saw fit to ridicule their excessive



THE HONORABLE MRS. NORTON.



VITTORIA COLONNA.

delicacy in his play *Les Précieuses Ridicules*.

Among the guests of Madame Rambouillet's salon during those fifty years, giving rise, in their discussions on literature and the purity of the language, to the French academy, were such men as Malherbe, Corneille, Scarron, Bossuet and the young Armand du Plessis—not yet the terrible Cardinal Richelieu; and among the women, Madame de Sévigné and the lovely Madame de Lafayette, the novelist, whose platonic love consoled the latter years of the cynical La Rochefoucauld. Such friendships were peculiar to the time. Another such an one existed between plain, middle-aged Pélisson and equally plain, middle-aged Mademoiselle de Scudéry, a welcome guest at the hôtel and celebrated as being the first of a brilliant line of lady novelists. Mademoiselle de Scudéry's novels, *Le Grand Cyrus*, *Iphrahim* and *Clélie* were the sensation of the day. They were generally in twelve volumes each and took four years in publication. But this did not discourage the wits and belles of the day, who saw portrayed in the high-sounding and pompous heroes with Greek names, or the refined and susceptible heroine who faints at the mere

name of love, their friends and acquaintances, dukes and marquises of the Hôtel Rambouillet, transformed by classical titles and robes, carrying on fashionable and frigid flirtations through twelve volumes!

The rigid decorum of these historical novels, where good breeding excluded human nature and glossed over the real frailties of the time, were broken into by Madame de Tencin's novels, *The Memoirs of Comminges* and *The Misfortunes of Love*, which inaugurated the stories of "lawless love and hopeless death." She spoke with all the eloquence of passion, voicing her own clouded life. Pauline Alexandrine de Tencin, pretty, fascinating, witty, and too poor to marry, became a nun in a convent noted for its laxity. Protesting against her loss of liberty, she succeeded by the charm of her manners in freeing herself from her religious vows and went to Paris, where she resided with her brother, the handsome and profligate Abbé de Tencin, where she was soon the centre of a little court. At this time she was in her twenties. She was pretty, with delicate features, large, dark eyes and the furtive, catlike smile that marks the Mona Lisa, as of one who knew strange secrets



LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

of life. Her insinuating manners and subtle mind attracted many lovers, among them the dissolute regent, the Duc d'Orleans himself, who was attracted to her for a short time until he found that she endeavored to use his caprice for political ends. Her beauty and her brother's example made her one of the most notorious women in Paris, where she used her relations with such men as the degraded Dubois, the regent's tool, and La Fresnaye, to further the ambition of her brother, to whom she was really devoted. For this end she was unscrupulous and unsuccessful. So she turned that restless energy which was her

distinguishing characteristic to novel writing and to forming a salon, where her seeming sympathy and gentleness of manner enabled her to dissemble the political intrigues and dissatisfaction which were precursors of the French revolution.

The most brilliant Englishwoman of that day was undoubtedly Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. As Lady Mary Pierrepont, at the age of eight years, her reign as a belle and a wit began. Her father, the Duke of Kingston, a member of the Kit-Kat club, proposed her name as a toast, declaring that her beauty was greater than that of any lady of the day, and when the pretty child came in the room, beaming with smiles and gayety, the company confirmed his choice. After a few triumphant London seasons she accompanied her husband, Mr. Edward Montagu, who was much too dull and learned for his brilliant wife, to Constantinople, where he was appointed ambassador. From there she wrote a series of delightful letters descriptive of the country as she saw it—the East of the Arabian Nights, not yet become thread-



MADemoiselle DE SCUDÉRY.

bare by travel. She was the first European woman to visit a harem, and her account of the beauties of the Orient and their luxurious surroundings of fountains and nightingales and dancing girls is romantic and enthusiastic. From here she carried on a correspondence with Pope, her devoted adorer. Lady Mary rather scorned the devotion of her humpbacked admirer, and when, after her return to England in 1718, she treated his declarations with ridicule, he became her bitter enemy.

Madame de Staël's history is so well known as to hardly bear repetition. The daughter of that Mademoiselle Curchod who had been loved by the historian Gibbon, and of the minister and banker, the honest Necker, Germaine Necker's life was one brilliant triumph accorded to her genius. The bitter enmity of Napoleon, which drove her into exile, was no less a tribute to her powers than the love of Benjamin Constant, who, untrue to his name afterward, turned to the beautiful and impregnable Madame Récamier and

the admiration of Schiller and Goethe. She had rank and a great mind like a man's, but no beauty. She was dark, plain and eloquent, but such was her influence that at the age of forty-five she privately married a young man of twenty-five, M. de Rocca, who was very handsome and madly in love with her. For years after her death it was the fashion among literary ladies who aspired to be thought Corinnes, to appear, no matter what their physical peculiarities, in short skirt and sleeves, twirling the sprig of laurel which was Madame de Staël's source of inspiration, and surmounted by a turban of gauze and wire "as unlike the real sibylline or Moabite structure as the trademark on the bottles of Bass's pale ale is unlike the Pyramids of Egypt."

But with Madame de Staël contemporary criticism, which lights many torches to be blown out by the chilly breath of time, classed another writer now almost forgotten, that beautiful and clever Madame de Genlis, who seems to have led two lives, a "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" existence, that of the severe and moral preceptress of youth and the gay woman of the world. This dual existence seems to have been hers even when a child, for as Stephanie de Saint-Aubin, growing up half wild in an old château, she took the part in a play in the tinsel and pink costume of Love, delighting her eccentric mother so much that she decreed that it should be her uniform in future, and ordered two suits like it, one for common wear! It is not stated whether it was in this incongruous costume that she escaped by the window from her tutor, and was found teaching a party of village children po-

etry and catechism. She became governess to the children of the Duc d'Orleans, Égalité, with whom scandal coupled her name; and during the troublous times of the French revolution she was accompanied in her exile by them and by her own daughter, who afterwards married Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Under an assumed name, in dire poverty, she supported herself and her pupils by her pen and her numerous accomplishments. The young Duc de Chartres, afterwards Louis Philippe, used, during those hard times, to rise at four o'clock in the morning to teach mathematics at a college in Switzerland.

Napoleon granted her a pension, and she returned to her beloved Paris, dying there in peace and comfort—"a lively old lady"—in 1830, six months after her pupil ascended the throne. She was a voluminous and versatile writer, and her works are comprised in eighty-four duodecimo volumes. Her novels are exquisite; but the memoirs of her long and varied life, as beauty,



MADAME DE GENLIS.

author, woman of fashion and governess, are evidently insincere, and throw no white truth light on the inconsistencies of this complex and charming woman.

Until recently the domestic life of German women of rank seems to have extinguished their literary ambition, and there are few notable examples before Goethe's childish admirer, Bettine von Arnim. The national feeling on the subject may be summed up in the following ungallant epigram upon a Frau von Cheezy, who was a well-known authoress in the last century and the first part of this, under the name of Helmina:

" Helmina von Cheezy,
Geborne Klenke,

Ich bitte Si' geh' Sie,
Mit ihren poesie,
Sonst kriegt sie die Kränke."

Or, in plain English: "Helmine von Cheezy, née Klenke, I pray you go away with your poetry or you will come to grief!"

But the craze passed to England, where all the fashions were received, somewhat tardily from France, and the reign of the Bluestocking was as assured as that of the *Précieuses* had been. It is a curious fact that the two women—Sydney, Lady Morgan and Margaret, Countess of Blessington—who profited most by their beauty and wit, should have both been poor Irish girls, born to anything but the purple. If there ever was a mortal endowed by the good fairies for happiness, that one was Sydney Owenson. The daughter of the manager of a Dublin theatre—not a very exalted position—she seemed to carry something of the joy of the Christmas night on which she was born to all who came in contact with her beautiful, laughter-loving personality. She went out as governess at an early age, not to meet neglect or contempt, but to become the beloved intimate of the two families in which she taught. At



LADY MORGAN.

the first, the Featherstones of Bracklin castle, she had anything but an auspicious arrival; for, through some mistake about her valise, she reached them in mid-winter, clad in a muslin dancing frock, and pink silk slippers and stockings.

But the Irish gentry of that day were a rollicking set, as Lever testifies, and did not expect the decorum of Hannah More from a girl of sixteen.

Miss Owenson had already written some poems which did not amount to much. She was pretty and charming, a coquette with hosts of adorers, and a poor girl with great ambition. She took her Novice of Saint Dominic to London, captivated Phillips, the publisher, and scored a success by this florid work, which, in 1806, was followed by a greater success, *Glorvina*, the Wild Irish Girl, founded on an incident in her own life, when a Mr. Everard, violently opposed to the love made to her by his poor and ne'er-do-weel son, ended by falling in love and proposing to her himself. But *Glorvina*, as she was hereafter called—as Miss Burney became *Evelina*—had become the rage in London. She was dined and fêted and petted and made scores of distinguished friends, none of whom she ever lost. There must have been a rare magnetism about her inde-



MADAME DE STAËL.



Caroline Norton

pendent of her books. None of the latter, except *The O'Briens* and the *O'Flahertys*, linger on old bookstalls. She charmed everyone by her beauty and gayety, and at the parties where she was the centre of attraction she always wore, till her marriage, white Swiss dresses, and took her little Irish harp, to which she sang the ballad music then in vogue, "*Barbara Allen*" being her favorite. Her brilliancy and wit attracted Lord and Lady Abercorn, who insisted upon her coming to live with them at Stanmore priory, which, she said, resembled more a little town than a house, and where the visitors included more than half the nobility and talent of England. Here she was treated as one of the family; she had her own suite of rooms, as also had Doctor Charles Morgan, their resident physician, whom Lady Abercorn decided would be an excellent match for the

young authoress. He was clever, agreeable and handsome; but Sydney, who became engaged to him—perhaps because she was tired of being a dependent in a great family without a protector—coquetted with him so unmercifully that he lost heart. To this shillyshallying Lady Abercorn put an end herself by opening, one cold January day, the door of the library where Miss Owenson sat in her morning wrapper, and saying authoritatively, "Glorvina, come up stairs directly and be married; there must be no more trifling." And Glorvina went, and became Lady Morgan, for the doctor was soon knighted, and as happy a wife as if she had been married with the pomp of a princess. The after life of Lady Morgan was a series of successes in Dublin and London, both social and literary. She enjoyed the friendship and acquaintance of the most notable people, and on her visit to Europe she was accorded such favors as are usually granted only to royalty. She always retained the generosity of her youth and her early friends. Her first great sorrow was the death of Sir Charles in 1843, when she writes, "so ends my life;" but she survived him



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sixteen years, vivacious to the end and loving society, for she said that "living with the young kept her young."

When the beautiful and charming widow of the Earl of Blessington, who had been born Margaret Power, the daughter of a dissolute Irish magistrate, became in need of money through her own extravagance and that of her lover, the celebrated Count d'Orsay, who was also the husband of her step-daughter, she began to write novels. So successful were the coarse and flimsy productions that she sent forth in rapid succession, with the

name of countess on the titlepage to enhance their interest, that for several years she made from her pen £2000 per annum. At that time she was in the zenith of her glory and her salon was a miniature court where the genius and nobility of England assembled. The Count d'Orsay was the Admirable Crichton of the day—fop, athlete, author and painter—"Cupidon déchainé," Byron calls him; the leader of London fashion and so magnificent in his ideas that their joint income was found insufficient

to maintain their state. To escape their creditors, in 1849 the elegant count fled to Paris with only one portmanteau and a single servant and the countess followed him in two weeks, leaving all the glories of Gore house to be put up under the auctioneer's hammer before the curious eyes of Vanity Fair. Here she made her celebrated bon-mot to Louis Napoleon, whom she and Count d'Orsay had befriended during his exile and whose patronage and welcome as President of France they had a right to expect; but his manner plainly showed that he did not intend to be grateful. At that time,

just before the coup d'état, his tenure was very insecure, "Ah, madame," said the prince president, "are you going to stop long in Paris?" With a look of arch and satirical merriment Lady Blessington replied, "I don't know. Are you?" She died shortly after this and the count never recovered from his separation from the woman he had loved so well, and whom he followed, two years later, to the dim other world.

The fame of the author of *Zanoni* and *My Novel* has so eclipsed that of his unfortunate wife that few people know that

Lady Lytton published several novels in which she endeavored to make known to the world the wrongs she had endured from her husband and to support herself during their separation. She had been Miss Rosina Wheeler, a spoiled beauty, and whatever may have been the incompatibility of temper between them, there is no excuse for the selfish bully who, at the height of his fame and luxury, sent his high-spirited young wife into exile upon a beggarly and begrudged annuity of £400, and forced

her into an insane asylum until the scandal of her unjust detention was so great that the queen made known her displeasure to Bulwer, then colonial secretary. Ill-tempered she may have been, but there has been no word against her faithfulness as a wife and mother; and yet she was separated from her children, not allowed to see her dying daughter, and only saw her son, "Owen Meredith," the present Lord Lytton, once after he was six years old. She died after a wretched existence of poverty and harassment in 1882, aged seventy-five years. Her novels, *Cheveley*, *The Peer's Daughters*, *The Bubble Family*,



were her weapons against her husband, and created a great sensation on account of her rank and domestic troubles. Mrs. Trollope, the mother of Anthony and Augustus Trollope, had a high opinion of their literary merits.

The last queen of this dynasty of social sovereigns in England was also an Irish-woman. Caroline Sheridan was descended from that celebrated family of wits, playwrights and statesmen. It was her father, "Tom" Sheridan, who, upon being advised by his father to take a wife, asked: "Whose wife shall I take?" and when his father threatened to cut him off with a shilling, demanded to know where the shilling would come from. Caroline, one of three beautiful sisters, known as the "three graces," was married in 1827, when she was nineteen, to the Honorable



MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.



MARGARET OF NAVARRE.

George Norton. In 1830 she published a rather schoolgirlish and Byronic poem, "The Undying One," treating of the various love affairs of the Wandering Jew whose mythical existence had inspired the pen of Eugene Sue, Croly in *Salathiel*, and Godwin in *Saint Leon*. Wonderfully lovely, generous and impulsive, Mrs. Norton proved that genius in a woman coupled with beauty is a dower of unhappiness. Her husband's habits were such that after three years of protestations on her part and promises on his she left him and took refuge with her sister, afterwards returning to him and condoning his faults, only to find matters worse. Norton, in 1836, brought a suit against Lord Melbourne, who had been one of her most tried and trusted friends, seriously implicating Mrs. Norton, which was the sensation of fashionable England. The jury brought in a verdict in favor of Lord Melbourne without leaving their box. In the reign of William IV. she was at the height of her reputation and wrote much, using her pen to illustrate her works. She is said to be the original of George Meredith's "Diana of the Cross-

ways," that brilliant, complex character who stands out alive, humanly wrong and lovable among all the heroines of novels. Mrs. Norton was no mere fashionable writer of pretty trifles. Without her rank, her genius would have found her recognition, for she poured her warm, womanly heart-blood into her writings in defence of the poor and oppressed. In her poem, the "Child of the Isles," she treats of the birth of the Prince of Wales, contrasting it with that of wretched classes whose protector she predicts he would grow up to be—the valiant knight, another Arthur, bringing comfort and prosperity:

"Child of the Islands, thou whose cradle bed
Was hallowed still, with night and morning
prayer,
Thou whose first thoughts were reverently led
And taught betimes to anchor there;
Thou who wert reared with fond, peculiar care
In happiest leisure and in holiest light,
Wilt thou not feed the lamp whose lustre rare
Can break the darkness of this fearful night,
'Midst dim bewildering paths to guide faint steps
aright?"

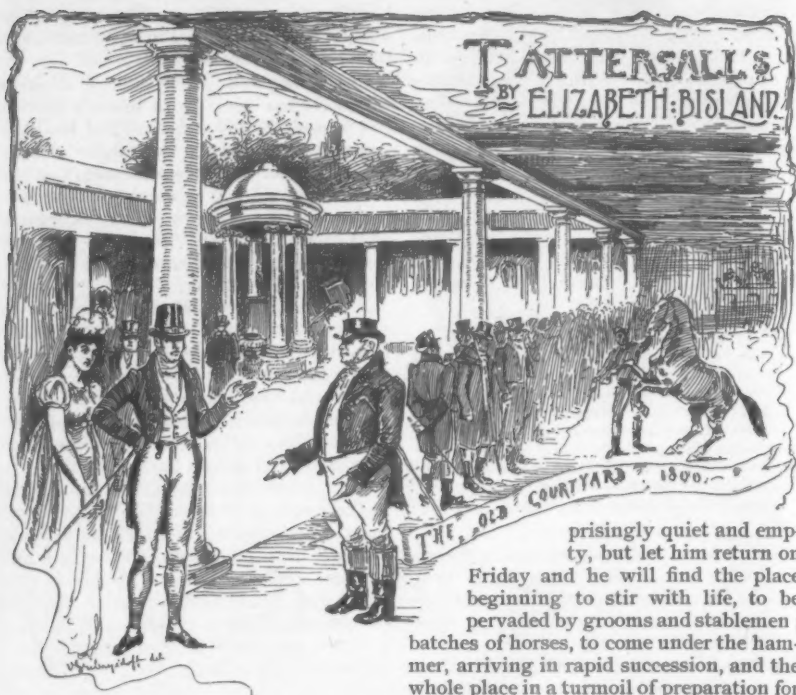
She was one of the first to call attention to the horrors of child labor in factories and to the condition of the lower classes in England, and that at a time when "slumming" had not yet become the fashion, when there was an absolute lack of sympathy with what was considered the whining discontent of the poor, and when the word "humanitarian" was rather one of reproach. She died in 1877, at the age of sixty-nine, having been the wife for one year of Sir W. Stirling Maxwell. Mrs. Norton is best known by her novel of Old Sir Douglas, and her occasional poems, "The Arab's Farewell to his Steed," "Bingen on the Rhine" and the

ballad of "Juanita," which will be remembered as long as there exist young ladies with contralto voices who have mastered the chord of D on the guitar.

From England the wave of fashion which crowns social with literary success has passed to this country, and we have among us several society women whose pictures of the manners and luxury of the Four Hundred, our moneyed aristocracy, are as much a sensation and are as eagerly read as were, in their day, the now-forgotten glories of Mademoiselle de Scudéry and Lady Blessington.

It is a difficult task to summarize in a few cold lines of type the long-past histories of these lovely women, to epitomize between the words "born such a year" and "died such a year" the charm of their beautiful personalities and their brilliant days full of love and sorrow and all the myriad moods that make living a fever. It were also difficult to show within these narrow bounds, how great a part these grand dames have had in making it easier for the women in the humbler and less romantic walks of today to gain a hearing. How much of the impetus of the present advance in woman's position is due to the example of intellect and capability these brilliant women constantly upheld to the men of their day will, perhaps, never be rightly measured, and its estimate cannot be attempted here. There are no living Madame de Staëls and Lady Morgans, but hundreds of thousands of women earn their daily bread more easily and with more respect from themselves and their fellows because of the gifted Frenchwoman and the Irish beauty whose talents brought them fame.





THE old Lancashire patronymic set at the head of this article has been for more than a century a household word wherever English is the native tongue—the Anglo-Saxon blood being at all times accompanied by an innate love of the horse, and with the horse the name of Tattersall is now indelibly associated. Under this title is pointed out to the visitor to London a cluster of buildings in Knightsbridge, close to Albert Gate, and within these he discovers the most famous and important horse market in the world.

If the day be a Tuesday or a Thursday, the visitor will find the horse market sur-

prisingly quiet and empty, but let him return on Friday and he will find the place beginning to stir with life, to be pervaded by grooms and stablemen; batches of horses, to come under the hammer, arriving in rapid succession, and the whole place in a turmoil of preparation for Monday's auction. The frequent hansom deposits at the doorway gentlemen whose mustaches tend to tropical luxuriance in their growth, whose hats are "knowing" and whose trousers strike an emphatic staccato note of the passing fashion; who bear about with them in every atom of their being the atmosphere, intangible but unmistakable, of "the sporting gent."

Saturday brings yet more horses, more stablemen, more grooms, more sports. The hansoms now begin to set down men of another type—the hunting squire; a lean, big-boned person with a high nose and a thin brown face, showing no trace of his three-bottle ancestor, the tradi-



Elizabeth Bisland was born on Fairfax plantation in the Teche county of Louisiana. She gave early promise of literary talent, and at fifteen years of age published, under the pseudonym B. L. E. Dane, a number of graceful sketches and poems. Very soon after making her home in New York city Miss Bisland became a frequent contributor to the *Cosmopolitan*, and in the autumn of 1889 undertook a flying trip around the world in the interest of that magazine. The result was a series of animated letters full of acute and womanly observation. Up to that time journalism had been Miss Bisland's profession, and a vast amount of clever unsigned work left her prolific pen. Returning from her swift circuit of the globe she determined to live abroad, and since then has collaborated a one-volume novel with Rhoda Broughton, written articles on European life for the *Cosmopolitan* as well as letters from Paris and London. She is now engaged on a romance and play with Miss Broughton as her literary partner.

tional rotund and rubicund John Bull of earlier generations—members of Parliament, a little more given to flesh, owing, perhaps, to long slumbers on the government benches while the fluent Hibernian raves through the dragging hours between dinner and midnight—the member deliberate and dignified; bien-brossé, very well turned out as to coats, and in

search of a quiet Park hack for the morning canter in the Row. Tall, pink-faced youngmen, as well groomed and well set-up as the other thoroughbred animals inside, also drop in. One comes to look for a polo pony; another, of the military persuasion, hopes to pick up a stray beast that may serve as an extra charger. A third seeks a leader for his tandem, or a wheeler for his coach; a fourth is here to take a last look at his own belongings, brought

under the hammer by the pressure of debt and duns. Now and then the hansom draws up with a flourish and sets down a smart girl, arrayed with the utmost perfection of neatness and finish, and bearing about with her a fixed opinion that she has as complete a knowledge of the points of a horse as is possessed by the great Tattersall himself.

Saturday is a day crowded full of business, for on Monday the auction takes place, and buyers and sellers both feel the

need of fully making up their minds as to all their wishes, intentions and preferences before the sale actually begins.

A triple-arched gateway, opening at the point of junction of the Brompton and Cromwell roads, leads into the Tattersall precincts. On the right, as one enters, are the offices—modest enough in appearance—where all the clerical and finan-

cial details of the enormous business transacted by the establishment are conducted. To the left is a series of lofty and beautifully decorated apartments for the use of such of the clientèle of the place as are connected with the Jockey club or are people of importance in sporting matters. Dividing the two is a large paved court, and this conducts to the great stables, a model of size, convenience and comfort, and a place of storage for the horses put up for sale.



E. Tattersall

The four long stables inclose a huge parallelogram which serves as the auction room, and in the centre of this is a little, old-fashioned pavilion in the style of the eighteenth century, with a bust of George IV. on top of it. It is the only relic remaining of the old establishment that stood for so many years at Hyde Park corner, and was brought here when the old buildings were demolished and the new ones opened in 1866. In one corner of this room is the auctioneer's pulpit,

and immediately below it, around the space where the horses stand when being sold, runs a slight railing, lest a sudden lashing out of impatient heels might disturb the too-eager bidder. In the pulpit is mounted a tall, handsome, middle-aged man; ruddy withal, and of a cheerful countenance—Tattersall himself; fourth of the name.



say? Start him, please. Fifty? Thank you!"

The beast is a bay; somewhat on in years, and has a clipped knee. The squires take no interest, and the bidding is languid. Eventually he is knocked down for seventy-five pounds to an elderly man, whose appearance suggests that he retired from the army with a lean purse, and is hopefully in search of some cheap hunting.

Here comes another. Chestnut, sixteen hands, or a thought more perhaps, with a lean, clever head and a bold, confident eye. The wealthier hunting men come forward and remove the cigars they have been smoking from between their lips. They contemplate with much approval the wide, powerful quarters knitting evenly into the back, the square, muscular thighs, the clean tendons and well-shaped feet, the ample heart and lung space and the wide open nostrils.

"Out of poor old Sir Richard's lot, you know," says one spectator to another in the crowd.

"Yes," answers the second. "Know him well," and then the auctioneer breaks in:

"Nonpareil, gentlemen. A good hunter. One hundred; thank you."

"Used to hunt the same country with that horse three times a week," continues the second speaker. "He's a bit of a handful in the first two or three fields, and wants all the room you can give him for any stiff jumps; but he knows his work well, and what's better, likes it."



The first speaker ponders these revelations for a minute and then glances up and nods.

"Three hundred! Thank you! All done at three hundred!—three hundred and twenty—and fifty! Four hundred!—Thank you, my lord. All done at four hundred?"

A small man with a gray face and gray eye, whose countenance is familiar to all England, secures this desirable animal for four hundred pounds. And so the day goes.

At times Mr. Tattersall yields his place to his sons, but when anything big is to the fore he takes the hammer himself, doing with it astonishing feats, as notably in the famous Chaplin sale. On Tuesday the place once more relapses into quiet and the stables are empty. But the real business of the place knows no diminution in the interval that takes place between this and the next public auction on the following Monday. In the offices on the right-hand side of the entrance a staff of clerks toil busily and immense sums of money change hands. To the rear of these offices is the private room of the head of the firm, Mr. Edmund Tattersall; the walls of this room being hung close with portraits of jockeys, patrons of the turf and great racers and hunters of past days. The most noticeable of these portraits is a ruddy-faced, ample man in a red waistcoat, knee breeches, and old-fashioned "John Bull" hat—the original Tattersall of all, who founded the establishment and rose to fame something over 125 years ago.

The record of the Tattersalls as Lancashire yeomen reaches back



through six centuries, and affords an interesting example of the wholesome vigor of these good old Anglo-Saxon families whose roots are deep in the soil. Their ancient homestead, known as "the Holme," still



stands at the foot of the hill, portions of it dating from the days of Elizabeth,

and being moreover mentioned as a homestead in Lancashire archives as long ago as 1380. At the top of the hill lived Spenser the poet, and the view from this vantage ground is described with great minuteness in the Faëry Queen.

The annals of Hurstwood contain always frequent mention of these Tattersalls—marrying and giving in marriage, taking up farms, bringing suits at law, fighting, inheriting, dying and being honorably buried. When Prince Rupert passed through East Lancashire the local gentry flocked to his standard and Richard Tattersall followed suit, escaping later from Marston Moor to aid Sir John Mallory hold Skipton castle for the king. The Tattersalls, it would appear, were always king's men; for, in 1745, when Captain Towneley, his Jacobite friend and neighbor,



"went out" for the Pretender the young Richard Tattersall of that day was so deeply compromised that his temporary effacement became a prime necessity. It may be guessed that he came to London—safest of all places to lie perdu—for when the storm blew over Richard suddenly showed himself in the metropolis and was looking about for means of livelihood. He had inherited £10,000, invested in a wool stapling business, but what between a too ardent devotion to dogs and horses, and costly dabblings in rebellion, he left Hurstwood deep in debt. In later years, it is said, he gave a great

dinner to all his ancient creditors and each man found at his place the sum due him, with the interest—this honesty and the plenteousness of good port producing, so the chronicle has it, much embracing, and even tears of amity.

The Duke of Kingston had secretly no great prejudice against one who had suffered for the king over the water, and when the sufferer was, at the same time, one of the best horsemen in England, it was held possible for him to be appointed to the important position of the ducal Master of the Horse. While holding this office equine matters fell much into the young Tattersall's hands and it became in time a matter of course that when a great auction of racing studs was to be held he should manage it.

There was no regular place or time for these transactions at this period, and Tattersall, seeing his opportunity, resigned his equeirryship with



the duke and set up in the business of horse selling. The Earl of Grosvenor—an ancestor of the present Duke of Westminster—gave him a ninety-nine years' lease of the Five Fields on which Belgrave and Eaton squares now stand, and also built for him stables, club-rooms, auction mart and offices. This, all in 1766. The young man had made many powerful and wealthy friends while in

the duke's service, and the public quickly learned to appreciate the convenience of a regular repository for horses and a fixed sale day. The Jockey club made Tattersall's their headquarters and in process of time the place became the centre of the hunting and racing world. Hundreds were bid and thousands changed hands in the narrow yard and small apartment where sales were made and backers and layers fought their battles.

As the business increased Richard Tattersall began to enlarge his borders. He amplified the premises, built stands for carriages, which were sold privately, and



RICHARD TATTERSALL.

kennels for hounds, that were sold by auction. Rooms were handsomely fitted for the use of the Jockey club, which held its meetings and lived there on the same principle as members of the Coffee room do now at Newmarket. Sales were held not only at Hyde Park corner, but at Newmarket, York, and elsewhere, and Tattersall's grew to be then, as it is now, the great medium of traffic in race horses for England, Ireland, France, America and the West Indies.

The famous stallion, Highflyer, was purchased from Lord Bolingbroke for 2500 guineas, and the stud farm at Ely was founded, where also rose Highflyer hall as a residence for the successful dealer in horses.

Some famous sales were made about this time. The Prince of Wales (later George IV.) sent his stud to the hammer, and from eighty-seven horses of all classes Tattersall realized for him nearly 8000 guineas. From that day he stood high in favor with the prince, and the pipe of port he laid down each year at Highflyer hall had serious inroads made upon it by the royal parties who came over from Newmarket, drank their three bottles apiece, and indulged in a thousand mad antics.

In 1795 Richard, who had made himself one of the powers and institutions

of the kingdom, passed away full of years and honors, and was succeeded by his son Edmund, who sold off the stud and devoted himself mainly to following the hounds. In 1811 he followed his father, leaving behind him three sons, Richard, Edmund and George, who all shared in the labors of the firm—the present head, Mr. Edmund Tattersall, being the son of George, youngest of the three.

The ninety-nine years' lease of Hyde Park corner expiring in 1866, the establishment was transferred to its new quarters in Knightsbridge. The little pavilion with the bust of George IV. above it was preserved and transferred to the present auction room as a relic of its predecessor. Two copies of an enormous painting made some time previous to the demolition of the old buildings still exist, and these preserve the memory of the great horse market, along with many likenesses of famous sportsmen. The painting shows Tattersall's yard crowded with well-known Englishmen, all the faces being portraits, and very excellent ones. One sees here the old Duke of Beaufort, a mere slim youth, but already handsome and debonair, and beloved of all the sporting world; the unfortunate Marquis of Hastings, a beardless boy with a reckless face; the father of the present Duke of Newcastle, well set up and stalwart; the famous Marquis of Queensberry, the Duke of Westminster, Lord Hartington, and half the names of the Peerage.

The old Duke of Beaufort still comes and periodically holds a council in an upper room where he sits in judgment upon disputed points as to sporting matters, his decision being in most cases accepted as final. In this room of his hangs a fine oil painting of Flying Childers, whose record yet remains unchallenged, though modern horsemen declare that the accuracy of our ancestors' timepieces was at fault when they credited that equine marvel with a mile in one minute.

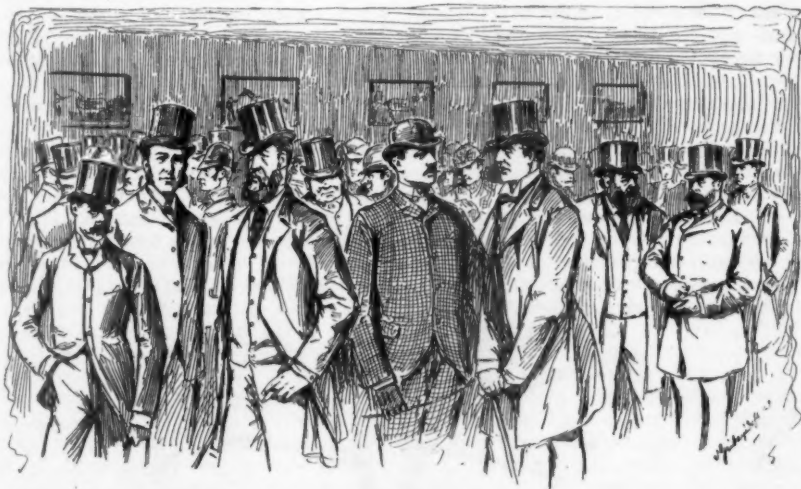
On the opposite side of the court from the offices, in the great club rooms, one sees on any important day the noted frequenters of Tattersall's. Lord Randolph Churchill comes often, and what attention he has to spare from politics is given to the interests of his racing stables, with which he has of late years been rather

successful. Lord Hartington is not unknown here either, for he also finds relaxation from political cares in racing. The Devonshires have always had famous stables, more than one Derby winner standing to their credit. A big, shaggy man, Hartington; careless in his dress and always with his top hat pulled over his brows at an alarming angle—a contrast in every way to Lord Randolph, undersized, carefully gotten up, and with a gray, impassive face, pinched a little, as if by some obscure ailment. Lord Rosebery often comes, and is learned in matters equine. When only a brilliant, promising boy at the university he declared he had but three desires in life: to marry the richest heiress in England, to win the Derby and to be prime minister. Lady Rosebery, recently deceased, was a Rothschild. When Mr. Gladstone is gone the chances are good that Lord Rosebery will succeed him. But, so far, the Rosebery stables have not produced a Derby winner, though their colors came in on one occasion a good second. Lord Lonsdale is another habitué of the place, and buys discerningly, he being one of the best whips in the three kingdoms; and Lord Shrewsbury, his rival for first place in this accomplishment, comes as often. No one is better known at Tattersall's than the Marquis of Ailesbury, who is altogether and distinctly horsey in his

type, and the Duke of Fife comes here to purchase his coach horses, on which he spends large sums. Mr. Shoolbred, who drives for his own pleasure all summer long the coach between London and Guilford, drops in to attend the auctions from time to time, as does the amateur whip who takes the coach to Brighton; and Colonel North, of nitrate fame, frequently makes purchases at Knightsbridge.

The present owner—Tattersall iv.—has been actively engaged in the business since 1850, and sole head since 1864, when his cousin became too ill to retain any share in it. It was he who made the July sales at Newmarket an important sporting event and brought them to a level with those at Doncaster, and it was he also who instituted the winter sales at the same place. In 1886 Mr. Somerville Tattersall, the eldest son, became a partner in the firm, and bids fair as Tattersall v. to carry on the traditions of the old house with honor and success. He has very recently visited America, to aid in organizing there the two establishments of the same nature in New York and Chicago which bear the famous name, and have also inherited the traditional prosperity of the parent institution.

The Tattersall home is Coleherne Court, the Jacobite mansion built by General Lambert, the Cromwellian, who, doubt-



A GROUP AT TATTERSALL'S.

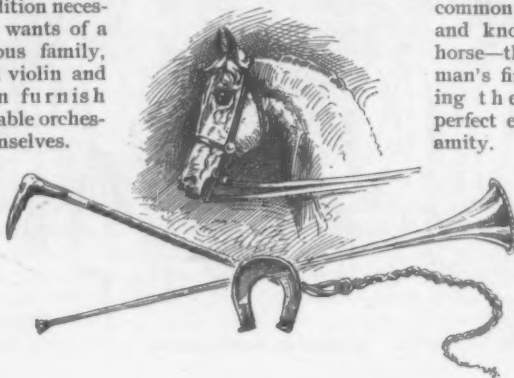
less, never suspected his quiet country house would in course of time be engulfed by the ever-rising tide of London's brick and mortar. This tide has, however, flowed around and not over the place, for the mansion still stands unmolested behind the safe barriers of the high walls which inclose a space of lawns and gardens, fine old walnut trees and holly walks. Without is the roar of London traffic, the

rumble of the underground railway, the busy haste of the town; but once the door in the wall closes behind the visitor, all suggestion of city life vanishes before a picture of green solitude and peace. A paved walk between clipped hedges leads to the entrance of the old Roundhead's home—plain, ample and substantial, as was, no doubt, the original builder. Within and without few changes have been made. The long, low rooms remain undisturbed, and still retain many old bits of furniture and decoration of the period, to which have been added every device of modern English comfort and luxury. The fine old dining room contains another portrait of the founder of the Tattersall firm, and also a picture of the costly Highflyer who gave his name to Highflyer hall. Beyond this is a fine and lofty music room—a modern addition necessitated by the wants of a very harmonious family, skilled on both violin and piano, who can furnish quite a respectable orchestra among themselves.



AN AUCTION IN PROGRESS.

Nothing more typically English than the story of this sturdy family, identified for centuries with one neighborhood, and their famous horse market, is possible. The firm partakes of the nature of the family—steady, deep-rooted, prosperous—content with the slow and sure methods of business, and entirely above all question in matters of probity and honor. Here is exemplified, too, the innate democracy of a sort which pervades aristocratic and monarchical England more truly and completely than any other country in the world. The Tattersalls, who, despite their very large wealth and power, have never had a wish or made an attempt to escape out of the class in which they were born, have been for considerably more than a century the frequent hosts of the greatest men of the kingdom, the common bond of love and knowledge of the horse—the Englishman's first love—bringing them together in perfect equality and amity.





BY DAISY O'BRIEN.

THE stairs that led to Signor Lagardi's studio were long and narrow and dirty. "Perfectly detestable," Dorothy Dean had called them, and she was emphasizing this opinion now as she climbed the endless steps. "Oh," she cried, between her breaths, "music hath charms, but it seems it lacks the power to run elevators. What ever possessed the signor to choose such a place?"

Miss Dean spoke impulsively and did not consider the injustice of her reproaches. She must have known Signor Lagardi had no choice in the selection of a studio. It had been a matter of stern necessity with him. Economy was his master, and so he had decided upon these rooms over an old music shop in an unfashionable quarter of the city. True, the ceilings were low, the light poor, and the odors most disagreeable; but the rent was cheap, and that meant everything to the signor.

Then, too, Carlo Lagardi was not a man to make a splurge. His aim was to begin at the bottom and work up to the top, if he could. Before he left his own country for

this land, his mother laid her hand on his head and said: "Carlo mio, remember it is a long road to success. Be not in a hurry, but have courage and all will come right in the end. Thou art a good boy, Carlo. Be my brave, good son always, that I may be proud of thee in my old age."

He took the white hand and raised it to his lips. "I will be thy good son, madre. I will go into the new country and work hard for thee; then I will come back to dear Italy, and we will live together again, thou and myself and the mandolin."

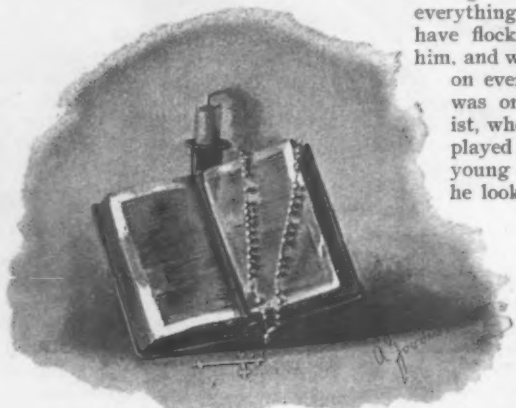
The mother drew the son close to her, his dark head resting against her snowy one. "Go, and God go with you," she said, smiling through her tears. The cathedral bells rang out for vespers and they knelt together in silent prayer.

When Dorothy had reached the landing she paused a moment to listen to a sprightly madrigal the signor was playing. Then, after a few taps at the door, to which a pleasant foreign voice responded, she entered.

Signor Lagardi stood before his music rack, his mandolin in hand. He came forward smiling.

"The signora is late for her lesson to-day." She made her excuses, which were many and diffuse, quite bewildering the little musician—this gay, abrupt, beautiful American always made his heart flutter too much for real comfort. He could not understand the new and remarkable feeling that had come over him.

He stood there now, silent and smiling, his handsome, expressive eyes upon her fair face. He was rather a little man, slight and muscular of build, with a dark skin and clear-cut features; his mouth, delicate and sweet as a woman's, was re-



deemed from weakness by a chin strong and firm; his hands were the hands of an artist, long, slender, with tapering fingers and narrow, aristocratic nails.

When Dorothy Dean first met Signor Lagardi she quite raved about his grace, beauty and talents. He was something new and different, so she immediately adopted him and interested herself in his behalf by procuring pupils for him and inviting him to assist at private entertainments given at her own charming home. She was passionately fond of music, and would often have him come to her house in the evening, when she would play his accompaniments for him, and he would go through piece after piece as if in a dream. Dorothy played well, with delicacy and precision, and the signor liked nothing better than a good accompani-

ment for his beloved mandolin. Dorothy, too, was equally delighted with her part, enjoying the exquisite harmonies our musician could draw forth from that daintiest of instruments.

Signor Lagardi, in a way, was a genius, but a genius as yet unrecognized. No one knew how really wonderful his execution was, how marvellous his expression and how beautiful his conceptions. Few, indeed, knew that within the quiet recesses of his little room the most bewitching airs were composed, the most touching melodies were improvised. If, perchance, the little signor had been a loud and boisterous pianist, and with much blowing of trumpets had gone through the land, he would have carried everything before him. People would have flocked by the thousands to hear him, and would have sounded his praises on every side. But Signor Lagardi was only a poor obscure mandolinist, who took pupils and occasionally played in concerts. Still, he was young and of a hopeful nature, and he looked forward to the day when

he could return to his mother with laurels of glory and honestly earned gold to lay at her feet. His was a simple, sweet disposition, as guileless as a child's, yet with a man's courage and patience of soul.

This particular morning Miss Dean was restless. She either could not or would not

learn. The strings cut her fingers; her wrists ached; and "Oh, dear, how clumsy I am. I know I never can manage this thing. Now, if it were the piano." She looked up into his eyes, smiling at her own pettishness and his astonishment.

He gave the mandolin which she had pushed aside a caressing touch. It grieved him that she should speak slightly of his pet. Suddenly his face brightened. "Ah, yes; the piano. If you would play the piano now and I the mandolin, and we would play together always—so—then—that would be happiness." He said this innocently enough, with no attempt at coyness, yet the girl was embarrassed. She was used to flattery, but not to sweet candor like this.

"Signor," she said, after a few seconds had passed, "will you copy that new piece

for me now? There is no use of my trying to learn it here. I will practice it at home." He bowed a courteous assent. The signor was always politeness itself. Then he went to the little table where an old violin, some sheets of music and books were scattered in artistic confusion.

While he copied the piece she occupied herself in gazing out of the window upon the busy street below. An Italian fruit vender was going by shouting "Ba-naa-no, Ba-naa-no," at the top of his healthy lungs. Some children were following and mimicking him in a noisy, teasing way, and Dorothy, too, found herself repeating inwardly the singsong words; "Nice-a cheap ba-naa-nos. Ten-a cent-a dozen," over and over again.

Then her attention wandered to the room. She looked at the bare floor, the plain chairs, the few pictures—mostly of the musician's native land, and one of his mother. Here her glance rested as it had many times before, for it was a strong face. An old lady with silvery hair, crowned by a cap of snowy muslin. A distinctly grand head, with intellectual features and an expression full of gentle sadness. Dorothy drew nearer, examining it a trifle wistfully, perhaps. She had never known a mother's love and care, and Signor Lagardi's devotion and reverence for his parent was both touching and enviable to her. Her thoughts wandered off into the past, when she dimly remembered her father kneeling beside a bed where lay an inanimate form, and herself but a mere baby, standing by in vague wonderment of it all. Then her father's sister came, and "Auntie" was almost a mother to her from this time

on. It was only that nameless difference between the real and unreal which she would feel in spite of the affection, kindness and care bestowed on her from infancy up by this aunt.

She turned away from the picture with a sigh to find the signor staring at her longingly. "You are in trouble?" he asked softly.

"No," she answered, "it is only that I am envying you the love of a mother."

A proud look came into his face, quickly changed to that of tender sympathy. "You have no mother, signorina? I am sorry for you."

Dorothy turned again to the little picture on the wall. "Tell me about your mother, signor. She is very beautiful and she must be very good."

"She is good and beautiful. You wish to hear about her? If the signorina will have the goodness to be seated I will tell her something of the home in Italy."

In his broken English he told her his little story, and when he had finished she reached out her hand to him.

"Thank you, Signor Lagardi. You have taught me a lesson in patience and humility. There are few women like your mother."

He looked into her eyes, his face transfigured with pride and joy.

"You love her, too," he cried. "I am so glad. She shall be our mother together."

Dorothy smiled. She was a little frightened by this man's frank simplicity.

"Yes," she said; "she will be our mother. We will be like brother and sister together."

Brother and sister? Carlo drew a sharp breath. For the first time since he had known her it came over him like a flash that he





loved this sweet girl, but not as he would love a sister.

Twenty years ago Signora Lagardi was left a young widow with two children; one, Paolo, eight years old, the other, Carlo himself, then six. They were very poor, and she kept herself and children alive by doing fine needlework. The signora came of a distinguished family. Her father was a noted politician, cold and almost harsh in nature; her mother a brilliant, arrogant woman of the world. She was early sent away to a convent to be given the usual education, and when she came home had all possible advantages in the way of accomplishments, but the one thing she craved was lacking—human sympathy and affection. In her home, full of priceless works of art, made rich with costly decorations, true love, that dearest of all possessions, was utterly wanting. No wonder that the young, sensitive heart went out to the first person who was kind to her.

Very soon after her return from school she committed the grievous sin of falling in love with her music master, a violinist, poor and unknown. Against the wishes of her parents she became his wife, and from that time on was treated as an outcast by the entire family. In spite of this, the few years of her married life were full of happiness and contentment. Love for her husband and babies kept her strong and cheerful, although the new life was far different from the luxurious one she had

been used to in her old home. She was her husband's bright star until he died of the disease which had long been lurking in his veins.

Then the signora was left alone with two children, broken-hearted and without money. Something must be done. So she dried her tears and bravely went to work.

By her embroidery, which she had learned from the sisters at the convent, she managed to

provide for herself and little ones; and so they lived on from day to day.

In the evenings, when it had grown dark, she would lay aside the needlework and light the candles. This was her recreation hour when she taught the children their lessons. Then, before they went to sleep, she would sit beside the bed and tell story after story; old-fashioned tales of chivalry and romance with strong moral endings. Not until the little forms grew quiet would the tired mother seek her own bed, and then it was not to rest but to lie awake hours, dreaming of her boys' futures. Her ambition was great and she planned many a brilliant career for them. She also found much interest in watching the development of the little fellows' characters. Paolo, the elder, was of a serious nature, with evident religious tendencies. He was absorbed in books, and seemed to be living in another world half of the time, his severe and solemn countenance giving him a very comical appearance in contrast to his little, round, healthy body. Carlo was the direct opposite of his brother; a bright, sunny temperament, fond of play, caring little for books, and with one great passion, that of music. He would follow a street band for blocks, and then come home to pick out the catchy airs on his father's violin. His mother, realizing this to be a genuine talent, wisely

encouraged it, and as soon as she had saved up money enough sent him to a master.

One day he came home all excitement. He had been given a ticket to a concert that was to take place that afternoon. Signor Vigna, the celebrated mandolin player, was to be the attraction. The mother smiled at the child's enthusiasm, little dreaming that this was to be the turning point in his life. Carlo fell in love with the mandolin player and his instrument. He wished, hoped and even prayed that he might have a mandolin of his own some day. As soon as his mother gave her consent he managed to get some work, through the assistance of his violin teacher, and in this way earned money enough in time to buy the long-looked-for treasure. In learning to play he had no trouble, for the fingering of the mandolin is the same as with the violin, the wrist movement being the only difficulty. This mere muscular agility he soon mastered, and with the help of Signor Vigna and constant practice became in the end a finished artist. It was not exactly the career his mother had planned for him; but she was proud of his great talent, and did all in her power to assist him, and, when it came time for them to part, gave him her blessing without a word of complaint at the long separation before her; for she would be practically alone now, Paolo having matured his religious tastes and gone to join a brotherhood. He had not gone far; only across the river, on the other side of Florence. Still, he had gone and she was alone. Carlo's conscience troubled him at the thought of leaving his mother, but he knew her to be strong and courageous, and it was not as if she were without friends. There were many to whom the good woman had endeared herself by her industry and earnest Christianity. Then it was she who had proposed this new venture; it was she who helped and urged him on to what she was sure meant success in the end. And so it was in this way that Carlo Lagardi came to America.

Dorothy was at the piano, while the signor stood near, turning over some sheets of music.

"We will play this, signorina," handing her selections from Lucia di Lammermoor.

Dorothy ran her fingers lightly over the keys. She was full of the excitement music always created in her. The soft color in her cheeks had heightened into brilliancy; her gray eyes looked almost black; her movements were all eagerness.

She was dressed in some picturesque Frenchy thing, seemingly all ribbons and lace and dainty oriental colors. Her hair of burnished brown was waved high on her head and ornamented with a tall comb of old silver, adding a piquant dash to the whole effect. The signor had noticed every detail of her appearance. He had the artist's eye for beauty, and the true Italian love of its perfection. Not that Dorothy was perfect; yet she was, perhaps, very near to it, and that answers just as well when one is denied the best—that is, to simple-hearted people like Carlo.

They now played the beautiful airs from Lucia through, and when they had finished the sound of clapping of hands came from the adjoining library. A pretty feminine head peeped through the curtains dividing the two rooms.

"That was exquisite, Signor Lagardi. Now, won't you play that lovely Spanish thing for us, 'La Poloma'?"



Carlo answered "Yes" to the smiling young lady, and she disappeared, triumphant.

"This is the signorinas' favorite," said Signor Lagardi, laughing a little. "They always ask for it. It is a baby piece."

Dorothy laughed too. "A baby piece for you perhaps, signor, but to us charming. In fact, anything you play is charming."

He looked at her happily. His nature was both joyous and serious at the same time. He was unacquainted as yet with the art of flattery and the meaningless polite talk which belongs distinctly to society, so her little speech delighted him.

"We should have castanets for this," he said, beginning the tune.

Afterwards Dorothy turned her bright face to him. "Now we will play my favorite," she said. And with a knowing nod he began the air Leonora sings in *Il Trovatore*, "*D'amor sull' ali rosee.*" The music of this opera is wonderfully adapted to the mandolin, and he played on from the duet between Azucena and her son, to Manrico's beautiful aria, "*Ah, che la morte.*"

One of the many qualities which had drawn Carlo Lagardi to Dorothy was this mutual love and appreciation of music, and the perfect harmony of taste that seemed to exist between them. It pleased his inmost soul to find a congenial, sympathetic listener among America's busy and apparently frivolous people. A stranger in a strange land, he had some one, at least, who understood him and whom he could love next to his mother. Next to his mother? Not so. It is one of the saddest things in life that the parent must some day give way to the stronger attractions of the lover. It was so in a measure with Carlo. Without knowing it fully, he had already placed this girl upon as high, if not a higher, pedestal than that of his mother.

When he bade her good-by that night she was radiant. Her eyes dazzled him with their shining luminousness. She seemed to be looking beyond him, though, and thinking of other things, a sort of anticipation of joy in her face.

After her guests had all gone and she had said good-night to her aunt, Dorothy went to her room, locking herself in. Then, drawing a letter from her pocket,

she read it over and over again, finally going up to a picture on her toilet table. It was a photograph of a young man in evening dress, a handsome fellow, with a fine, curly head and a manly countenance. She stood before this some minutes, a happy smile parting her lips, and the color coming and going in her cheeks, for her lover's eyes smiled out upon her from the little piece of pasteboard, and she was dreaming sweet thoughts of the future.

In his own poor room Carlo, too, was looking at a picture. It was a miniature of his mother which he always carried with him.

"Anima mia," he said softly, bending over to kiss the kind old face, "I have found a daughter for thee."

Not long after this Dorothy went down to the studio for her usual morning lesson. Receiving no reply to her knock at the door, she pushed it gently open and stepped within. The sight that met her eyes filled her with astonishment and dismay. There, seated at the table, was the little signor, his head resting on his arms, which were flung out before him in an attitude of the utmost despair. On the floor at his side lay his mandolin, as if dropped in a moment of frenzy.

She moved towards him and touched him lightly on the shoulder. He turned his wild eyes upon her.

"Madre," he cried, in anguished tones. Then he pointed helplessly to the picture of his mother on the wall. She immediately understood him, and her whole heart went out to him in sorrow for his trouble.

"Your mother," she said, almost in a whisper. "Your mother is not——"

"Dead," he answered, in a strained, hollow voice, and his head sank on his arms again. She rested her hand on his dark head. She felt no impropriety in doing this; he seemed so young and so boyish, and so alone and in need of sympathy.

"Tell me all about it," she said. A sob came from his lips. For a moment he was silent, and then he spoke quickly and in the broken, almost unintelligible English he always used when excited.

"I have the word from my brother. Here, you will see it says: 'Mother died of the fever on Wednesday last. Do not come home.' This is all I can know until

he writes. Oh, it is hard, signorina, it is hard."

She looked at him, a heavenly pity shining in her eyes.

"I know it, signor, and I am so sorry, so very sorry. Oh, how I wish I could say something to comfort you a little."

As he listened to her a great load seemed to be taken off his heart and something that resembled peace came in its place.

Away off in a foreign city a procession of white-cowled monks was bearing a precious load to its final resting place. Before them the choristers went, carrying lighted tapers in their hands and chanting a solemn dirge. It was the funeral of Carlo's mother.

All that winter Carlo struggled bravely with his sorrow, trying hard not to break down; but it was difficult, for this trouble to him meant more than it usually does to young people. He loved—nay, idolized his mother. She had been his companion, his inspiration from childhood up. And then, the thought of his long separation from her—the loneliness which she had endured so uncomplainingly—was a constant reproach to him.



"I should have stayed with her," he would say again and again in his despair.

Dorothy tried to cheer him in her own blithe way, and during these dreary months she and her aunt did much to put some warmth into his soul.

The days went on and in the spring of the year a grand concert was to be given for the benefit of a leading charitable institution at the music hall; Carlo was numbered on the programme for a solo.

The night came; the attraction had been well advertised and the object deserving, and so everyone felt it his duty to go. Dorothy was there with a party of young people. She was in glowing spirits, because her lover sat beside her, and constantly looked into her eyes. They were to be married soon and he had come from his home in the East to see his bride.

It was Signor Lagardi's turn to play and Dorothy was all expectation. She wanted her lover to like the little musician.

Carlo advanced to the front of the stage, his mandolin in hand, and his slender figure appearing very handsome in the correct evening dress.

Carlo had something of the dandy in him. He always dressed within the limits of his purse, it is true, but in faultless taste. Tonight, as he stepped out before the footlights, he felt a peculiar elation. He knew Dorothy would be there, and she had told him that she would bring a

friend of hers from out of town, so he determined to do his best, that he would make her proud of him. The selection was from Robert le Diable, and this he played with the greatest spirit and delicacy of expression.

One of the chief beauties of the signor's style was this power of expression which he extracted from the little instrument. The mandolin, unless handled by an artist, is metallic and soulless. It needs, besides mere skill, feeling and true

genius to bring out its best qualities. Signor Lagardi had all of these merits, and this evening was at his best with them. The audience seemed to appreciate him, too, and after he had finished called him out again. This time he played from *Il Trovatore*. It was all for Dorothy, and she knew it. She thought he had never played more beautifully. The wailing sadness of Manrico's "Ah, che la morte," rang in her ears for days after.

When Carlo had made his last bow, he turned for an instant to the box on the right. Dorothy was looking at that moment at her companion, whose eyes devoured her fair face. An exquisite smile parted her lips. She looked the picture

of unalloyed happiness. Carlo saw all this at a glance, and a sharp pain shot across his breast. He experienced, for the first time in his life, the fiery sting of jealousy.

Signor Lagardi had not been down to the studio for several days. He had caught a violent cold and was worn out mentally and physically. His longing for his mother grew more intense all the while. It seemed to him that he would give anything to be able to see her strong, sweet face again and hear her good words of cheer and comfort. He wanted to tell her of his love, his hopes and his fears. In fact, he was a mere child. He had not grown man enough yet to scorn the influence of a parent. He thought constantly of Dorothy, how beautiful she was, how noble. If only his mother could see her and sympathize with him in his adoration. He missed the society of human beings. Poor soul, he was lonely!

Then, too, he had been working steadily and unrelentingly all the winter at various things in his profession. All this had told on his health, which at its best was not robust. At last he was forced to succumb to what he supposed was merely a severe cold, and this was humiliating enough to a man of his sensitive nature. He did not wish to think himself an invalid, and the doctor had told him he was one in a measure; that his lungs were in a very alarming condition and that if he wished to live he must be exceedingly careful. Now, Carlo was not careful in regard to his health. I believe this to be characteristic of those having consumptive tendencies. They are at once hopeful and confident of life and reckless of living.

On the fifth day of his sickness Carlo had managed to crawl down to the studio, and was just arranging some music for his pupils when he heard a knock at the door. He opened it to reveal the rosy, smiling face of Dorothy. His heart gave a quick bound. Her presence put new life into him. He already felt stronger and happier. She was immediately struck by his pallor and thinness. The short sickness had told on him strangely.

"You have been ill," she cried, conscience-stricken. She had been completely absorbed in her own affairs during the past week.



"How selfish I am," she thought. "How forlorn it must be for the poor signor, alone and without friends, in an unknown country, while I, so rich in everything, give him but a passing thought now and then."

She began to enliven his depressed spirits by telling him some of her amusing experiences, and talking as only she knew how of his beloved art.

Just before leaving she stood up before him. "Signor Lagardi," she said, her eyes cast down in evident embarrassment, "I wish to engage you to play at my house next month. It is to be in the evening, and I want you to play all your loveliest airs. It is to be my wedding night."

She raised her head, a lovely wave of color passing over her face. His dark, Italian eyes, full of pain, looked at her with dumb pathos. Then he put out his hand.

"You are going to be married," he said, smiling sadly.

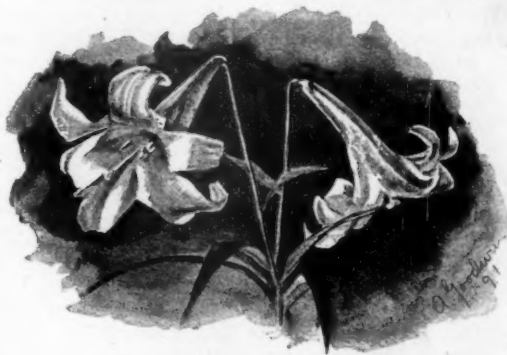
"I wish you joy, signorina."

He turned towards his mother's picture. It seemed to him that all was over now. Dorothy, after a few more words, and the promise from him that he would play on her wedding night, hastened away. She was troubled and mystified by his manner. The possibility of anything more serious than friendship existing between herself and Signor Lagardi had never entered her mind. He was to her like some dear, gifted child, with his simple foreign ways and exquisite music—nothing more.

And Carlo? Perhaps we cannot understand with what depths of feeling Carlo loved Dorothy. All the great worship and reverence which he had given his mother had been in a measure transferred to this girl. He thought her an angel. She had been so good, so sweet to him, and now she was going to be taken from him. She would be lost to him forever, and he felt that he could not bear it. He hardly dared to think of Dorothy as his wife. He held her too far above him for that, but while she was free he felt her to be his own, and now someone else claimed her, and she would be as if dead to him.

"Oh, madre! madre!" he cried, turning again towards the picture, sharp agony in his voice. "Come back to me, come back to me."

He sank into a chair, a dreadful faintness stealing over him. His heart seemed to leap away from him in its wild throbbing. At last he felt he could breathe no longer in the close, hot room, and he rushed out into the street to get the cool air. He walked on furiously, hardly



knowing where he was going. A fierce fever raged in his veins, the very intensity of which gave him a false strength and urged him on to madness. He stayed out until it grew dark and the street lamps were being lighted. He dreaded returning to his dreary room. The sound of music made him pause before a house. The windows were opened a little, and so he could hear. Some one was playing Mendelssohn's glorious Wedding March.

Carlo leaned heavily against the fence. "Misericordia," he moaned, "her wedding night. They will play that on her wedding night. Heaven help me!"

A violent chill shook his slight frame, and he turned his footsteps towards home.

The doctor pronounced Carlo a very sick man. He told the landlady that in acute forms of pneumonia, like this, there were few chances for life. The landlady was very kind to Carlo. She had become attached to him in a distant way. He was so quiet and courteous, and made so little trouble. She and her daughter took turns in sitting up nights with him.

On the seventh day a change came over Carlo. The doctor shook his head when he saw this.

"He has not long to live," he said.

That evening, however, the patient seemed to rally. His face looked brighter, and he asked for his mandolin. His weak fingers wandered over the strings, and the tones gradually formed into the air that was most constantly in his mind, "Ah, che la morte."

"Her favorite," he said, smiling sadly to himself. "Bene mio, Bene mio," came from his lips softly in a whisper.

In his mind he always called Dorothy that pretty endearing name "Bene mio." Suddenly a string snapped with a discordant twang. He smiled again, half mournfully, half bitterly.

"So it is with my life," he said. "Madre, it will not be long before—"

The words died on his lips. He sank back on the pillows, the faintness of death coming upon him. The landlady bent anxiously over the still form, but there was nothing that she could do.

The little mandolin player had gone to his eternal rest.

The next morning Dorothy happened to be down town and she thought of the signor. She had been very busy preparing for the wedding, and had almost forgotten the little musician in the confusion preceding the festivity.

When she reached the studio it was closed. She inquired at the shop beneath the reason of the signor's absence. They told her that he had been very ill. She had her coachman drive at once to his lodgings. The landlady came to the door.

Signor Lagardi? Why, didn't she

know he had died last night? No, Dorothy did not know. She was very sorry. Was there anything she could do? The landlady thanked her. No, everything had been arranged.

Dorothy turned away with tears in her bright eyes.

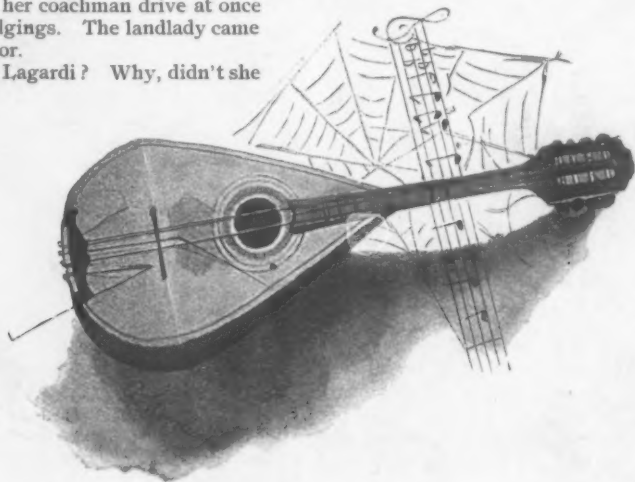
"He was a good man," she said to her aunt afterwards, "and so young and full of talent. It is a pity, a great pity."

And so we go on, living and dying on this little earth of ours. The connecting links which bind one soul to another, frail as spun glass, snap at the first slight touch of the hand of Fate. A life may come and go—perhaps one that was destined to hold the world at its feet—and we smile on or weep on, as our manner is.

On a clear, beautiful night a young girl and her lover walked together, arm in arm. They were looking with rapt gaze up into the heavens, and, as they looked, a bright star fell. The girl clapped her hands and cried laughingly, "We should have wished for something, and repeated it three times while the star was falling, and then it would all come true."

Her lover gave her an admiring glance. He thought her a dear mixture of foolishness and wisdom. "I have heard," he said, to humor her fancy, "that when a star falls a soul passes into another world."

It was then that Carlo went into immortality.





HERKENHAUSEN.

Of all the magnificent scamps in history, Count Philip Christopher von Königsmark stands out preëminent. When his birth, character, fortune, charms and adventures are considered, it is indeed Eclipse first and the rest nowhere. He bore one of the greatest names in Europe, and his family was distinguished both in Germany and Sweden. He was counted the most captivating man of his time, and he inherited the beauty of his family—for the Königsmarks were as remarkable for beauty as for brains. The biographical dictionaries have many Königsmarks in them, not the least celebrated of whom was Aurora von Königsmark, sister of handsome Philip. She became the mother of that brave, beautiful Marshal Saxe, who was such a famous hand at winning battles and such a poor one at writing and spelling. Philip Christopher, though, was a highly educated man. Saint Victor says of him: "Handsome, brave, dashing, mocking, he had the courage and the pride of his race." There was nothing trivial about Philip Christopher. His life and adventures were on a large scale, and his tragic death was in consequence of a scheme to elope to Paris with a reigning princess, who

might have been Queen of England but for her susceptibility to Count Königsmark's fascinations. It is sometimes said that he had no virtues, and the histories only make mention of two—he was as brave as Hector and he always paid his gambling debts. But, as he had a considerable fortune, and probably won oftener than he lost, it was comparatively easy for him to be virtuous in this respect.

However, why quarrel with fate for making such a man as Philip Christopher von Königsmark? In speaking of him further Paul de Saint Victor quotes Saint Simon's shrewd remark, that some men are born to grand catastrophes in love—and Königsmark was slain by the love of one woman and the jealousy of another.

The first heard of Philip Christopher was when he was a handsome sixteen-year-old boy, playing in the palace gardens and pleached alleys of Zell or Celle, with the pretty little daughter of the reigning duke. Sophia Dorothea was her name, and she was very pretty, and had, from an early age, a most intolerable tongue. The Duke of Celle was one of those Pumpnickel sovereigns common enough in Germany in those days, and, although he had a pedigree that went back to Woden, his daughter was not thought a wholly unequal match for one of the great Königsmark family; and so, for a time,



Molly Elliot Seawell is well known to magazine readers as the author of *Throckmorton*, *Maid Marian*, *Midshipman Paulding*. In a recent letter to a friend she said, regarding her literary experience: "My first recollections are of an old Virginia country house, full of spindle-shanked mahogany furniture, Canton china and leather-bound books. When I was seventeen I had read but one novel, the *Vicar of Wakefield*. I remember being very much astonished when I found out that the *Spectator*, *Hume's History*, and the *Edinburgh Reviewers* were considered rather antiquated reading for a young girl. My first glimpse of the outside world was a season in London. It was after this trip that the notion to write seized me. I had read a number of Russian stories, and under their spell wrote a story which professed to be Russian." Miss Seawell has written a number of other stories for magazines, but she confesses she was so afraid of being found out that she used no less than five different pen names.

the talk was that Philip von Königsmark and Sophia of Celle were to be married when they were old enough. Afterwards, the little girl, who was passionately in love with her handsome playmate, married higher, and became the mother of a king of England, Ireland and Scotland, and of a queen of Prussia—but that did not seem to be on the cards in those pleasant days in the palace gardens at Celle. The prospective match, however, fell through. Sophia Dorothea was so wonderfully pretty and sprightly, and having some money too, an electoral princess of Hanover concluded she would make a suitable match for the electoral princess's son. So as soon as the idea flashed into her mind she set off for Celle, and, travelling all night, reached the palace at sunrise. The duke, Sophia Dorothea's father, was not dressed, nor was her mother, the duchess, out of bed. But the electoral princess

dashed into the duke's dressing room, where the poor man, in his dressing gown and slippers, had to listen to her serene highness's vehement proposition, and in a day or two the match was arranged. Sophia Dorothea was to marry George Louis, heir apparent of Hanover.

Meanwhile, Philip von Königsmark had been forgotten by everybody about the court at Celle, except Sophia Dorothea. Philip himself had had a few adventures. He, with his elder brother, had gone to England for the purpose of finishing his education at Oxford, and he narrowly missed hanging before he left the island. His brother, the elder Count Königsmark—almost as handsome, almost as charming, and rather more of a scamp than Philip Christopher—had a still closer shave. He aspired to marry the heiress of the Percy family, a lady whom Swift politely alluded to as "that d—d Duchess of

Somerset." One Tom Thynne interfered with the elder Königsmark's plans, so he and Philip Christopher and three other conscienceless gentlemen shot Tom Thynne down in his coach. The three conscienceless gentlemen, who had not the name and fortune of the Königsmarks to back them, were hanged, but the two handsome counts managed to get off. They had had enough of England by that time, and Philip Christopher did not stay to finish his education at Oxford. He returned promptly to Germany, where he maintained a discreet privacy for some time with his mother and sisters at Hamburg.

As soon as this little adventure in England had blown over, Philip, who was not



SOPHIA DOROTHEA.

born to remain in obscurity, journeyed to Hanover, where he soon became the colonel of the electoral prince's guard. And Sophia Dorothea, whom he had played with in the summers long ago, was the beautiful, jealous, neglected wife of the electoral prince's eldest son, George Louis.

If one wants to follow out the amazing events that happened at Hanover in that time, let him read Barry Lyndon. Only a Thackeray could do justice to the wickedness, wretchedness, splendor, squalor, extravagance and wonder of that time. In Barry Lyndon he tells a good deal of the loves of Sophia Dorothea and Königsmark, but he gives fictitious names and varies the story to suit himself. Königsmark, under the name of De Magny, is made to commit suicide, and Sophia Dorothea, under the name of the Princess Olivia, is beheaded, as Königsmark possibly was. Also, the person who takes the part of George Louis is much more respectable than George Louis ever was. Thackeray firmly believed that Sophia Dorothea was guilty of all that was charged upon her. But when one considers the abandoned wretches upon whose testimony she must be convicted, if convicted at all, there is a strong presumption of her innocence. And as she was very unfortunate, and spent the thirty-two last years of her life as a prisoner, she ought, in poetic justice, to have the benefit of all doubts.

Now, it was the ambition of the Electoral Prince of Hanover, Sophia Dorothea's father-in-law, that his gay little city of Hanover should be another Paris, his charming country palace of Herrenhausen an imitation Versailles, and he himself a second Louis XIV. He succeeded in imitating the Grand Monarque's vices very aptly, but he never could quite imitate the real kingliness that Louis actually possessed, overlaid by much wickedness and some nonsense. As the electoral prince copied Louis, so a certain friend of his, Madame von Platen, loved to be called the northern Montespan, although old and ugly. She is described as singing French songs with an awful High-Dutch accent, and she had a husband who was grand chamberlain or something about the palace. As the electoral prince had his favorites, so George Louis, his heir and Sophia

Dorothea's husband, had his. One of them, Madame von Schulenberg, was outrageously tall and thin, and so was nicknamed the Maypole. The other one, Madame Kielmansegge, was the shape of a huge Dutch churn, and was called the Elephant. Both of these ladies figured in history afterwards under high-sounding English names—the Countess of Yarmouth and the Duchess of Kendal. But that was after George Louis became King of England.

A lovely trio this was—old Von Platen, the Maypole and the Elephant, and against them poor, pretty, imprudent Sophia Dor-



COUNT PHILIP KÖNIGSMARK.

othea had to contend. Her tongue was not less sharp than of old, and sometimes, it was said, she so goaded George Louis, who was a heavy, stupid, silent fellow, that the pages in the anteroom would hear them fighting in their private apartments. In spite of their magnificence, there was one thing that the electoral prince and his son could not acquire, and that was, the tone and air of gentlemen—the air that Louis XIV. and his courtiers carried into all their proceedings. And as the reigning duke and his heir apparent were coarse and loutish, so the court at Herrenhausen was coarse and loutish. Into this pinchbeck Versailles came Count Königsmark, with his polish, his grace, his accomplish-

ments, picked up all over Europe; his fortune, which seemed great; his name, which was noble in two countries, Germany and Sweden; and his powerful family influence—and straightway he was made commanding officer of the palace guard. So, every day and every evening, he was thrown with his old playmate and childish sweetheart, Sophia Dorothea. Sophia was then about twenty-six years of age, in the full flower of her beauty. She had two young children, a boy and a girl. The first time the princess and the handsome Swede ever spoke in private was one day when she dismissed the little prince's attendant, and started up the grand staircase of Herrenhausen holding the child's hand. Half-way up, his sturdy legs gave out, and she tried to carry him the rest of the way in her arms, but he was too heavy. While

husband. The two had words about it—as they had about almost everything.

She detested her husband, but, strangely enough, was insanely jealous of him, and never lost an opportunity of using her sharp tongue on the Maypole and the Elephant. Old Von Platen hated her, and so she had scarcely a friend in the world, except one lady-in-waiting, Mademoiselle von Knesebeck. She had prayed and besought to separate from George Louis and go back to Celle, but her father refused to take her back. George Louis' chances for the British throne were then dawning, and the old duke did not care to make an enemy of a son-in-law who might one day rule three great kingdoms and Hanover besides. It is true, he permitted poor, unhappy Sophia Dorothea to visit her old home, but on the very day George Louis appointed for her return she was packed off, weeping, to Hanover.

It is doubtful though, whether Sophia Dorothea would have cared to leave Hanover just then, if Count Königsmark had not got one of his periodical fits of restlessness and gone on a little tour of the German courts. By this time Sophia Dorothea and he were much in love with each other. In the university library at Upsala, in Sweden, a box of letters, purporting to be theirs, was found 180 years after they were supposed to be written. Whether these letters are authentic or not has never been fully proved. They might well be authentic. It was known at the time that the Lewenhaupt family, in Sweden, which was nearly related to Königsmark, had a large number of his papers; and the letters themselves are just the melancholy, passionate, despairing, reckless letters that Sophia Dorothea and the handsome colonel of the guards would no doubt have written to each other.

But the princess was not the only correspondent Count Königsmark had. Old Von Platen, the electoral prince's favorite, fell violently in love with the colonel Count Königsmark, and sent him heaps of letters—love letters of the wildest description. Now, although Königsmark knew the bad, base world in which he lived, perfectly well, he did not always observe prudence in his dealings with it. Particularly was this so when he was in liquor, for he drank like a gentleman—that is to say, like most men of his day,



COUNT KÖNIGSMARK.

the young mother and the little boy were standing wearily on the stairs, Count Königsmark came down the staircase and carried the boy up lightly in his arms. That was proper enough, but the princess stopped and talked with her old playmate for a long time in the corridor, and that fact was promptly carried to her sullen



THE PALACE MOAT.

he did not often get to bed sober, nor get to bed at all before dawn. So, when Königsmark got old Von Platen's letters he made merry with them over the wine; but he said never a word about the letters he had from the Princess Sophia Dorothea. Madame von Platen had her spies everywhere—and they reported very faithfully, and perhaps with much satisfaction, everything that Königsmark said about the wizened old favorite. Nor did Königsmark's cutting tongue stop at Madame von Platen. He ridiculed unmercifully the complaisant Count von Platen, George Louis, Sophia Dorothea's sulky, silent husband, the Maypole and the Elephant—everything and everybody, in short—and every word of it was carried straight to Herrenhausen, and drove old Von Platen wild with rage and the desire of revenge.

This absence from Hanover of both the princess and Königsmark seems to have been full of ill luck for both of them. When Sophia Dorothea was driving back to Hanover—only a day's journey from Celle—in her state coach, she had to pass the country palace of Herrenhausen. In order to do her honor, as they alleged—what queer notions of honor they were, too!—old Von Platen and the Maypole and the Elephant, and a number of other dis-

tinguished scamps that basked in the sun of the Hanoverian court, went out to Herrenhausen to meet her and welcome her. Sophia Dorothea, not caring, perhaps, about their welcome, drove rapidly by the palace and straight on to Hanover, although all these courtly persons had their heads out of the Herrenhausen windows, waiting to catch the first sight of her. When she went past without stopping, the whole crew rushed after her to Hanover to complain of her rudeness, and there was an awful falling out. Little did Sophia Dorothea seem to care; and the pages in the anteroom heard much commotion when George Louis went to his princess's apartments. He was as slow and awkward of speech as she was glib and daring, and so he was no match for her in a war of words. And then came back Count Königsmark, and old Von Platen and the others, enraged with him and the princess, set about to ruin them both.

Perhaps they would have ruined themselves fast enough without any help from anybody else—but help was not lacking. It is at this point that the friends and enemies of Sophia Dorothea part company. Her enemies say that she did great numbers of imprudent things, which her friends assert were done by Madame von Platen's

malice. Certainly there was no limit to that. It is said she received warnings from her husband, which she disregarded. It was represented to her that Königsmark was in great danger, to which she replied proudly: "Let them attack him. Königsmark knows how to defend himself." Once, at a masked ball, two masks, one who was unquestionably Count Königsmark, while the other was supposed to be Sophia Dorothea, were seen gliding off under the trees at Herrenhausen, and the attention of George Louis was called to it. Another time—this was on a spring afternoon—George Louis was taken to a place where two persons, alleged to be Sophia Dorothea and Count Königsmark, could be seen walking up and down, with their heads close together, but when the titled spy went to the spot they had disappeared, and a glove of Sophia Dorothea's was found on the ground. This glove story is generally believed to have been made up by old Von Platen, who stole the glove and dropped it there. George Louis said nothing—he rarely said anything—but that night in the princess's apartments he struck her and choked her, and the pages said, if they had not disregarded etiquette and rushed in upon them he would have killed her.

From that time Sophia Dorothea evidently meditated flight. Here, too, her enemies and her friends disagree. One

side says that Königsmark, meaning to do for her what any man would do for an injured woman, intended only to escort her to Paris, where she meant to throw herself on the protection of the French king—for she could not go to Celle, as her father had sternly refused to receive her. Her enemies say it was an elopement that was planned. At all events, there is no doubt she intended to run away, and that Königsmark was to go with her. About this time George Louis went to Berlin, but he left an able representative behind him in Madame von Platen, who hated Königsmark for reasons well known to the whole court. At all events, one night Königsmark received a letter from the princess asking him to come to her apartments. This surprised him very much, and he had doubts of its genuineness. He went, though, and Mademoiselle von Knesbeck opened the door for him. Sophia Dorothea said—and her friends believed her—at once that the letter was a forgery. Nevertheless, the count came in, and he and the princess and Mademoiselle von Knesbeck discussed their plans for getting away to Paris. They agreed that no time was like the present time—particularly as George Louis was in Berlin. Königsmark was to have the carriage and horses ready, and Sophia Dorothea was to take nothing with her except her jewels, of which she was extravagantly fond, and Mademoiselle von Knesbeck was to go along.

Meanwhile old Von Platen flew to the electoral prince, Sophia Dorothea's father-in-law, with the news that Königsmark was in the princess's apartments. She got from the old prince an order for Königsmark's arrest. Then she selected four soldiers of the guard whom she could trust, and instructed them not to kill Königsmark unless he resisted, and then laid her plans so that he would certainly resist. On leaving the princess's apartments he had to pass through a vast, dark hall, called the Hall of Knights. In it was an immense porcelain stove reaching up to the ceiling. As it was a July night there was no fire in the huge stove, so it afforded an excellent hiding place for Madame von Platen's four soldiers. She herself had an apartment that opened on this hall.

About midnight Königsmark came jovi-



GEORGE I.

ally along. As he reached the middle of the great, dim hall the assassins sprang at him. He resisted, as Madame von Platen knew he would, and it was as much as the four men could do to manage him. But at last he was overpowered. Of his death scene there are at least four different accounts, and of the disposition of his body as many more. All of them are true in some particulars. One account, and the one most generally received, is that Königsmark was presently mortally wounded, and in falling, cried out: "Spare the innocent princess!" and that Madame von Platen, hearing his cry, came out of her room and stamped her foot into his face as he lay dying. Another, purporting to be given by Bernard Bayer, who got it from one of the assassins, is that Königsmark, after getting his death wound, said: "You take a guiltless man's life—on that I'll die. But let me not perish in my blood and my sins. Get me a priest for my soul's sake." Then a priest was got, and an executioner. As Königsmark lay on the ground he made his confession, whence he was lifted into the chair to be executed, as the executions were in Germany in those times. He was so weak he could not sit up, and being a large man, it took two men to hold him in the chair while the executioner did his work. Still another story is that he was taken into a cellar room communicating with the moat of the castle, and after being securely tied and gagged, he was left while the water rose and drowned him. Equally varying are the stories of the disposition of his body. Horace Walpole says that Queen Caroline, wife of George II., told his father, Sir Robert Walpole, that quicklime was thrown upon the body and it was bricked up in a space in the wall directly under the princess's dressing room. Queen Caroline said that her husband was acutely sensitive on the point of his mother's honor, and never mentioned the subject of Königsmark to anyone but her. When the castle was being repaired for



GEORGE II.

George II., bones were found in just such a place as the queen described, and it was considered established that they were all that remained of Count Philip Christopher von Königsmark.

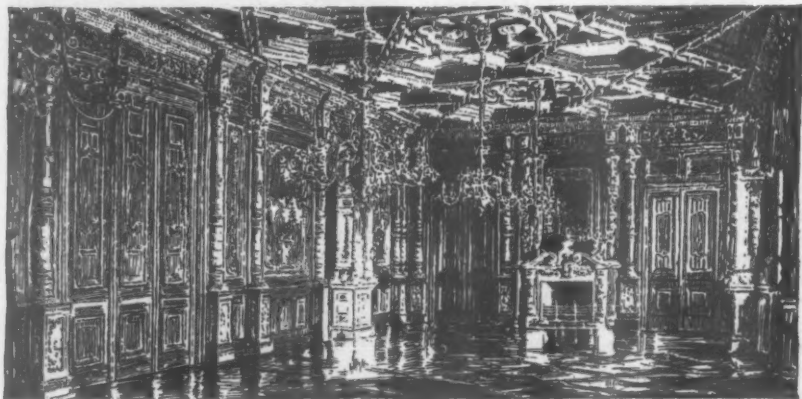
Meanwhile, poor Sophia Dorothea knew nothing of the tragedy going on below in the Hall of Knights, and was busy with her jewels and papers when Count Platen appeared. Count Platen seems to have hated this unhappy princess with a furious hatred, which she returned. He told her in brutal terms of Count Königsmark's death. She displayed wild excitement, but protested, before God, that she was an innocent woman. Count Platen took the liberty of disagreeing with her, when Sophia Dorothea, whose tongue had lost none of its sharpness, asked him if his wife could make any such oath.

Soon George Louis returned from Berlin. There seems to have been some reflection as to what particular punishment should be visited upon Sophia Dorothea. All the time, Sophia Dorothea protested her innocence, and took the communion in public, solemnly declaring herself guiltless before partaking. When she rose from her knees on this occasion,

she found Count Platen smiling viciously at her, upon which, with her usual rash and fearless manner, she asked him, as she had asked him once before, if he thought his wife could do the same thing? But at last a punishment was devised for her. At twenty-eight years of age she was immured in the dismal castle of Ahlden, on the Aller, and there she remained until her death, thirty-two years afterwards. She never saw either of her two children again, and this she declared to be the bitterest part of all her cruel lot. Her husband became King of Great Britain and Ireland, as well as Hanover. He went to England with a large troop of hangers-on, including the Maypole and the Elephant, and was hailed as Defender of the Faith, etc. He never learned to speak English, even tolerably, to the day of his death. His son succeeded him, and his daughter became Queen of Prussia, but their mother remained shut up in the gloomy castle on the Aller. She had the honorary title of Duchess of Ahlden. Her husband never mentioned her name again to any human being. Still, he had a strange superstition regarding her, and believed that his death would follow hers within a year, which it actually did. She had a considerable establishment, every person of which was a spy upon her. She could not walk in the gardens without a guard, nor could she drive without a strong cavalry escort, for there were troops as well as spies about her. There were certain parts of the castle forbidden her

even with a guard, and once, when a fire broke out, she was found standing, with her jewel box in her arms, at the prohibited line, without daring to cross it. She took a fancy to the church in the village of Ahlden, and had it repaired, for she had a moderate allowance of money. But after it was done she was not permitted to go there, but divine service was celebrated before her at the castle. Every Sunday she received the communion, and every Sunday for thirty-two years she swore upon the sacrament that she was an innocent woman. She always cherished a wild hope of escape, and kept her money in an Amsterdam bank, with the vain idea that she could use it to get out of Ahlden. But if she made any attempts, they were too futile and feeble to be recorded. Mademoiselle von Knesebeck, though, who was locked up in a mountain fortress, for life, it was supposed, made her escape so wonderfully that the peasants about declared it witchcraft. But there was no escape for poor Sophia Dorothea. Once her son, afterwards George II., outstripped all of his suite while hunting, and rode straight for Ahlden; but just as his horse leaped the wall two attendants caught his bridle rein, one on either side, and trotted him back to Herrenhausen. At last, at sixty years of age, release came for the poor lady; she dropped out of life unnoticed, and within a year her silent, sullen husband followed her.

And was not Count Königsmark a very dashing fellow after all?



THE HALL IN WHICH KÖNIGSMARK WAS KILLED.



E. A. H. H. H. H.

Shyries with cold the winter day takes flight
And as we speak gray twilight came, set, night.
Is here, and knowing of her whispering lawn
Violets shadows in the corner of the moon
Thy white a daring, laughing, full, sane
Throws on bright pillars—after twice the same
Gale trembles leaves—as the first, hurled low
The shadows strengthen, and the shadows grow

Through web of darkness, where they lie soft
Of the stars and roses—on it drops
Angry, our shadow goes to distant land
And in a grove of olive trees I stand
Where my love waits, bright gold, shining eyes
Most stars as if she had the light of her eyes
Or shadows all about her eyes would dart
Show darkness any darker than her hair
Like silver, white, they come, pale, her hair
The soft low falling of a fountain's tears
And roaring, bright, wandering near as near
The spicy fragrance that is in the air
Glow-clashed in mine, her hand so brown and slim
We watch the crescent near the horizon ring
A silver boat that shows the ether blue
For so the world has been created new

In silence they, unknown save for faint
Sound of the fountain's river, chasing, faint
We know the presence who is full, divine
Not as I prize her, thinking heart to mine
Craving a rest to yield upon her breast
To sit the world and sing and all the rest
That there is—save only the one bliss
Of love, become incarnate in a kiss
Dwells high a softer, lovelier—where is my love
I feel so close? There is the olive grove?
My arms are, in the— in the curtain's room
The roses fragrance lingers in the gloom
For a flickering flame, the light, the light
The holiest, over, embers, almost dead.

As you first waked from happy dream delirium,
 Or later perhaps reality deceives,
 And in the instant of doubt's birth knows not
 Soon will first bring her clinging, warm breath,
 While to my eyes, strangers, and all eyes,
 Tears come - I bit the lilies lid
 From off a lot of fashion's breeding pair
 Lascivious in gold with arabesque design
 O'er of roses - marie - marie still -
 Hides here the wizard then who, at his will,
 Bards for a moment give me back the past
 And thus that one too blessed eye to hat
 So this the spell that brought my love before
 This harvest of dead rose leaves, sitting more

Roses that once held royal heads so high,
 Shrunk and shrivelled and all brown you lie,
 With spectral garms gambled in spice,
 In golden tomb adorned with strange devices
 With beauty all most fade, even sceptres rust
 And roses and quene must crumble into dust;
 But sometimes, through the shadows, once again
 Their ghosts step forth o'er memories to reign.



Chas. Cassell



WOMAN'S SHARE IN RUSSIAN NIHILISM.

BY ELLA NORRAIKOW.

THE propagation of Nihilistic ideas in Russia received its first great impulse from the novel by Tourgenieff entitled *Fathers and Children*, which appeared in 1861. Since that time, while much has been written about the men who figured prominently in Nihilism, writers have failed to show the same interest in the women who participated in the movement. It was not until 1862 that women began to take an active part in Nihilism, and the movement is indebted for not a little of its success to the tact and shrewdness of the many brave and cultured ones who have made such noble sacrifices in freedom's cause. The liberation of the serfs in the same year, by proclamation of Czar Alexander II., gave hope of still greater reforms, especially of a higher education for the gentler sex, when their intellectual pioneers applied for admission to the universities. This being refused them many of the more ambitious visited foreign lands in search of the educational opportunities

denied them in Russia. In Switzerland, where the prejudice against women was less bitter, the doors of the colleges were most readily thrown open to the seekers after knowledge; and many women became devoted students, carried off the honors, and returned to their native land to take foremost rank in the professions for which they had studied. The opposition against them was intense, but with characteristic determination they overcame all obstacles. It is from such brave spirits as these that the ranks of the woman Nihilists have been recruited, and many have stepped down from high social positions to take part in a movement which they believed would give to the Russian people something of that freedom enjoyed by the nations of western Europe where civilization had made greater strides.

That the propagation of liberal ideas has not been more successful throughout the empire is owing to the fact that the rural or peasant population refused to partici-



The Countess Ella Norraikow is not a Russian by birth, although she has long been interested in the cause of popular government in Russia. She was born in Toronto, Canada, and her first literary work, a story, was published while she was in her teens. She married young and spent many years in travel, living successively in most of the European capitals. She returned to America a widow, and in 1887 took up her residence in New York, where she has since married the exiled Russian nobleman whose name she bears. She is considered to be well posted upon matters pertaining to Russia, though she is a persistent foe of the czar's government. She has been a contributor to a number of the best periodicals, and her articles have been quoted by the friends of democracy throughout the world. To her interest in their cause many Polish and Russian exiles in America are deeply indebted. She has written a book on Nihilism which will soon be published, and which will be a comprehensive description of the Russian revolutionary movement.



SOPHIA PEROVSKAYA.

pate in any uprising of the Nihilist party; and as they number more than half of the czar's subjects, this proved a serious obstacle in the path of reform. Their refusal was the means of stimulating the Nihilists to more heroic efforts for the cause, and many high-born ladies donned peasant garb and mingled freely with the people, hoping thereby to secure their confidence and at the same time obtain an opportunity to disseminate liberal ideas.

Among the most noted of the heroines of Nihilism was Sophia Perovskaya, who sacrificed her life to her zeal in the cause of freedom. Nobly born and highly educated, her life's story was a truly pathetic one. Deprived under very sad circumstances of a mother's loving care while little more than a babe, she was brought up under the strict supervision of an almost brutal father. Sophia Perovskaya traced her descent from a long line of noble ancestry. Her grandfather was Minister of the Interior during the reign of Nicholas, her father was the Governor-general

of St. Petersburg, and one of her great-great-uncles was the morganatic husband of the Empress Elizabeth. Her own rank was that of a countess. When eighteen years old she was acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful girls in Russia and was offered the post of maid of honor to the empress. An aide-de-camp to the late Czar Alexander II. was her accepted lover. Sophia was separated from her mother when only five years old, and believed her dead until she had reached the age of maturity, when by some means she became acquainted with the family history.

The knowledge then gained seems to have changed the whole current of her after life, and she determined to be revenged on the father who had so cruelly treated and driven from their home the countess, her mother. She also had experienced considerable of her father's tyrannical treatment and as a consequence only too readily espoused her absent mother's cause. She not only became imbittered against her father, but displayed the same enmity towards the government of which he was an official. About this time a

woman from Switzerland appeared on the scene, whom she took into her service as a maid. It afterwards transpired that this woman had been sent by her mother to enlighten Sophia as to her whereabouts. She entered into correspondence with her mother and satisfied herself of the truth of all she had heard of the family history. Soon after she was introduced into a Nihilist circle, in which, with her beauty and high social standing, she soon took a prominent position. Her associations becoming known to her father, she was obliged to flee from home to escape his wrath, and took refuge with her mother in Switzerland. For some unknown reason she returned to St. Petersburg in disguise, and joined a group of conspirators. She had not been long at her old home when she was arrested, but through her father's influence was released upon promising to leave the country. The motive which prompted the father's interference was a selfish rather than a paternal one. He feared the disgrace which the disclosure

of his daughter's complicity with the Nihilists would bring. But Sophia refused to remain inactive in the cause which she had so much at heart, and once more returned to St. Petersburg. To her was assigned the task of displaying the signal for the throwing of the bomb when the assassination of Alexander II. occurred. She was again arrested, and for the second time her father's high official influence prevented her complicity in the plot from becoming known. But a woman who had displayed such remarkable qualities of heroism was not likely to let her companions in crime suffer while she went free. Some assert that it was her determination to see her father disgraced and punished that governed her actions on this occasion, for she had never forgiven his treatment of her mother. She therefore, on the day of the trial of the other conspirators, coolly walked into court, made known her identity, and declared her intention of sharing the same fate as the prisoners who were being arraigned. Knowing her indomitable will this action did not at all surprise her associates. Her request for a trial was granted, and she confessed her guilt and was hanged with the others who were condemned.

Another daring attempt on the emperor's life in which Sophia Perovskaya participated was that of the railway explosion between Kursk and Moscow, in which a number of carriages were destroyed; but the czar had passed safely over the road half an hour before, having changed cars at a way station. Leo Hartmann, now in New York, and one of the participants on that occasion, has frequently described to me the parting of the conspirators previous to the firing of the mine. He says of Sophia Perovskaya that she was a woman utterly devoid of sentiment, with her mind filled with but one great purpose—the rights and freedom of her people. The world well knows how heroically she met death on the scaffold, and that while strong men fainted in anticipation of the horrible death in store for them, not a muscle of her face was seen to move. She died as she had lived—nobly.

For heroism and patient endurance I

think we should give Vera Zassulitch the second place in the long list of martyrs to the cause of Nihilism. True, it may be a lost cause; but we must acknowledge that the women who have espoused it have the honesty of their convictions to sustain them, and that they stand out before the world among the best and the bravest of their sex. Vera Zassulitch, whom many of the Russian people would like to adjudge insane, was moved to the committal of a fearful crime on learning of the horrible cruelty practised upon a political prisoner, one of a group of Nihilists to which she belonged. Bogoluboff was the political's name, and his offence was a refusal to remove his hat during a visit of General Trepoff (then chief of police at St. Petersburg) to the Petropavlovski fortress. Bogoluboff had his hat knocked



VERA ZASSULITCH.

off by the irate general, who, in addition, ordered that the prisoner be given 100 lashes with the knout. A Nihilist who was one of the guards at the prison carried the news of the punishment to those outside. Vera and five others formed an executive committee. They met to discuss the outrage and decided on the death of Trepoff, as they held him responsible for



OLGA LUBOTOVITCH.

the punishment. They drew lots to learn who should be the executioner, and the commission of the deed fell to the lot of Vera Zassulitch, who, armed with a revolver, went the next day to visit Trepoff. Securing admission under some pretext, she shot him while he sat in his chair. The case aroused the greatest excitement and being such an unusual one it was decided to try it by jury. The girl was acquitted on the ground of insanity, for it was not deemed possible that so young a woman could commit such a deed while in her rational mind. During the trial the streets adjoining the courthouse were thronged with people anxious to learn the result. When the verdict of acquittal was made known the people with one voice sent up a prolonged shout of approval. The police charged into the mob and several lives were lost. Vera Zassulitch was hurried into a carriage, where she changed her dress for the garb of a nun and made her escape across the frontier, finally reaching Switzerland, where she still resides. She is not a beautiful woman, like Sophia Perovskaya, but she possesses a remarkable mind and wonderful nerve. The women of America recently

collected quite a sum of money and forwarded it to her to assist in making her pathway to the grave as smooth as possible, for she is a victim of consumption and cannot live much longer.

Sophia Bardina was another shining light in Nihilism. She wrote some verses of remarkable beauty and pathos, which were universally sung by the members of her party. They were regarded as gems of Russian literature, but of a treasonable nature; and the singing of them was looked upon as a state crime, and punished as such. This gift of the muse proved the bane of Sophia Bardina's existence, for through its exercise she was arrested, and after spending many weary months in prison she was exiled to Siberia, where she probably still remains, unless death has put an end to her sufferings.

The Lubotovitch sisters, Olga and Vera, were young ladies of charming personality and many accomplishments. They were also noted for their beauty and purity, and yet they incited their male co-workers to many deeds of lawlessness and cunning by their example of reckless daring. They travelled through all the large cities of the empire, disseminating liberal ideas and distributing incendiary literature. Moscow and St. Petersburg afforded them the largest fields of labor, and in those cities they succeeded in penetrating into the very offices of the police authorities, where by their winning manners and remarkable beauty they made many converts to the cause of Nihilism. But they could not long expect to escape the fate which surely follows in the wake of such daring. They were arrested and imprisoned, and after undergoing two years of solitary confinement in the Petropavlovski fortress they were sentenced to hard labor in Siberia, one sister for a period of nine years, and the other for six years.

Alexandra Khorjevskaya, another woman who suffered for the cause of freedom, was arrested for distributing Nihil-



ALEXANDRA KHORJEVSKAYA.

istic literature, and after being imprisoned for many months was sentenced to Siberia for five years. It is believed that she died in exile, as her friends have not been able to learn anything of her since her term of exile expired. Her fate has been that of thousands—exile, obscurity, death.

Mademoiselle Toporkova, another young woman belonging to one of the best families of the empire, was arrested while distributing incendiary literature. She, like the Lubotovitch sisters, travelled all over Russia disseminating liberal ideas, and succeeded in ingratiating herself into the favor of the poorer classes. She was also connected with the printing of forbidden books, and when arrested several of these were found on her person. At the expiration of two years confinement in prison she was sentenced to hard labor in Siberia for a period of six years. Mademoiselle Toporkova was one of the foremost women Nihilists who sprang into existence soon after the assassination of Alexander II.

The sisters Soobotin, Eugenie and Maria, in daring recklessness very much resembled the Lubotovitch sisters. The Soobotins were also noted for their beauty and accomplishments. They masqueraded in the rôle of spies for their party, and succeeded in obtaining much valuable information which many times saved Nihilists from arrest. They managed to secure

the confidence of a high official, and obtained from him all the immediate plans of General Ignatieff for the suppression of Nihilism. In addition to this piece of daring they learned through another source nearly all the names of the Nihilists whom General Ignatieff considered to be implicated in the movement and whom he intended to arrest. By their cunning the whole plan was frustrated, and for the time being the Nihilists rested in their fancied security. But the real spies of the Third Section were set to work and succeeded in securing sufficient evidence to arrest the sisters. By this time they had grown reckless, and little dreamed that any suspicion attached to them. They were arrested at midnight and conveyed to the fortress. When they were missed members of their circle of Nihilists instituted a search for them, but months elapsed ere they discovered where they were imprisoned. The Soobotins, like the Lubotovitch sisters, endured solitary confinement for many months before they were finally sent to Siberia. Each sister received a sentence of six years, which in Maria's case was afterwards increased to eight years.

Mademoiselle Ivanova, in conjunction with Mademoiselle Griaznova, played a very prominent part in Nihilism. The



SOPHIA BARDINA.

former was a daughter of a major in the army and became known through her connection with the secret printing office of the Terrorist organ, *Narodnaya Volia* (People's Will). When the office was discovered these two ladies, revolvers in hand, kept the soldiers at bay for more than two hours. The gendarmes sought to overcome the party by firing through the doors and windows. But for lack of ammunition those inside were finally conquered and obliged to surrender. One of the gendarmes tied the hands and feet of Mademoiselle Ivanova and threw her on the ground. While in this humiliating position she reproached her comrades for their cowardice in so readily yielding up the situation. A gendarme who guarded her struck her in the face and kicked her brutally, inflicting serious injuries upon her. This man appeared against her as a witness at the trial, and when she complained of his brutality her words were disregarded, and she was condemned to fifteen years' penal servitude. Mademoiselle Griaznova was transported to Siberia for life, and I believe the sentence of her companion was afterwards



VERA LUBOTOVITCH.

commuted to four years, through the influence of the heir-apparent, to whom the court-martial appealed.

Vera Figner, who was accused of complicity in the plot to destroy the Winter palace in 1880, but was afterwards acquitted, was twenty-two years old and the daughter of a high Russian official. She was subsequently condemned, however, to fifteen years' penal servitude for her connection with the Terrorist party. It was Mademoiselle Figner who planned the assassination of General Strelnikoff at Odessa, which proved successful, and for which she was sentenced to death, but the penalty was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Schlusselburg. Of her ultimate fate we know nothing definite, but reports have reached the outside world that she died there in 1885.

Eugenie Figner, like her sister Vera, was a woman of ability and education. She was the associate of Kviatskovsky, a devoted fellow-worker in what she esteemed the cause of freedom. Something more than the bonds of mere friendship seems to have united them, however, as



ANNA TOPORKOVA.

for years they labored together under assumed names. Kviatskovsky had the management of the secret press through which liberalism was propagated. Some articles written by him, discovered during a search of his apartments by the police, were deemed conclusive evidence of his complicity in the Winter palace explosion. The fact of Eugenie's constant association with Kviatskovsky was the cause of suspicion being directed also towards her, and a search of her lodgings was made in the hope of discovering incriminating evidence. A glass vessel containing dynamite was found, and also a bundle of white paper corresponding in size to that used for the printing of *Narodnaya Volia*. In addition forty-five copies of a proclamation issued in connection with the railway explosion near Moscow were found, and these discoveries led to her arrest, after which she was exiled to Siberia for fifteen years.

But the brave women I have mentioned thus far are not the only members of their sex who have become martyrs to Nihilism. The case of Madame Sighidi, for example, is still fresh in the minds of American readers. It was she who suffered death at the Kara mines by being stripped and brutally flogged in the presence of the prison officials, for the reason that she had resented an insult offered to her womanhood by the governor of the mines. The rest of the women politicals, fearing like treatment, inaugurated a hunger strike, which lasted many days and was only broken by a promise to have the governor of the prison removed. This was not fulfilled, however, and Madame Kovalskaya, with several others, took poison and succumbed to its effects before the officials learned of their act.

The island of Saghalien was during the past year the scene of brutal treatment to a woman whose name has not reached us, but the occurrence has been vividly described by an eye-witness.

Perhaps the most popular of recent sufferers for this cause was Madame Tscherbrikova, who, while not a Nihilist, had sufficient courage to forward a letter to the czar expressive of her ideas of the administration of justice in Russia. It was a clear, logical and impassioned appeal to

the ruler of more than one hundred millions of people for the reorganization of the *tehinovnik* (official) system throughout the empire. With what result the letter was received the world already knows. The noble-minded woman, who, having the courage of her convictions did not hesitate to speak, now languishes in an obscure village in the westernmost part of the province of Archangelsk. The latest accounts received describe her condition as truly pitiable.



EUGENIE SOOBOTIN.

The present attitude of Russia toward her people is not such as to inspire confidence in the Nihilistic movement in the future. Russian possessions must be Russianized at all hazards, and centralization appears to be the sole aim of the government. Suppression and not expansion seems to be the motto of the ruler of Russia. In a country where the rights of the people receive little or no recognition it is but natural to look for discontent, and to find in constant motion a movement toward the amelioration of the condition of the masses. That it will ever reach greater proportions than at present is doubtful, for the chief of the dreaded Third Section has such means at his disposal in the form of spies as to make a successful uprising wellnigh impossible.



VERA FIGNER.

The agitators fail to understand that education alone can achieve the end they are trying to gain by force. A broader education is now permitted to certain classes which before were restricted in this matter; but the fact still remains that the peasant or rural population at the present day is as densely ignorant as it was at the time of its emancipation more than a quarter of a century ago. Until this state of things is changed the leaders of the liberal movement, who comprise the educated people of the empire, can hope for little success from any scheme tending to better their condition. True, thousands of lives have been sacrificed on the altar of freedom, and it is also true that many thousands more will share the same fate, for the rising generation is imbued with ideas of freedom amounting almost to fanaticism. No persecution, no suppression or oppression, will eradicate these ideas, and men and women will continue to suffer and yield up their lives for what, I fear, will in the end prove a lost cause.

The social and political conditions of the empire have developed a peculiar

class of women whose one aim in life is the liberation of their people from the thralldom of oppression, and who, to attain that end, are willing to sacrifice home, friends, and even life if necessary. Tourgenieff, in the following quotation from his *Verses and Prose*, portrays the character of these women more forcibly than could any words of mine:

"I see a huge building with a narrow door in its front wall. The door is open and a dismal darkness stretches beyond. Before the high threshold stands a girl—a Russian girl. Frost breathes out of the impenetrable darkness, and with the icy draught from the depths of the building there comes forth a slow and hollow voice:

"'Oh! thou who art wanting to cross this threshold; dost thou know what awaits thee?'

"'I know it,' answers the girl.

"'Cold, hunger, hatred, derision, contempt, insults, a fearful death even?'

"'I know it.'

"'Complete isolation and separation from all?'



MARIA SOBOTIN.

"I know it. I am ready. I will bear all sorrows and miseries."

"Not only if inflicted by enemies, but when done by kindred and friends?"

"Yes, even when done by them."

"Well, are you ready for self-sacrifice?"

"Yes."

"For anonymous self-sacrifice? You shall die, and nobody shall know even whose memory is to be honored."

"I want neither gratitude nor pity. I want no name."

"Are you ready for a crime?"

"The girl bent her head. 'I am ready even for a crime.'"

"The voice paused awhile before renewing its interrogatories."

"Then again, 'Dost thou know,' it said at last, 'that thou mayest lose thy faith in what thou now believest, that thou mayest feel that thou hast been mistaken, and hast lost thy young life in vain?'"

"I know that also, and nevertheless I will enter."

"Enter, then."

"The girl crossed the threshold and a heavy curtain fell behind her."

"A fool," gnashed someone outside.

"A saint," answered a voice from somewhere."



ILL MATCHED.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

It always was my lot to be
The partner of the fair Miss Mary,
At tennis, ballroom, dance or cards,
Because we both were literary.

At dinings out, at early teas,
The custom never seemed to vary;
The hostess placed us side by side
Because we both were literary.

Oh, youth with an aspiring mind,
Of an aspiring maid be wary;
A critic for one's bosom friend
Cuts down like frost the literary.

She's now my wife, Society
And Fate, that subtle dame contrary,
Decreed that we as one should be
Because we both were literary.

She's writ a book and so have I,
But life to me of joys is chary;
The feeble world my praise doth ring,
But she—she, too—is literary.

REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD.

THE ex-Empress Eugénie has been spending several weeks in a visit to Paris, and has been a pathetic figure in the brilliant capital. She has not been molested by the authorities of the republic, because they know their strength and her weakness, and in the faded empress respect the woman of a few transient glories and many abiding sorrows. She is believed to have made the oldest son of the late Prince Napoleon her heir, but she has no hope of a dynasty in the family whose name she bears. Before this visit she had several times passed through France, in journeys between England and Switzerland and Italy, and one occasion was when she arrived at the northern railway station in Paris just as the widowed Empress Frederick of Germany was expected and a crowd had collected. She was recognized, and there were cries, one of which shocked her exceedingly, for it was the mysterious voice of history. "That fatal woman" were the merciless words. The French cannot believe that they were themselves to blame for the fall of France, and it is easy to charge the national misfortune to a woman. The truth is, France had been for twenty years in the hands of an imperial ring, and her resources were wasted like those of one of our cities, by the inevitable ruling gang whose conquests must be maintained, as achieved, by corruption. The Empress Eugénie had little realizing sense of what war with Germany meant, and believed the armies of France invincible until the avalanche of misfortune came. Undisturbed in Paris, she was detained there by the fears of the influenza, which was so prevalent and fatal in England, and she ventured to visit the scenes of her splendor, to view the extension of the garden of the Tuileries that covers the site of the vanished palace. The French were furious that the Empress Frederick drove to St. Cloud, because her husband had been there, the armed enemy and victor over France; but the woman in black, gazing at the blank, only filled with flowers and shrubbery, where the towers of the Tuileries once lifted their quaint and

picturesque angles, excited no animosity. It was on a September day, twenty-one years ago, when the tricolor appeared for the last time on the staff above the dark clock tower of the old imperial palace, and slowly descended, to announce to the swarming multitude that the empress had departed. She was still there, however, and two hours later left by a side door to return no more until after many years, when war and revolution and anarchy had spent their force and the grass was growing where the marbled magnificence had crumbled to dust and the ashes of ambition were spread. Her leave-taking was a flight, for she with reason feared the mob, and she was nearly betrayed into their hands as she took a cab to drive to her refuge in the home of Doctor Evans, by a newsboy who knew her and said, fortunately unheard, "Voilà l'Imperatrice." It was but a few days after this when a strange silence fell upon the gardens and groves of the Tuileries. The empire gone, the people turned away and thought of other things; and there were afternoons when Americans lingering in Paris visited the famous walks under the chestnuts that were in solitude, the statues the only figures of the French visible, while the music where the imperial band had played was the gentle cooing of the doves in the shadowy boughs of the lonesome trees. It was in the grounds of St. Cloud that Eugénie parted with her husband and son, as they left her to go to Metz, proposing, in their presumption, to speedily invade Germany, and met their fate. They never saw Paris again, and when she next met them their lofty titles were phrases of emptiness and reproach and they were fugitives. France has nothing to fear now from any pretender to her throne, and the danger of adventure from the Bonapartes is less than from the Bourbons. Hence the empress, gray, pale, bent, leaning on a stick and tortured with rheumatism, may receive her friends and hold her little court in her apartments of the Hôtel Continental, her windows overlooking the trees and the flowers whose verdure and bloom

are, as she well knows, less perishable than empires; and she can wander at will through the splendid galleries where the glory of France shines in her wonderful art, imperishable.

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THE Queen of England was easily the first of the royalties whose pomp gave London an entertaining spectacle and amusing excitement on the occasion of the visit of the young Emperor of Germany. It was that the reception might be his, and not hers, that she kept out of the drive from Buckingham Palace to Guildhall. Only four years ago the grandfather and father of the emperor were living, the old emperor still vigorous, and while the first of the sinister rumors of the ill-fated Frederick's deadly malady were cautiously circulated, his was far the most imposing presence in the jubilee parades and reviews on land and sea, his white plumes towering over all the rest. The queen was fondly vain of her superb son-in-law, but she has had her pride specially stirred by her grandson, the lord and master of the mightiest military array ever organized on this planet—the emperor of the most enlightened as well as the most formidable of empires, who journeyed to see her with a dazzling staff of dignitaries, including diplomats and the representatives of the most brilliant military aristocracy the world ever saw; and this startling, restless and imperious grandson had not only in his hand the power of twenty-three army corps, but the prestige particularly dear to royalty of having overthrown the greatest man in his time, the tremendous Bismarck, who ruled the old emperor, did not respect the young man's father and mother and at first captivated his youthful imagination. So far as the German imperial court is concerned, Bismarck is a retired country gentleman and a member of Parliament likely to appear in the opposition. It was something even for the Queen of England and Empress of India to have such a personage as William II. for a grandson and guest, and the vaults of Windsor castle yielded their treasures of gold plate incomparable, and a solid silver wine cooler big enough to hold two men, and golden candlesticks that would have astonished Solomon. At the tables loaded with gold, the Empress

of India and the German emperor drank Rhine wine together, and as a parting glass she took old Bordeaux and he Tokay, the favorite wine of his grandfather, Prince Albert. It is said that her majesty the queen was peremptory on the subject of William's Guildhall speech; she had heard of some of his off-hand efforts, and did not want any of them in London or elsewhere in her dominions, so as to involve her and her government in responsibility for rash utterances. Therefore the only speech that was more than an expression of thanks had to be written and submitted to the empress queen, who revised it, and it came out all right, and none the worse if it contained some words of appropriate eulogy of the imperial and indomitable old lady herself. She naturally saw no harm in them, though they were florid, and the young man had to have some liberty of speech. The facts behind this incident, which has been much discussed with little sense of its importance, is that the queen has an eye to royal and imperial business, and can give Lord Salisbury points as to the conduct of foreign affairs. She did not feel that anything should be said that would by possibility justify a protest from France, and the German emperor, after his imperial mother had so mixed a reception in Paris, has not been enamoured of the French; and since Bismarck's retirement he has sought to strengthen the triple alliance by making it quadruple—including England. William's speech was intensely judicious. Not only were his words tasteful, he had the good fortune to impress all who heard them that he was sincere. It is proper, as his grandmother took him into her diplomatic keeping, that another imperial lady, his august wife, Augusta Victoria (happening happily to combine the names of his two grandmothers), should have shielded him from the too inquisitive gaze of the multitude with her parasol, which, if we may—as, indeed, we must—believe many American journalists, was immense, white and with a long fringe. The populace saw at least his silver helmet with an eagle on it, and if they were disappointed because he has not the stature of his father, they have only themselves to blame. He makes no profession of being a giant physically, but he will get over more ground in a

given time than any half-dozen of his ancestors, and his impetuous activities seem to have shaken the equanimity of Great Britain. He has not often had the pleasure of the company of his wife on his voyages, which have already extended from Turkey and Italy to Norway and from England to Austria and Russia, for the reason that she has been much occupied with her six little imperial princes; and when he has her with him he wants the people to remember that she is the empress; and it is pleasant to read that he was angry and sharp of speech when some stupid people in an address to him omitted to recognize her presence. They will, next time, know she is there and think of it that she is not only an empress but a devoted wife and mother.

* * *

THE Empress of Russia and the Princess of Wales are sisters, and one of the most charming sights ever presented in the London illustrated journals represented the beautiful royal and imperial sisters riding together. The Duchess of Edinburgh is the czar's sister, and her diamonds shone at the opera in London, attended by the Emperor of Germany, with a lustre equal to those of the German empress and the Princess of Wales, and the glittering trio in the royal company out-dazzled all others, though beholders were bewildered by the marvelous displays of precious stones that blazed around the boxes of the aristocrats and plutocrats. Two of Victoria's sons are brothers-in-law of the czar, but he does not show a sign of anxiety to cultivate the friendship of England, and is pushing eagerly towards Constantinople and India. The blandishments of English society do not allure him in the least, and he has not shown incessant solicitude to be affectionately remembered by his distinguished cousin, the Emperor of Germany. He has moved to Moscow, and that means that he proposes to orientalize the empire. St. Petersburg, to Peter the great, signified that he had designs on western Europe; the return of the czar to Moscow tells that his eyes are on the East, and there can be no doubt he resents the alliance of Central Europe and the intrusiveness of Austria. The reception of William II. in England has not been calculated to conciliate the im-

perial head of Russia, and in that view is an immense mistake in statecraft. This will be discovered as the fact develops that Russia and France are more closely allied, and pool their issues against England in Egypt and Austria in the Balkans. The favorite vacation of the czar has been to spend the summer month in Copenhagen with his wife's folks, and he is said to have led a simple life among the Danes and to have been very amiable. He has the reputation of loving his wife and children, and the czarina is intensely devoted to him, and has been credited with exerting over him, in matters pertaining to charities, a genial and beautiful influence. The perils of attempting to be too influential with the czar by making sure of finding him at home have, according to recent cables, had a striking illustration. Two of his brothers-in-law, the Crown Prince of Denmark and Prince Waldemar, have deeply sympathized with the Jews in the persecution they have endured in Russia, and made up their minds that the member of their family to whom Russia belongs was not fully informed, and had been held responsible for atrocities that would have been impossible if the proceedings had come to his knowledge. They got together the documents that had meant so much to them, had them reproduced in a newspaper and sent a copy to their sister, with the injunction that she should place it in the hands of the Great White Czar himself, and she did so. Unhappily he did not assimilate the information agreeably. It threw him into a towering rage. It is not stated that he said the things he should not have said to the gentlewoman who thought she was engaged in an enterprise of kindness, but it is said that the persecution of the Jews has gone on with greater savagery than ever.

* * *

A VERY pleasant compliment was bestowed upon Queen Victoria and her daughters by a non-conformist preacher, who was obliged to give himself deliverance on the subject of the association of the Prince of Wales with the baccarat scandal. It was that the ladies of the royal family were all amiable women, conservative, dignified, irreproachable, and their example should be followed by their

male relatives. The queen has been as fortunate in her daughters-in-law as with her daughters. The Princess of Wales is the most popular woman in the kingdom. There is more than general good feeling toward her. She has the affections of the people in an extraordinary degree. It is still as when Tennyson sung her welcome when she landed in England to be the bride of the heir apparent :

" Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee."

There was once a story that the Duchess of Edinburgh held, in her early experiences in London, that she should have precedence of the queen's daughters, because she was the daughter of an emperor ; and the queen had to rebuke the charming little tartar, telling her that the Queen of England acknowledged no earthly superior, and her claim of precedence could not be allowed. It has been hinted that in this incident Lord Beaconsfield found the suggestion that ripened into adding to the titles of the queen that of " Empress of India," an act that gave her majesty the greatest pleasure.

That which is said of the Empress Frederick is familiar. It is conceded that she is a woman of unusual endowments, an artist, a musician, a student of philosophy, with a passion for literature and politics, whose one fault has been her inability to acquire German popularity. The Princess Beatrice was for a long time the figure of youth and beauty, always beside her mother, and now that she is married her duties seldom seem to call her far away. It was not to be charged to the Marchioness of Lorne that her husband was thrown from his horse in a public procession ; and she should not be blamed because he writes poetry. The Princess Christian is the least known of the royal princesses, but she commands the high regard of all who do know her. The representative of the aroused non-conformist conscience might have been more polite to the males of the royal family, but he could not have given them better advice.

* * *

In the serene career of the Queen of Spain with her baby king there is an object lesson in modern monarchy that may be profitably studied. The air of

Spain is hot and stormy ; the soil is volcanic ; there is quick passion and haughty pride in the blood and brain of the people, and yet there is peace. The infant monarch is far more secure in the arms of his good mother, in the devotion of his subjects, than he is likely to be when grown to manhood and held responsible for the evil that others do. It is in his innocent infancy and his mother's modest, reserved and faithful life that the stability of the monarchy is doubly assured. This is not precisely the view taken by the Queen of England, who takes an interest, too serious sometimes, in affairs ; but we should not complain of that, for she was our friend in the Trent case when the Prince Consort revised the war despatch of Palmerston. The German emperor regards himself as the one master, and there is no doubt of his energy and aptitude for executive business ; but if in some of his many activities he should come to a full stop, the empress, with the little Crown Prince and his five brothers, would form a group stronger in the universal love of the people than any strength of man, and the security of the empire could be more confidently predicted than during the life of the emperor.

* * *

THERE are many marks in history of the diplomatic capacity of women in matters of state, but it has not often been the fortune of an American lady to bear a part in the adjustment of the relations of nations. The visit of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, wife of the minister to France, accompanied by her father, D. O. Mills, Esq., to the president at Cape May was without a word of proclamation to declare that it was in the exercise of a public function, but there are circumstances indicating that she was in the fairest sense an ambassadress. When she came home it was stated that her husband was detained by the approaching settlement of the pork question with France. It has been Mr. Reid's constant effort to establish reciprocity between American pork and the art of France. There are no official papers to show it, but the revelation of the situation is, that when Mrs. Reid left Paris negotiations were in a state requiring a final touch by the president ; and the theory that he gave it after Mrs. Reid's call is confirmed by the immediate action of the assembly of France.

Social Problems, by Edward Everett Hale.



THE WORK OF WOMEN.

I HAD proposed another paper for this number of the *Cosmopolitan*, on the social problems involved in gambling. This is a matter in which men and women are tempted alike and have the same interest. But, as I learn from the chief that this number devotes itself especially to the affairs of women, I shall let the gambling questions lie for a month longer, humbly trusting that, even in the silence of the *Cosmopolitan* for thirty days, no woman may think it right to push two more five pound counters forward, where she had bet but one, so that the banker may pay her fifteen pounds instead of five, after a "natural" has been declared.

In place of my essay on gambling I shall ask to make a few suggestions as to the work of women, which may possibly put some women on their guard, in their choice among the thousand opportunities opened before women today.

ARE thoughtful, conscientious and intelligent women really sure that they wish to cut loose from all the traditions of the school of chivalry?

This seems to me a fundamental "social question" today, and I am always glad when I can get a thoughtful woman to answer it seriously. At bottom, in the system of chivalry, men said this: "Women have to bear a tremendous trial which men do not bear. In the birth of all the children of the world, in the nursing and education of them, they have to give up a great deal of time, and they

have to deny themselves many satisfactions which men take of course. They have, among other things, to keep much at home. Let us, then, give home life wholly into their hands. Let us obey their directions and wishes in its principles, methods and details. On the other hand, let us fight for them, work for them, and provide for them. And they shall not be called upon for provision, out-door work or battle." To insure this system, chivalry arranged a certain deference, not wholly external, to be paid to women. If a ship went down, with few boats, the men stood at their posts till the women were embarked. If a street car could have existed in the days of Richard Plantagenet, the women would all have been seated, even if all the men should stand. This deference was an integral and essential part of the system. It never existed where women were a part of the general working force; there is, indeed, no reason why it should. And it will not exist if they resume that place, which they still enjoy in lands which have, until now, been called savage lands. We are now told that the system of Central Africa, for instance, where the woman is expected to share in field labor and in war, is the system to which our higher civilization is to be expected to return.

THE first stages of the reform are unfortunate for those provinces or states which try the experiment. If, for instance, you add to *a*, the working force of men in the state of Massachusetts, *b*, the

similar working force of women, you reduce wages there below the standard in countries where men only compete for employment. For instance, if you train women as compositors in printing offices, the average rate of compositors' wages goes down. Or, in a factory where women run the spinning machinery, the rate of spinners' wages goes down; in each case the rate is below what it would be were men alone permitted by custom or by law to enter into the competition. What follows is, that until you have established a similar system through the world, the men emigrate from the state where their wages are lower to that where they are higher. You have left, then, a larger population of women above the age of childhood than you have of men. And this condition is the most unfortunate for women of any conditions possible. It has been said that it means prostitution. This is not true. But it does mean indifference, not to say contempt. And it results in fact, as it does in theory, in the loss of the deference which was bred of the other system of chivalry.

Women lost their seats in the horse-cars, though horsecars did not then exist, the day that some Hargreaves or Owen admitted them into his factory.

* * *

INTELLIGENT and thoughtful women say, when this view is presented to them, that they do not think that women wish or claim the disagreeable occupations. They are quite willing that the seafaring occupations shall still remain in the exclusive province of men. The business of digging and, in general, agricultural labor in the fields, may remain with them. The duties of the fire department and of the military services and of the police shall be men's duties. But, in the direction of those who fulfil these duties, we are told that women are to have their fair share, whatever that is. That is to say, a board of naval commissioners, who are in no case to be exposed to action, shall order the seamen of a fleet to dangerous service; and a governor or president, who is never herself to be in battle, is to direct the movements of men who are to lead and follow in forlorn hopes, and to win victories for the administration at the loss of their own lives. Or, in a simpler illustration, presenting

itself every day, the women of Cranberry Centre shall vote for "no license," and, when a liquor shop is to be closed, against the sentiment of the men who drink there, these women, themselves sitting in the office of the town council, shall direct the policemen whose heads are to be broken in the inevitable shindy. It is inevitable, wherever the people to be suppressed believe that the physical force is in their hands.

* * *

WE are living in the transition stage in which curious experiments are tried. Those experiments have gone so far that they ought to put women on their guard. Precisely as a jolly set of college boys like to act in a play in which the younger fellows, still beardless, put on the dresses, wield the fans and assume the pretty manners of women, women are now tempted to see and to show how well they can take parts which have, till now, been assigned to men by stage managers.

Among others, they have an evident passion for holding public meetings, for the machinery of presiding, of debating, of referring to committees and of laying on the table.

It is a good deal as the Peruvian princes learned to ride on Pizarro's runaway horses, that they might encourage their own soldiers. Mrs. President Dido, or the Lady Psyche, mounts in the same way her hobby, consults her Jefferson's manuals, rules that Miss Chit-Chat is out of order, and, in aside, says to the Cosmopolitan or other admiring spectator: "See, we can do this just as well as men."

They can do it just as well as men. And there still survives among women the superstition, which has well-nigh died out among men, that a "meeting," as a meeting merely, has in itself some value. This superstition is inherited from religious services, where for centuries the impression has been given and taken, not without a foundation in truth, that the mere sentiment of union or communion has in itself a real and essential value. But, granting the value of sympathy and mutual help, as it shows itself in a religious assembly, at a public dinner, at any meeting of real coöperation, like a quilting party or a husking bee, it is to be remembered all along that the mere machinery of deliberative bodies has, in

itself, no merit. It is only an incumbrance, and, at best, a necessary nuisance.

Let intelligent women notice that really efficient men hate the machinery of public meetings, and avoid it as much as possible. "Boards are made of wood; they are long and narrow." This was the favorite motto of Colonel Ingham, and it is painfully true. Look carefully, and you will see that it is only second or third rate men who expect to carry anything through by a bored board or by a public assembly, which has not been carefully digested, even to every detail, in lonely study or in the frank intimacy of a parlor or a counting room. It may be doubted whether the chiefs of the Oil Trust or of any great railroad combination ever descended to "Mr. President," or "I move to lay on the table," or I shall be "forced to press the previous question." They leave all that rigmarole to men of inferior executive ability or to the newly awakened ambition of women, who, in this affair, are foolishly trying to imitate men.

I am as glad as anyone to see the arrangements of the girls' clubs, or of the better schools, by which women get this new accomplishment of presiding well at a public meeting, or of carrying forward its affairs. For such things, as I have said, are necessary nuisances. So I am very glad when my boys learn to fence, and to fence well. But I should be sorry to have them think that the turn of battle is ever to be decided by a skilful parry or by an attack in carte.

In one word, I could wish that my women friends, preparing for the new civilization, would remember that intelligent and effective men distrust public meetings, and deal with them as little as they can.

* * *

With this caution belongs the working truth, that in modern life, in the fields into which women now seek to venture, division of labor is necessary—or the system of specialties. It is not so in the direction of a household, the business which chivalry offered to women. The same lady who directed the manufacture of the soup was able to entertain her guests by her music after dinner. That refers to a famous story of mine—the scene is laid in Buffalo—which you have often heard me tell. But women must

learn, what only a few of them now seem to know, that this range from grave to gay, from lively to severe, cannot be carried much farther than in the reliefs which one department of household work gives to another.

Only Mrs. Jellyby—that is, only a fool—interests herself at the same time in Africa, in working girls, in Chinese schools, in industrial schools, in societies for the occupation of the higher classes, in the opening of the art museum, and in the canvass for school supervisors. Women seem to think intelligent men do this. That is their mistake. The woman who would succeed in her work of public spirit must be sure she has but one iron in the fire at one time.

* * *

I LISTEN to the eloquence of women with delighted interest. I have heard the best in that line in the last half century, viz., Lucretia Mott, Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Woolson. I have, alas! heard one thousand times as many of the worst. And for this, to the recording angel I offer Stephen's prayer, with the change of one word: "Lay not this sin to my charge."

The oratory of women has two immense advantages which most men cannot easily command. Speaking generally—with exceptions on both sides—public speakers among men have had more or less training in elocution, which carries with it, inevitably, a loss of spontaneity. Thus far, few women have to sustain this danger. And, secondly, women speak with that absolute audacity which, whether in the direction of a ram, in the charge of a column, or in public address, commands success—if the hero be not killed before success comes.

This audacity in women is derived, more than they are yet aware, from their security. When a woman says a thing absolutely, a gentleman does not yet squarely contradict her. If at a dinner party she says that the phrase "Love's Labor Lost" is from Milton, the gentleman who is talking with her changes the conversation. But if a lad says this at dinner with his classmates they laugh in his face, and nickname him. From this immunity, I have observed that it happens that women, in public address, make the most awful statements, without authority; where no

man would have dared rush in, without verifying every fact or figure.

As a cynical friend of mine once said: "Women are not yet afraid of being horse-whipped."

* * *

THEY will have to learn that they must not speak in public from mere impulse or inspiration of the moment. In private they may. And a man may. It is, indeed, the charm of private talk that it is exuberant, unfiltered, and that it ranges everywhere. But in public address the central facts must be facts, absolutely substantiated. We must not speak of thousands of starving people if there are only 666 starving. We must not say "Mr. Harrison says," unless we know Mr. Harrison said it.

I once asked a distinguished orator what was her authority for a certain telling statement which had brought down the house—and which I knew to be absolutely untrue. "Authority?" said she dreamily. "Authority? Oh! did not I see it somewhere in the newspaper?" I do not know whether she did or not. I do know that she had no right to give her own authority for it unless she had herself verified it in detail. But she had not the slightest idea that any such duty devolved upon her or that the public proclamation of the statement made it her own.

This is what happens from being bred in a school of courtesy, where people do not like to contradict you.

* * *

MEETINGS, as I have said, do not direct affairs. Society, or the combination of men and women, does. But "meetings," so called, are but a very crude and even mean representation of the force and purpose of society. And by "society" I hope I need not say I do not mean what Mr. McAllister pretends to mean. I mean the combined power of all the people, which in the long run, of course, is the combined power of all the thoughtful and intelligent people. The weapons used by this power are not forged in the ignorance or fitfulness of public meetings. It is in more private intimacy—it is in the easy talk of home—it is in delicate and skilful education—it is in fervent prayer and persevering determination—it is in the give-and-take of a dinner party—it is in the secrecy of an embrasure at an afternoon

tea that the important decision is made. Or the important opinion has been swayed by the words of a song or by the repetition of an epigram. "I should care little for my own vote," said Crito, "if I were not quite sure that I had made 500 other voters vote in the same way."

After the Lady Ida had given up the charge of her promising university, she made her husband re-furnish a pleasant palace he had two miles out of town. There she brought up her children, and there she was at home to all the more intelligent courtiers and to all the public-spirited statesmen. As it happened, the selfish statesmen and the courtiers without sense did not like her, and never visited her. But the men of the first power liked her—well—as they did not like the prince. And she said things to them that he did not dare to say. Oddly enough, she was above party; for in that country women did not vote. So when the Reds went out and the Blues came in, the Reds still came to her afternoon teas and were still on her list for dinner. It was at her house and at her house only that the Gladstones of the day met the Balfours, and the Millses met the Blaines. When they wanted to feel the pulse of the intelligence of that land they looked in at one of her receptions. When the prime minister wanted to know if he had gone too far, he asked her. She had six fine boys. They grew up passionately fond of her, and equipped with every tradition and passion which enabled them to serve their country. For they had lived in the home she made, and had never been sent to a boarding-school. Her experience in the management of a faculty had given her a distaste for presiding at the meeting of a board. But her own charities, judicious and tender, swept in from right and left thousands who loved her. And so it happened, as we say, that the few people who knew anything knew to whom was due the prosperity of that little state. The people who did not know anything said that the prince was the most distinguished ruler it had ever known. This was the way men's history was written.

But I was permitted, one day, to look at the recording angel's account of that state. And I found—and I was not surprised to find—on the calendar of its worthies—that the Lady Ida's name led all the rest.

ON CERTAIN RECENT SHORT STORIES.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

WHEN the Incorporated Society of Authors gave a dinner three years ago to the American men of letters then in London, Mr. James Bryce presided with dignity and grace. The chief topic of his opening speech was American literature; and the American guests were pleasantly surprised to hear him declare that there were two lines of literature in which the United States was ahead of Great Britain. One of these was that of political science and economics, and the other was that of the short story. He declared that there was in recent American literature "a feature of special and peculiar interest to us in England which it is hardly possible for us in this little country of ours to introduce and to emulate—I mean the power which recent American writers of fiction have shown of bringing out the latent varieties and the distinctive flavors of the life and character of the different parts of the great American continent. Nothing is more remarkable within the last twenty years than the way in which the life of the different states and sections of the Union has found itself portrayed and brought home to us by some writer of fiction. We had the old life of New England in Hawthorne forty or fifty years ago. We have today the life of creole New Orleans in the charming novels of George W. Cable. We have the primitive roughness and kindly good nature of the Hoosiers of Indiana in the tales of Edward Eggleston. We have the child-like simplicity of the negro apologue in the Uncle Remus of Mr. Harris. We have the life of the mining camps of California in the stories and poems of Mr. Bret Harte; and we have the picturesque richness of the life on the Mississippi, the strange, wild habits, and the curious contrast of rude deeds and tender hearts, in the stories and sketches of Mark Twain and the Pike County Ballads of Colonel Hay. It is no small service to English literature which these American writers have rendered, and I think we must feel that they have laid us under a double obligation. They have increased the pleasure which we feel in literature itself in seeing it made the

interpreter of social life and history, and they have enabled us to know the people of the United States in their habits and characters and homes as we could have known them in no other way."

I have indulged in this long quotation partly because we Americans are glad to cherish any words about ourselves from so kindly and so competent a critic as Mr. Bryce, and partly because Mr. Bryce here pointed out the distinctive merit of that department of literature in which we Americans have been most abundantly and triumphantly successful—the department of the short story. There are no names in all our brief literature history which blaze more brightly than Poe's and Hawthorne's; and Poe and Hawthorne were masters of the short story above all else. The short story is like the lyric—it is a little thing; but only the foolish confuse bigness in bulk with genuine greatness. As Hawthorne told us, there is "no fountain so small but that heaven may be imaged in its bosom;" so the short story can body forth that impression of life which, after all, is all that literature can give us. And it can do this quite as directly as the longer novel and sometimes quite as forcibly. There is no detective story of Wilkie Collins or Gaboriau, whatever its length, equal in interest to Poe's *Gold Bug*; and many a three-volume novel fails to give as sharp an outline of London society or of the American girl abroad as is focussed into the vignettes which Mr. James called *An International Episode* and *Daisy Miller*.

The short story is also the department of literature in which we Americans have been most prolific. In the spring of 1891 there were published in New York and Boston, within the space of three calendar months, not less than thirteen volumes of collected short stories by American authors—one a week; and the most of these collections attained to a surprisingly high level of merit. Some of them were a little self-conscious, no doubt; and some of the authors took themselves a little too seriously, it is true; but there was reason for pride if one consider the books

altogether. One of the keenest critics of American life recently remarked that "just now American fiction had most elaborate machinery—and no boiler." The half of this epigram which is true does not apply to the half of American fiction which includes the short story.

* * *

One of the first to appear of these collections of short stories was Mr. Bret Harte's *A Sappho of Green Springs*, which contains, besides the title tale, three others, *The Chatelaine of Burnt Ridge*, *Through the Santa Clara Wheat* and *A Mæcenas of the Pacific Slope*. The four stories are very much what the regular reader of Mr. Bret Harte will expect after a perusal of their titles. It is not fair to call them monotonous, because Mr. Harte is as alert in manner and as sprightly in style as he was when he first charmed us with *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* and *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, now more than a score of years ago. But it is twenty years at least since Mr. Bret Harte shook the red dust of California from his feet; and in all this time there has been no cessation in the stream of tales and idyls and romances of the Pacific slope which he has poured forth.

The earlier stories seemed to be founded on sympathetic observation; but of late years we cannot help wondering whether the author is not now "making it up out of his head as he goes along." We suspect artifice and premeditation; and the suspicion mars our pleasure in the author's art. Nothing that Mr. Harte has written of late years has seemed to me as fresh or as vivid as a short story called *Sarah Walker*, the scene of which was laid east of the Rockies. For another tale as direct as *Sarah Walker*, more than one devoted reader of Mr. Harte's polished prose would give a bookful of twice-told tales like *The Hercules of Coon Hollow*, like *A Pastoral of Bloody Pond*, like *The Prima Donna of Santa Barbara*—tales which Mr. Harte has not yet written so far as I know, but which he may be expected to proffer to us at any moment.

It was once my privilege to hear a little knot of men who love literature discuss the question whether the sudden success of Mr. Harte's first stories proved that the Californian author had struck a vein or whether he had merely found a pocket.

The prevailing opinion was that he had only happened on a deposit of nuggets, the biggest and richest of which lay at the top and were taken out first. The later stories show that diligent labor and earnest seeking are rewarded now and again by a respectable clean-up. But *Sarah Walker* was evidence that the skill acquired in California could be applied to the vein of humanity which runs across the world. There is pay gravel in abundance outside of the Pacific states if the author is willing to locate a claim elsewhere and to work it for all it is worth. Perhaps the best of the four tales in Mr. Harte's latest volume is the last—*The Mæcenas of the Pacific Slope*. It is an interesting and an amusing specimen of artificial comedy and I think that its scene need not have been laid in San Francisco.

These later tales inform us that Mr. Bret Harte has at last outgrown the influence of Dickens, some of whose mannerisms marred the finer qualities of certain of the American author's early stories. Dickens was a great force in fiction, no doubt, but his formulas are intolerable in any other hands. In fact, it may be doubted whether the influence of Dickens upon novelists has ever been anything but pernicious. The tendency toward caricature which dominates the first stories of the author of the *Pickwick Papers* and the tendency toward melodrama which is obvious in most of his writing which was not frankly farcical, the exaggerated emphasis, the dead set at pathos, the hard monotony of the style—these are defects which we may forgive in the master but which we refuse to pardon in the 'prentice.

* * *

In Mr. Richard Davis's *Gallegher and Other Stories* there is a tale called *My Disreputable Friend Mr. Raegan*, written under the influence of Dickens; and after reading it one is moved promptly to cry aloud that Mr. Davis has no such disreputable friends; that he knows nothing about the thoughts and the feelings and the actions of such a creature as Mr. Raegan; and finally that no such creature as Mr. Raegan ever really existed. Gallegher, on the other hand, is real; he exists, he is alive, he is observed, he is somebody; he is an addition to our list of acquaintances, and the sketch in which

we are introduced to him is, in sailor phrase, a "rattling good yarn."

Reading these stories again in a volume after having read them here and there in the magazines, one discovers that Mr. Davis has a prime quality of the born story teller—he is unfailingly interesting. Behind the stories themselves one catches a glimpse of a pleasant personality heightened by a hint of ambition; and in the stories themselves one sees abundant signs of promise. Mr. Davis has eyes of his own and he is at his best when he deals with what he has seen himself. He is not familiar with burglars and roughs; he does not know the manners and customs of the British turf or of the French couples who go to Monte Carlo; and he would do well to exhaust the material close at hand before going afield for "color" and "effects." He is interesting always, as I have said, but he is most interesting in dealing with the things with which he is most familiar. The Philadelphian atmosphere of Gallegher is excellent; the attempt to catch the air of New York in *A Walk up the Avenue* is not quite so successful; and "one of the club men" whom Van Bibber impressed into service as a wedding guest could never have pulled "a cheerful and jerky peal" on the bells of "the Little Church round the Corner"—unless Van Bibber had thoughtfully provided a bell for that occasion only.

To dwell on these blemishes would be unfair to the author and unfair to the reader of this criticism if it should deter him from the enjoyment of Gallegher and *Other Stories*. While Gallegher strikes one as the most successful of Mr. Davis's short stories considered as a whole, there are other tales in this collection which are richer in promise. I, for one, am unwilling to accept the hypothesis on which *The Other Woman* is founded—that the bishop should ask his daughter's suitor the strange question Mr. Davis puts into that dignitary's mouth; but once grant the hypothesis and there is no denying that Mr. Davis has treated the resulting situation with insight and force and dignity. And there is imagination and strength in much of *There were Ninety and Nine*—in the early part, at least, in which the rise and fall of the Goodwood Plunger are made known to us.

In reading *The Other Woman* we cannot but wonder whether any bishop of any church was ever as extraordinarily and as incomprehensibly curious as the dignitary Mr. Davis has set before us with many a fine stroke. But no such wonder, no doubt of any kind ever attacks us, as we read the *New England Nun* and other stories by Miss Mary E. Wilkins. Her lovely little tales of New England life we accept without question. Things are as Miss Wilkins tells them, simply because she tells us so; in the face of such simplicity of manner and frank directness of statement it would be impossible for anyone to cavil or dispute. Other things also happen in New England which Miss Wilkins does not tell us, many other things, no doubt; New England is a centre of activities of all sorts, scarce one of which comes within our sight in these pages as we read of a New England nun and of her pale sisters. The people Miss Wilkins depicts with so much insight and fidelity are poor in this world's goods, and sometimes they are poor in spirit also, and often they are hard, and frequently they are narrow, and very rarely have they any humor—although Miss Wilkins herself has a plenty of it. This absence of humor is one of the things which strikes a reader of Miss Wilkins's tales; the Sam Lawson whom Mrs. Stowe presented to us in *Old Town Folks*, and who told *Fireside Stories*, had humor and to spare, and so had the characters of *The Biglow Papers*. Perhaps the absence of humor is due to the fact that Miss Wilkins paints in monochrome, or at least that she affects the softer, fading, delicate colors, one tint melting into another. Yet whatever her medium, she has the most unerring certainty of touch. And no one can read *The Revolt of "Mother"* or *A Gala Dress* and not say that the New England stock is sturdy still; it has not weakened in the hundred years in which these United States have outgrown the cent shop and grown up to the dollar store.

* * *

"However needful it may be to go abroad for the study of aesthetics," wrote Lowell many a year ago in his delightful book of *Fireside Travels*, "a man may find here also pretty bits of what may be called the social picturesque, and little landscapes over which the Indian summer

atmosphere of the past broods as sweetly and tenderly as over a Roman ruin." Little landscapes of this sort abound in the stories of Miss Wilkins and they are frequent also in the stories of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris. Indeed, the Indian summer of the past broods over Balaam and His Master even more than it does over A New England Nun. And no wonder is it that the landmarks of that strange time "befo'de wah" cast long shadows athwart the new South of today and lend to the life of the present a background of flickering romance. Whoever wishes to understand the Pilgrim Fathers and the tribe of Plymouth Rock must read and ponder the sketches of Miss Wilkins; and whoever wishes to understand the Old South and the New South, the master and the slave, the freedman and the freedman's children, must read and ponder these stories of Mr. Harris—these studies in black and white. In Balaam and in Ananias we have beautiful portraits of beautiful characters—portraits of slaves painted honestly and directly by one who fought in the slaveowner's army. And in Mom Bi there is a portrait of a character not as beautiful but quite as striking and quite as transparently truthful. There is extraordinary insight into the negro character in all these sketches and a perfect apprehension of its failings and of its virtues. The morality of Ananias and of Balaam is rudimentary only; and their virtues are those of beings who have been held as chattels. Chief among these virtues is a personal loyalty to the master, a fidelity, a self-surrender, recalling the sacrifice of the clansmen for the chief as we see it set forth so often by Scott. Even the devotion of the old father in *The Fair Maid of Perth*, with his unavailing "Another one for Hector," is not finer than the feeling which animates Balaam and Ananias. And equally true is the attitude of Mom Bi, the stay of the household, the worshipper of her young master, yet never forgetting that Maria was sold away from her and asserting her freedom to the end.

Mr. Harris carves in ivory as skilfully as in ebony, and his white folk are admirably realized; Colonel Flewellen, for one, whose reply to Charles Summer's attack on the South was crushing in its argument and its invective—particularly its invective; and for another, Lawyer

Terrell, who defends Ananias with such brilliant results. One of the stories, *A Conscript's Christmas*, has scarcely a negro in it; it is a tale of the mountaineers during the war. Another story, *Where's Duncan*, is wholly outside of Mr. Harris's accustomed field; it is an eerie enigma, and I am not certain that I understand it or that I have guessed its solution aright.

* * *

As Miss Wilkins is New England to the backbone and as Mr. Harris is Georgian, so is Mr. H. C. Bunner a New Yorker, and his *Zadoc Pine and Other Stories* is chiefly a series of studies of the New Yorker, urban and suburban. About Mr. Bunner's writing I confess that I can never speak with the expected coldness of the critic, for the author is my friend for now nearly fifteen years. We have dwelt beneath the same roof for months at a time. We have exchanged counsel day and night; we have heard each other's plans and projects; we have read each other's manuscript; we have revised each other's proof-sheets; more than once we have written the same story together, he holding the pen, or I, as chance would have it. But shall friendship blind me to the quality of my comrade's art? When he puts forth a book, shall I pass by on the other side, silent, and giving no sign? That may be the choice of some, but it is not mine. I have just been re-reading *Zadoc Pine* and the other stories with the utmost zest; and I should hold myself derelict to my duty if I did not advise all and single to whom these pages may come to make the acquaintance of *Zadoc* and his brethren as soon as they can.

They will find in the volume half a dozen stories of varying value, no doubt. I like Mrs. Tom's *Spree* less than I did a year or two ago, but all of them are told vividly and delicately, with an art which is never obtruded, with a pathos which is never maudlin, with a humor which is never forced. There are those who choose to speak of Mr. Bunner as a humorist, because he is the editor of *Puck*. He is a humorist, no doubt, and his humor will endure, for it is founded on observation and on an understanding of his fellow man. But he is a poet—as a true humorist must be. Perhaps his best story is *Love in Old Clothes*, in which the humor and the poetry are inextricably blended and

in which there is a pure tenderness of touch that I cannot but call exquisite. A Second-Hand Story in the present collection has the same lovely quality. In fact, if one were to attempt any absurd classification of the best three of Mr. Bunner's tales, one might call A Second-Hand Story the work of the poet, while Natural Selection, A Romance of Chelsea Village and East Hampton Town should be credited to the humorist, and the Zadoc Pine Labor Union is due to the aggressive Americanism of the author. Mr. Bunner is a poet, he is a humorist (in the best sense of the word) and he is an American. The Zadoc Pine Labor Union is an object lesson in Americanism; it is a model of applied political economy in fiction. And Zadoc Pine himself is one of the most direct and manly characters who has stepped from real life into literature; he has grit and he has gumption; he is an American as Benjamin Franklin was an American, and as Abraham Lincoln was. He could think as straight as he could shoot; and the tale of his rise in life is as potent a plea for freedom as Mr. Herbert Spencer's.

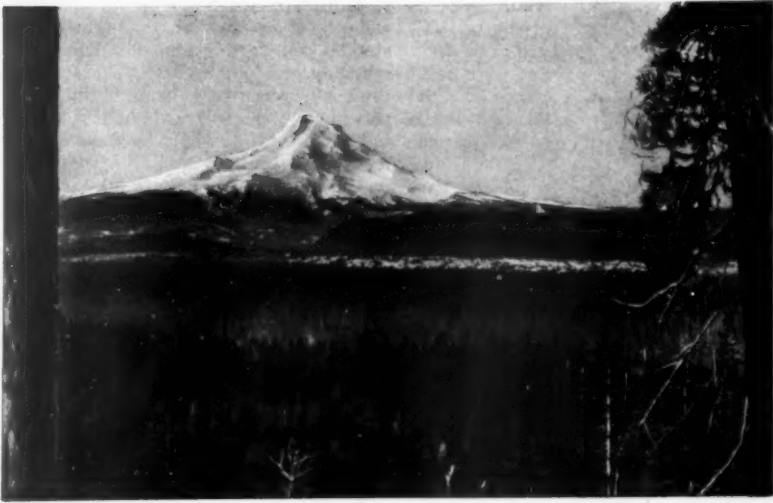
* * *

Here I find myself at the end of my allotted space and there are half a dozen more volumes of short stories of American authorship which I would gladly gossip about if I had time. There are Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnson's very curious Georgian tales. There are Mr. James Lane Allen's Kentucky tales—and Kentucky has hitherto had but scant literary recognition and has now reason to rejoice that its possibilities are recognized by a writer of the poetic gifts of Mr. Allen. There are Octave Thanet's Arkansas tales, quite as fresh as her earlier collection. There are Mr. George A. Hibberd's New York tales—for Mr. Hibberd, like Mr. Bunner and Mr. Davis, is a New Yorker, studying the sounds and sights and colors of the

great city with unfailing devotion. The Knickerbocker school in letters is as dead as the Hudson river school in art; but as the Society of American Artists has taken the place of the latter, so there is a younger generation striving forward sturdily to take the place of the former. Mr. Hibberd's first story, Iduna, shows that the force of Hawthorne is still felt; beautiful as the story is, its unreality makes it less fine than the virile tale of The Woman in the Case. We miss from Mr. Hibberd's volume the striking story called The Governor—in some ways the most powerful he has yet achieved. Mr. Janvier's Stories of Old New Spain it is impossible to consider in a perfunctory paragraph. Mr. Janvier is like Mr. Rudyard Kipling in that he has a new field where an ancient civilization is struggling with the modern. Mr. Janvier is like Mr. Kipling again in his knowledge of his subject and in his willingness to employ high color and in his fearless use of action. There are those who would call Saint Mary of the Angels melodramatic; there are few, I trust, who would not call San Antonio of the Gardens graceful.

I know five men of letters—they all belong to the Savile club in London and two of them are those brilliant Scotsmen, Mr. R. L. Stevenson and Mr. Andrew Lang—who maintain frequently that Wandering Willie's tale in Scott's Redgauntlet is the finest short story in the language. It is a fine tale of its kind, although even in its kind it seems to me to yield to one story, at least, of Poe's and to more than one of Hawthorne's. And there are a many kinds of the short story. I make bold to say that I can choose from the several volumes of American short stories which I have glanced at in the foregoing pages more than one tale which in its way shall be quite the equal of Wandering Willie's tale.





MOUNT HOOD, FROM PORTLAND.

"WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON."

THE states of Oregon and Washington have an area of 165,000 square miles, and a population of about 775,000 people, or some $4\frac{3}{4}$ to each mile square. While it is not the province of this article to enter into details as to the resources of these states, now generally spoken of as the "Pacific Northwest," it is safe to say that for all of the various interests and resources that go to sustain a population, they stand equal to the states in the Mississippi valley and far ahead of the New England states. And yet Maine has a population of 20 to the mile, Iowa 29, Illinois 55, Indiana 58, Ohio 80, New York 108, Connecticut 146, Massachusetts 218. Averaging these we find 90 to the mile.

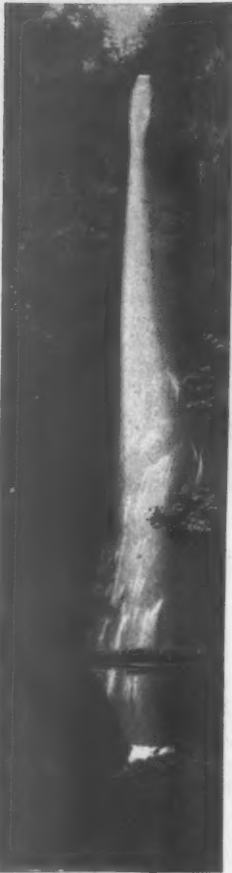
The uninformed reader will likely inquire why the population is, then, so small, Oregon having been settled these sixty years. The answer is not difficult. Until the railways reached here from the south and east, some eight or nine years ago, it was more difficult to get to this section from Chicago, even, than it was to reach some inlying town in France or Germany. This is why we find the combined population of the two states only 250,000 when the railways reached here. Since then the increase has been about 12 per

cent. compound per year. Is that a rapid growth? Lest the reader should fail to comprehend the force of the figures we will illustrate by saying that the same relative increase over all parts of the United States would give us a present national population of about 150,000,000 people.

If the states of Oregon and Washington could continue this growth they would have a combined population of 2,500,000 in 1900, and 7,500,000 in 1910. While no one hopes for such a growth, it is safe to say that such a population will be reached during the lifetime of many people on the shady side of fifty who read this article.

Portland is the financial and commercial centre of this favored region. She has been such ever since the Northwest was first settled, and has strengthened her position with each succeeding year. Her growth has never been of the boom or mushroom order, but has kept steady pace with the development of the tributary country. Her population is now about 85,000, which is more than the combined number of any other two cities in Oregon or Washington.

Portland has attained her present position without the aid of any false or ephemeral movements. Her growth has been



MULTNOMAH FALLS, ON THE COLUMBIA, NEAR PORTLAND.

steady, continuous, and permanent. Should her increase in the future, as in the past, keep pace with the filling up of her tributary country, her population should be over 500,000 when the country is settled as thickly as Iowa now is.

Portland's position in relation to this entire region is unique. By examining into the matter a trifle you will find that the Columbia, the "Oregon" of song, drains an area of productive country nearly three times as large as all of the New England states combined, or about ninety-eight times as large as the state of Delaware; hence it is

down grade from every part of this vast region to Portland. Situated as she is at the head of deep water navigation on the Columbia, her wharves are the natural entrepôt for the Pacific Northwest, for to reach tidewater, by any other route than down the Columbia means the climbing of the rugged mountain range that extends along the coast.

In a commercial sense the position of Portland is simply perfect. Being at the head of deep-sea navigation, ships from all the maritime nations of the world are constantly discharging and receiving cargoes in her harbor, while the various rail-

way lines reach the adjacent docks at water-level grades. Why have these roads singled out Portland as the place of all others on the Pacific coast? Because it is the business centre. As a prominent railway magnate recently said in an interview in New York, "It would be sheer folly for a railway to build to the Pacific coast without building a line to Portland."

Portland's trade for 1890 amounted to \$131,500,000. Compare this with the trade of other jobbing centres. Take Denver as a fair example. Denver's trade for the same year amounted to only \$38,000,000. Our trade last year amounted to more than that done by all the other towns, villages, and cities in Oregon and Washington combined.

We call special attention to the photographs accompanying this article, and to those entirely different in articles giving different facts in the current numbers of Scribner's magazine and Leslie's Popular Monthly. In noticing the picture of Mount Hood, remember it is at all times visible from Portland, and its icy waters will soon be brought to our city through a series of mains to cost \$2,500,000.

It is a well-known fact that money judiciously invested in a growing, prosperous city will give better returns than almost any other conservative investment, the only requisites to success being the selection of a city assured of a steady growth, and the purchase of good property at a



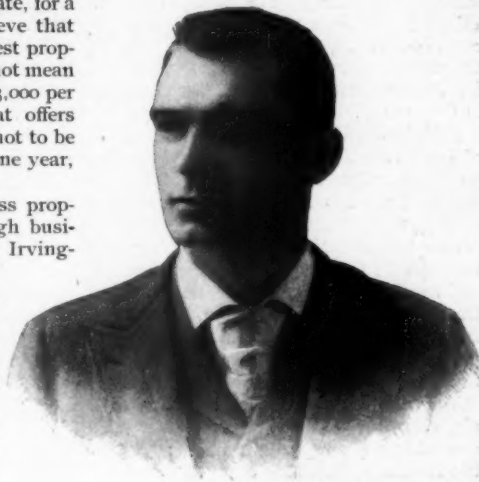
S. B. RIKKEN.

fair valuation. As to the real estate, for a moderate venture we firmly believe that our Irvington Park lots are the best property now on the market. We do not mean that they will advance 2,000 or 3,000 per cent. per annum. Property that offers such inducements is more liable not to be worth a cent a foot at the end of one year, two years or twenty years.

We advance a bona fide business proposition, to business people through business channels, and aver that our Irvington Park lots offer the greatest measure of profit, without a single element of loss. We have been in business in Portland for many years, and can truthfully say that we have never sold a lot that has not rapidly advanced in value, but we never sold a lot that promised as sure and quick returns as Irvington Park.

Our success has been so great in selling large tracts in the shortest possible time that we were enabled to make a contract on Irvington Park which allows us to offer it at a price far below its real value. We do this that we may be able to sell every lot before our contract expires.

For a short time we offer it at \$150 for inside lots and \$225 for corners, all lots being 25 x 100 feet, with alley in rear. The inside lots will be sold in numbers to



F. B. HOLBROOK.

suit, from one up, but a corner will not be sold unless the three adjoining lots or more are taken with it at the same time. The terms are five dollars cash on each lot, and five dollars at the expiration of each thirty days thereafter on each lot, until purchase price is paid, without interest, or 10 per cent. off for cash. The same discount will be allowed on unpaid balance should purchaser desire to pay up



SALMON WHEEL ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER NEAR PORTLAND.

in full after making one or more payments. This allows those who wish to buy for cash, but have not the money on hand at the moment, an opportunity to secure a few lots and hold them until they can call in the money.

IRVINGTON PARK is a beautiful tract of land, less than thirty blocks from the business centre, is high and slightly, being at least 150 feet above, and gently sloping to the Columbia river.

City water mains are now being laid through it, the streets are being graded and rapid transit at a five-cent fare to and from the business district is provided for. In fact, it has every requisite of choice property, and is, thanks to our contract, the cheapest property now on the market.

We will not attempt to mail a marked plat showing sold and unsold lots, as we are selling too rapidly at home; and for the further reason that we only intend to sell one-half of them to non-residents, the balance to be disposed of here, and as much as possible to those who will build upon them, and we aim to scatter the distant purchases over the entire tract, to give the holders the benefit of such buildings.

There is really no difference in the lots, as all are level and slightly. But for the above reasons the selections must be left to us. We will agree to give each purchaser what we consider the best unsold lots on arrival of the order. We can, however, accommodate purchasers by giving

them the choice of lots fronting east or west.

No dwelling can be constructed on the tract to cost less than \$1000. This is specified in the deed and also in the contracts. Purchasers are not compelled to build; but when they do the building must cost at least \$1000.

We have a full line of advertising matter, including a handsome, illustrated book about Portland, and a beautifully colored city map. These documents will be sent free to anyone writing.

By remitting at once five dollars per lot on as many as you would like to purchase you will secure property that will make you money just as sure as 100 cents make a dollar.

RIGGEN & HOLBROOK,
Portland, Ore.

D. P. THOMPSON, Pres. FRANK DEKUM, Vice-Pres.
R. L. DURHAM, Cashier. H. C. WORTMAN, Ass. Cash.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK.

CAPITAL, \$250,000. UNDIVIDED PROFITS, \$170,000.

PORTLAND, July 15, 1891.

Having done a large and constantly increasing business for many years with Riggen & Holbrook, I am warranted, from evidence of their able business management, in expressing the opinion that they are decidedly progressive, and at the same time conservative, and are a financially strong and solid firm. Further than this, from my personal acquaintance with them, I believe them to be highly honorable men, with the disposition as well as the ability to carry out to the full all agreements they may make.

R. L. DURHAM, Cashier.



WILLAMETTE FALLS, NEAR PORTLAND.



MADAME BARETTA-WORMS.

MADemoiselle BARTET.

MADemoiselle REICHENBERG.